

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND★

JANUARY

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Betty
Grable

**RED
SKELTON,
HIS LIFE
AND
LOVE!**

**Hollywood's Hottest Hero,
GEORGE MONTGOMERY**

**R
E
A
D
"KINGS ROW"
DARING DRAMA!**



WALTER PIDGEON
as GRUFFYDD



MAUREEN O'HARA
as ANGHARAD



ANNA LEE
as BRONWEN



RODDY McDOWALL
as HUW



SARA ALLGOOD
as MRS. MORGAN



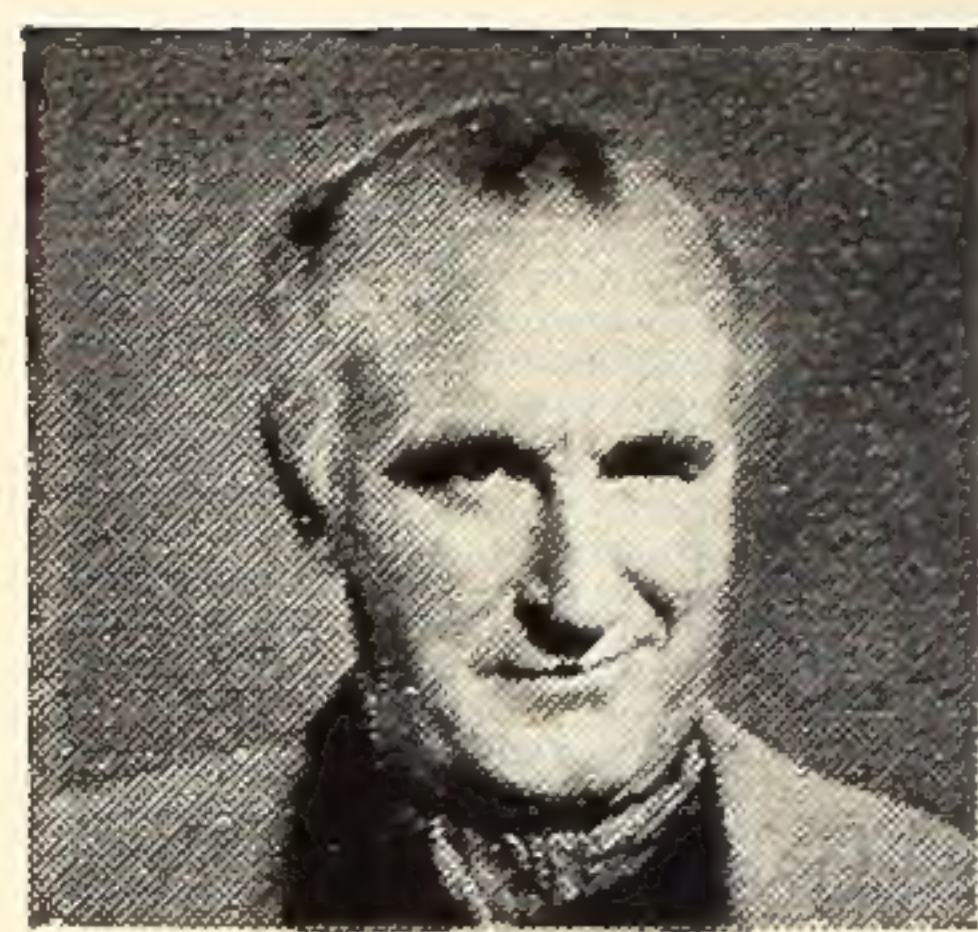
JOHN LODER
as IANTO

GREAT FAMILIES make great pictures!

from the days of "THE BIRTH OF A NATION"
and "CIMARRON"... through "CAVALCADE"
and "BEAU GESTE"... down to "THE
HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD," "THE GRAPES OF
WRATH" and "GONE WITH THE WIND"...

great families make GREAT PICTURES!

...and now to the screen comes the brave
story of a family never conquered—not
by armed men or hardship, hunger or
hate—nor by the turbulent years that
stole the greenness from their valley.



DONALD CRISP
as GWILYM MORGAN



PATRIC KNOWLES
as IVOR

Twentieth Century-Fox presents

Richard Llewellyn's

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY

with

WALTER PIDGEON • MAUREEN O'HARA • DONALD CRISP

ANNA LEE • RODDY McDOWALL

John Loder • Sara Allgood • Barry Fitzgerald • Patric Knowles

Produced by

DARRYL F. ZANUCK • JOHN FORD

Directed by

Screen Play by Philip Dunne



Watch for CLAUDETTE COLBERT in *"Remember the Day"*



Beauty may not be your Birthright

BUT HEADS WILL TURN .. if your Smile is Right!

There's magic in a lovely smile! Help yours to be sparkling — with Ipana and Massage.

LOOK about you, plain girl! The most popular girl isn't always the prettiest girl. It's true in the world of the stage and screen—it's true in your own small world.

Heads do turn—eyes do follow—hearts do respond—to even the plainest face if it flashes a winning, glamorous, sparkling smile.

Make your smile your beauty talis-

man. Keep it as enchanting as it should be. Help it to be a smile that wins for you the best that life has to give. But remember that, for a smile to keep its brightness and sparkle, *gums must retain their healthy firmness.*

"Pink Tooth Brush"—a warning!

If you ever see "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist right away.* It may not mean serious trouble, but let him decide. He may say simply that your gums need more work... the natural exercise denied them by today's soft foods.

And like thousands of dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana is specially designed, not only to clean teeth brilliantly and thoroughly but, with massage, to help firm and strengthen your gums.

Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth. Notice its clean, refreshing taste. And that invigorating "tang" tells you circulation is increasing in your gums—helping them to better health. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste today.



"A LOVELY SMILE IS MOST IMPORTANT TO BEAUTY!"

say beauty editors of 23 out of 24 leading magazines

Recently a poll was made among the beauty editors of 24 leading magazines. All but one of these experts said that a woman has no greater charm than a lovely, sparkling smile.

They went on to say that "Even a plain girl can be charming, if she has a lovely smile. But without one, the loveliest woman's beauty is dimmed and darkened."

Start Today with
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

A Product of Bristol-Myers

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!



'Tis the month
before Christmas
and all through
the movie houses
there are a lot of
wonderful films
to be seen.

★ ★ ★
This column is in
the present and

future tense. Since it is a Christmas issue, we will first talk about the present.

★ ★ ★
There is the Garbo picture. Of
"Ninotchka" caliber—debonair and
de-lovely.



It is called "Two-Faced Woman"—
practically a double feature in itself.

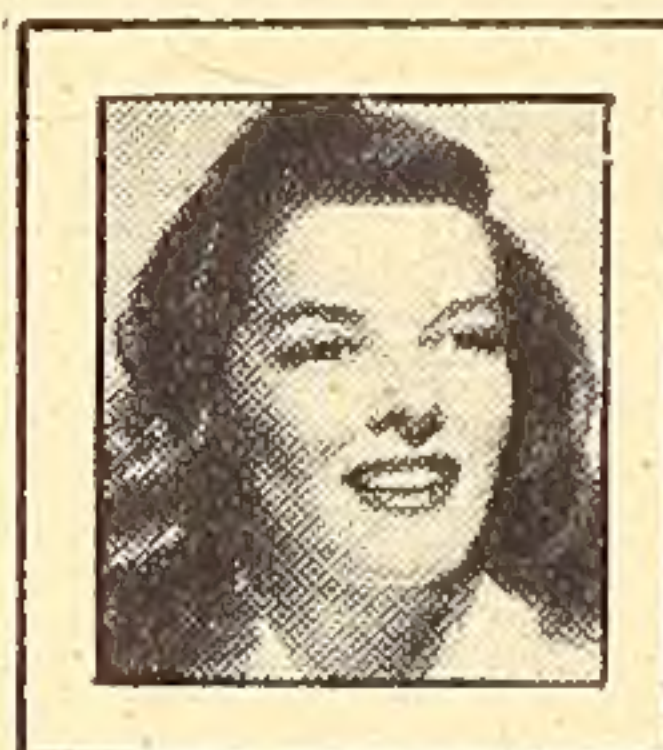
★ ★ ★
And every single feature of Garbo is
something to behold. Ask co-star
Melvyn Douglas.

★ ★ ★
Comes too, "H. M.
Pulham, Esq."—
which so many have
read. Hedy Lamarr
and Robert Young
step right from the
pages as the saying
goes.



★ ★ ★
"Panama Hattie", the famed Broadway
trip-hammer of hilarity, gives us more
Ann Southern hospitality and Red Skel-
ton's hornpipes of pandemonium.

★ ★ ★
Spencer Tracy, the matinee and evening
idol, and Katharine Hepburn, who also
is no idle idol, appear in the picture of
the year.



Entitled "Woman of The Year".

★ ★ ★
And then also on this Yule season list,
we're including "Babes on Broadway"
which we deliver with all sorts of golden
predictions of being something to dance
in the streets about.

★ ★ ★
That is, the dancing in the streets will
be done after you've seen the dancing
in the theatre.

★ ★ ★
It's all to the
merry, merry.

★ ★ ★
And at the same
time let us wish you
a happy, happy.

—Santa Leo



Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

MARION MARTONE, Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

January, 1942

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Cover Portrait of BETTY GRABLE by Frank Powolny, 20th Century-Fox

V. G. Heimbucher, President Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer
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It's on the screen so
ROAR AMERICA!



"The Man Who Came to Dinner"

NOTHING COULD BE FUNNIER!



WARNER BROS! NEWEST HIT. With

JIMMY DURANTE • RICHARD TRAVIS
 BILLIE BURKE • REGINALD GARDINER

Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY

Screen Play by Julius J. & Philip G. Epstein

From the 2-year-run stage success by

GEO. S. KAUFMAN and MOSS HART

Produced by Sam H. Harris

Your theatre manager will
 tell you the opening date...
 that's your night to howl!



FROM HOLLYWOOD

RONNIE REAGAN is ready and standing by. Just when his career and his personal life are rich with fulfillment, comes every indication that his services may be needed as a reserve member of the United States Cavalry. If he is called, the one hindrance may be the deficiency in his eyesight. Without his glasses, like Joan Bennett, Martha Scott and many others, Ronnie can't see clearly, over five feet away from him. Ronnie's adoring wife, Janey Wyman, isn't saying a word. But there's a hurt something in her face, as she goes gaily around Hollywood these days. Little Maureen Elizabeth, the baby Reagan, is too young and healthy to realize the drama that's going on around her.

HERE'S the true story on that fight between Lana Turner and Roger Pryor. When Loretta Young invited them for dinner at Ciro's, they accepted with one condition. Lana must leave at ten to do a broadcast. So everyone was having a wonderful time. Suddenly Lana looked at her watch. She had exactly twelve minutes before she'd go on the air. Breaking away from Roger on the dance floor, she flew out of the place. Roger made their apologies and followed. Hollywood took it all in curiously. Right then and there it was decided the heat was on. Now you know how some rumors get started at Ciro's.

IF IT'S true, it's all being kept very secret. But a close friend of Garbo's is supposed to have told the story. It's said that the great Greta has sunk a huge sum into a Beverly Hills apartment house. The money is supposed to have been turned over to Gayelord Hauser, who in turn is supposed to have turned it over to a friend. The idea being that the friend would purchase it in his name and the most famous landlady in America would remain a mystery.

EVEN his buddies were pretty surprised when Franchot Tone married the eighteen-year-old Jean Wallace—who is just half Franchot's age. Since his last serious operation Franchot has been lonely. No more night life for him, doctor's orders. Undoubtedly he wanted someone to share that beautiful home he rented from Hedy Lamarr and furnished to perfection. Had he married one week sooner, Franchot would have taken his vows on the anniversary of his marriage to Joan Crawford. By the way, they say Franchot has the

Here are scenes from "Mr. Bug Goes To Town," Paramount's new feature-length cartoon, produced by Max Fleischer. It is a radical departure from previous feature-length cartoons since it is neither fantasy nor fable, but a dramatic, modern story. It's the tale of the fight for life today of a community of little people (called insects by humans) who live in a patch of earth right off Broadway, surrounded by the cement and steel world created by the menace they fear most—the human race. The story is told from the insects' viewpoint. The cartoon introduces such characters as Honey Bee, Bumble, and Hoppity.

youngest mother-in-law in Hollywood. 'Tis rumored she's exactly Franchot's age!

THEY'RE closing their ranch. Lucille Ball is taking an apartment in Hollywood. Desi Arnaz is going out on a long personal appearance tour. This is their story and they insist that nothing is the matter. Those who know them think differently. The reports are that Lucille and Desi have had many quarrels. Some of them have been in public. Intimates infer the cause is jealousy. Maybe that old one about absence making the heart grow fonder, still has some merit. We hope so. Lucille and Desi are nice people.

LUPE VELEZ admits that she's making Marlene Dietrich burn. Lupe also admits that she doesn't mind a bit. The reason? Lupe's native charms have won her the attention of Erich Remarque, one of Marlene's closest friends and most constant escorts. In all fairness to Marlene, it may be true but her face doesn't show any great signs of suffering when she's out with Jean Gabin. None of the parties concerned are exactly shrinking violets. So I guess we can all stick to our knitting.

DESPITE that square-cut diamond worn on Ann Sheridan's third finger, left hand, there's every indication that her romance with George Brent has lost some of its fervor. Ann is being seen out quite a bit, usually unescorted, in a large group of friends. They say that George's isolation and hermit existence are beginning to tell on the fun-loving Sheridan. She enjoys parties and mixing with people. In the two years' time they have been together, Ann and George have been out about a half dozen times. Only time and a little guy



named cupid actually *know* what's going to happen!

DESPITE those denials to the contrary, close friends of Neal Lang will tell you that his marriage to Martha Raye hasn't quite lived up to his original expectations. Neal gave up a good job in the east to be near his bride. Those who are supposed to know, say he is very much in love with Martha. The rampagous Raye has certainly never been anything but herself around Neal, or anyone else. So everyone is wondering what happened after marriage to throw such a damper. In the meantime, they're trying to work it out.

ONE of the nicest guys in all Hollywood is Bob Taylor. In "Johnny Eager," Bob Sterling had a very difficult dramatic scene. Naturally he was nervous and worried. When it was over, Bob Taylor, standing on the sidelines, rushed into the scene and clasped Sterling's hand. "That was great, Bob," said the other Bob. "No one could have done it better." Bob Sterling, one hundred and eighty pound hunk o' man, had such a lump in his throat he couldn't even say thank you.

WE LIKE Bob Hope's latest ambition. He wants to cross a carrier pigeon with a woodpecker. So it can knock on the door when it delivers a letter!

BECAUSE hospitals know skin infections are so contagious, when Ann Sothorn got makeup poisoning they put her in a tiny room in the isolation ward. It's on the ground floor, way in the back of the building. Because there was no room for the many baskets of flowers, Ann sent them upstairs to the people in the wards. During her week in the hospital, Ann had daily visits from either Cesar Romero or Bob Sterling. The boys alternated, so's "Maisie" wouldn't have time to get lonesome.

(Please turn to page 9)

THE GREATEST MUSICAL COMEDY EVER FILMED !

Imagine! The funniest
guy on the screen, Bob Hope
—in Technicolor! Gorgeous dancing
—in Technicolor! Gorgeous dancing
star Zorina—in Technicolor! Victor Moore,
Irene Bordoni and a hundred lovely
Louisiana belles—in Technicolor! A mil-
lion laughs . . . scene after scene of
indescribable loveliness . . . all
yours, in the greatest musical
comedy ever filmed!



LOUISIANA PURCHASE

IN TECHNICOLOR!
A Paramount Picture starring

BOB HOPE
VERA ZORINA
VICTOR MOORE
with
Irene Bordoni • Dona Drake
AND 100 LOUISIANA
BELLES

SONGS EVERYBODY DANCE ♪ YOU CAN'T BRUSH
ME OFF ♪ LOUISIANA PURCHASE ♪ IT'S A
LOVELY DAY TOMORROW ♪ WHAT CHANCE
HAVE I WITH LOVE ♪ I'M LONELY AND
YOU'RE LONELY ♪ FOOLS FALL IN LOVE

Music and Lyrics by **IRVING BERLIN**

Directed by IRVING CUMMINGS • Screen Play by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields • Based on the Musical Comedy by Morrie Ryskind • From a Story by B. G. DeSylva

"LOUISIANA PURCHASE" IS COMING SOON. ASK YOUR LOCAL THEATRE MANAGER FOR THE DATE!

Screenland Honor Page



Saluting a brilliant new actor, Richard Whorf, whose arrestingly dramatic performance opposite Betty Field makes "Blues in the Night" a fascinating motion picture. Watch for those sensational Whorf-Field scenes which sear the screen!

It's our prediction that Warner Bros.' "Blues in the Night" will interest jitterbugs and adult moviegoers alike—for its exciting presentation of swing music, its emotional impact, its fine performances by the terrific screen newcomer, Richard Whorf, and Betty Field.



In the groove! Whorf as the pianist in a barnstorming swing band and fellow musicians are on their way to glory when he meets Betty, femme fatale who almost wrecks his life.

Hot from Hollywood

Continued from page 6

REMEMBER when Paramount brought Carl Brisson to Hollywood? Remember when the dimpled star denied he had a son named Fred? Instead, he insisted Fred was his brother. Today it's all quite different. Carl Brisson is very proud of his son Fred and thrilled over his new daughter-in-law. You know her as Rosalind Russell, who was Hollywood's perennial bachelor girl. Carl has been having all his father's pictures run off in the projection room. Roz wasn't a part of Hollywood in those days and has never seen what pappy-in-law can do in the way of acting.

ROBERT CUMMINGS and Mischa Auer are said to be next in line, now that Deanna Durbin is trying to get her release from Universal. Cummings confides that they are getting ten times the weekly salary they pay him, when they loan him out. Mischa says he never gets more than a bit to do, unless they loan him out. Wonder what the poor people are doing?

UNIVERSAL were so anxious to get a renewal on Abbott and Costello's contract, they allowed them to write it. At least they were given every desired privilege. The sensational comedy team will make one outside picture a year. The studios are knocking themselves out, seeing which one will get it.

LEAVE it to Lupe. She always puts on a good show for the natives. When the little Velez goes to night clubs, she disappears several times during the evening. Each time when she returns, she has her hair done in a completely new and different fashion. So far she wears the same costume without changing. But it won't be long now!

FOR a youngster Jackie Cooper is carrying man-sized burdens. His beloved uncle, Norman Taurog (who directed and discovered him in "Skippy") has separated from his wife. This makes Jackie very sad. Now rumor has it that Charles Bigelow, the stepfather who has been his idol, is separating from Jackie's mother, who is still quite ill. There's still Bonita Granville, who is devoted to Jackie. Here's hoping it will all work out.

(Continued on page 17)



Margaret Hayes is the lucky girl, above, who got her Christmas shopping and wrapping done early. She's in "Louisiana Purchase."

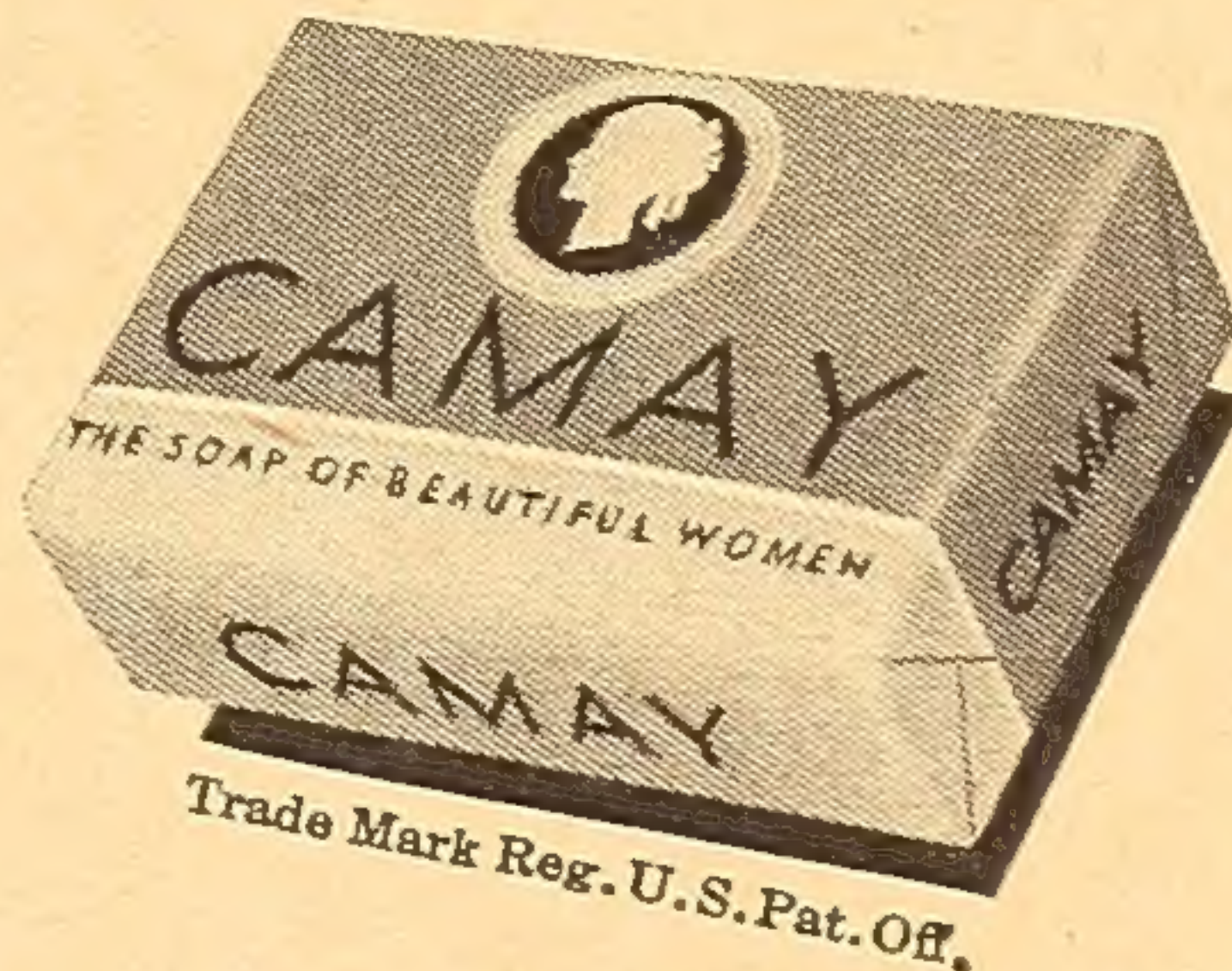
Loveliness may soon be Yours! Go on the CAMAY "MILD-SOAP" DIET!



This lovely bride, Mrs. Robert G. Johnson of New Orleans, La., says: "The Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet is such an easy way to help bring out the loveliness of one's complexion."

Follow this way to a lovelier complexion—based on skin specialists' advice—praised by lovely brides!

"I'M SO THRILLED . . . being a Camay bride! When people tell me that my skin is lovely, I'm rewarded in full for my persistent devotion to the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet. Many nights I was so sleepy . . . many mornings I was in such a hurry, but never once did I neglect to follow the 'Mild-Soap' Diet routine faithfully." So says Mrs. Robert G. Johnson.



A little time . . . a little care . . . and you, too, can be lovelier with the help of the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet. For no woman's skin can be truly beautiful if she fails to cleanse it properly. Or if she uses a beauty soap that isn't mild enough.

Skin specialists themselves advise a regular cleansing routine with a fine mild soap. And Camay is more than just mild . . . it's actually milder than the 10 famous beauty soaps tested. That's why we say your way to new loveliness is to "Go on the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet tonight!"

GO ON THE "MILD-SOAP" DIET TONIGHT!



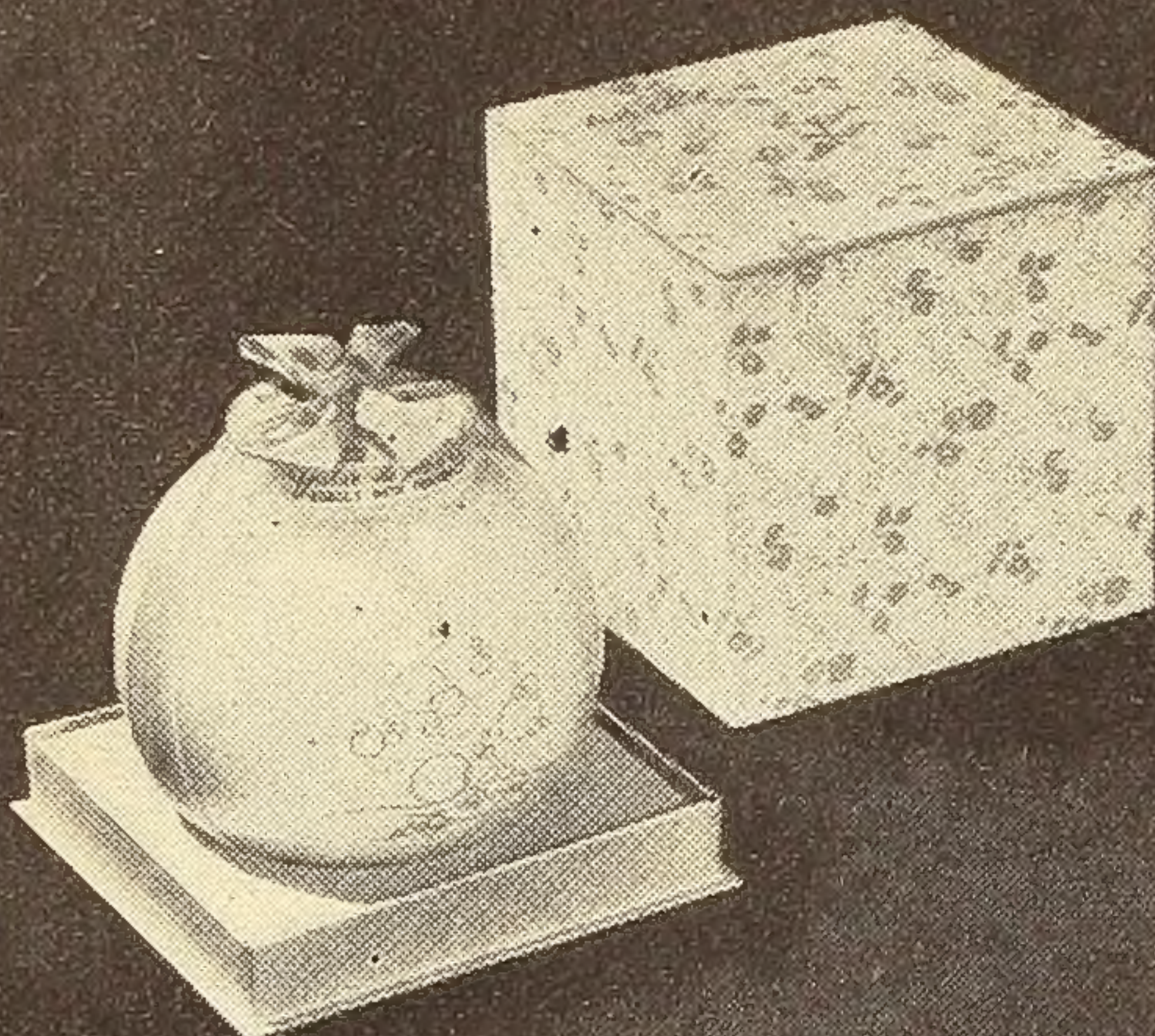
Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to the nose, the base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with thirty seconds of cold splashings.



Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with this milder Camay and your skin is ready for make-up.

Valse de Fleurs

BY
Cecile d'Avril



TOILET LUXURIES

for the Young in Heart

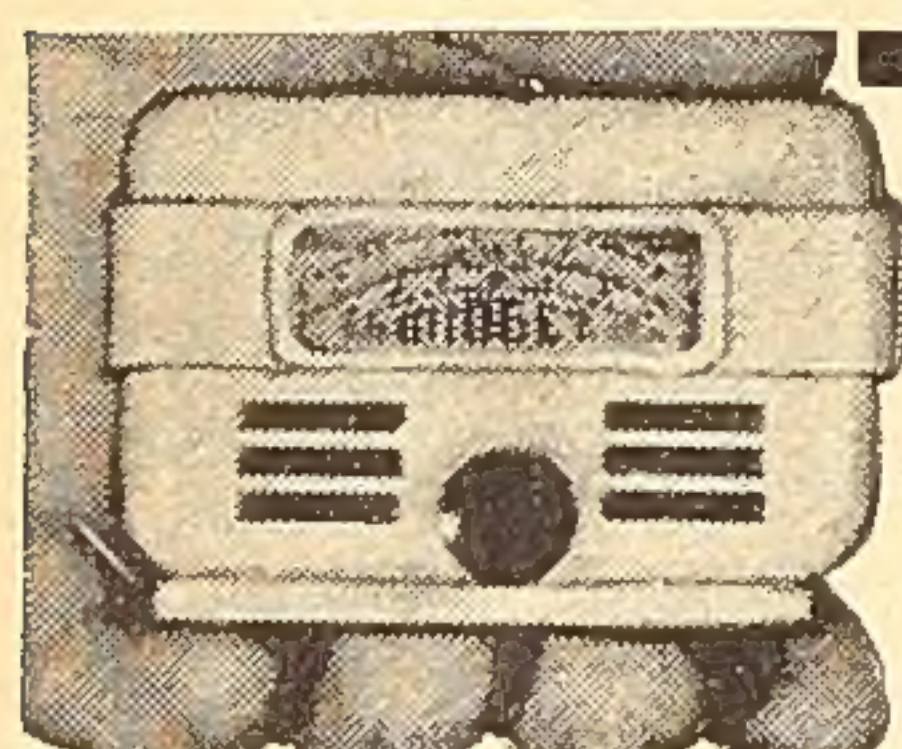
Bubble your troubles away with Valse de Fleur luxurious Bubble Bath. . . . For mountains of billowy bubbles. . . . In gift package as shown—\$1.00. At your local store.

Special Offer

Send 25c in stamps or coin for sample package containing Valse de Fleur Perfume, Eau de Cologne, and Dusting Powder. Address Dept. G.

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\$1.99 plus postage on arrival or send
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Would you like a PEN AND INK DRAWING OF YOURSELF— or favorite photograph?

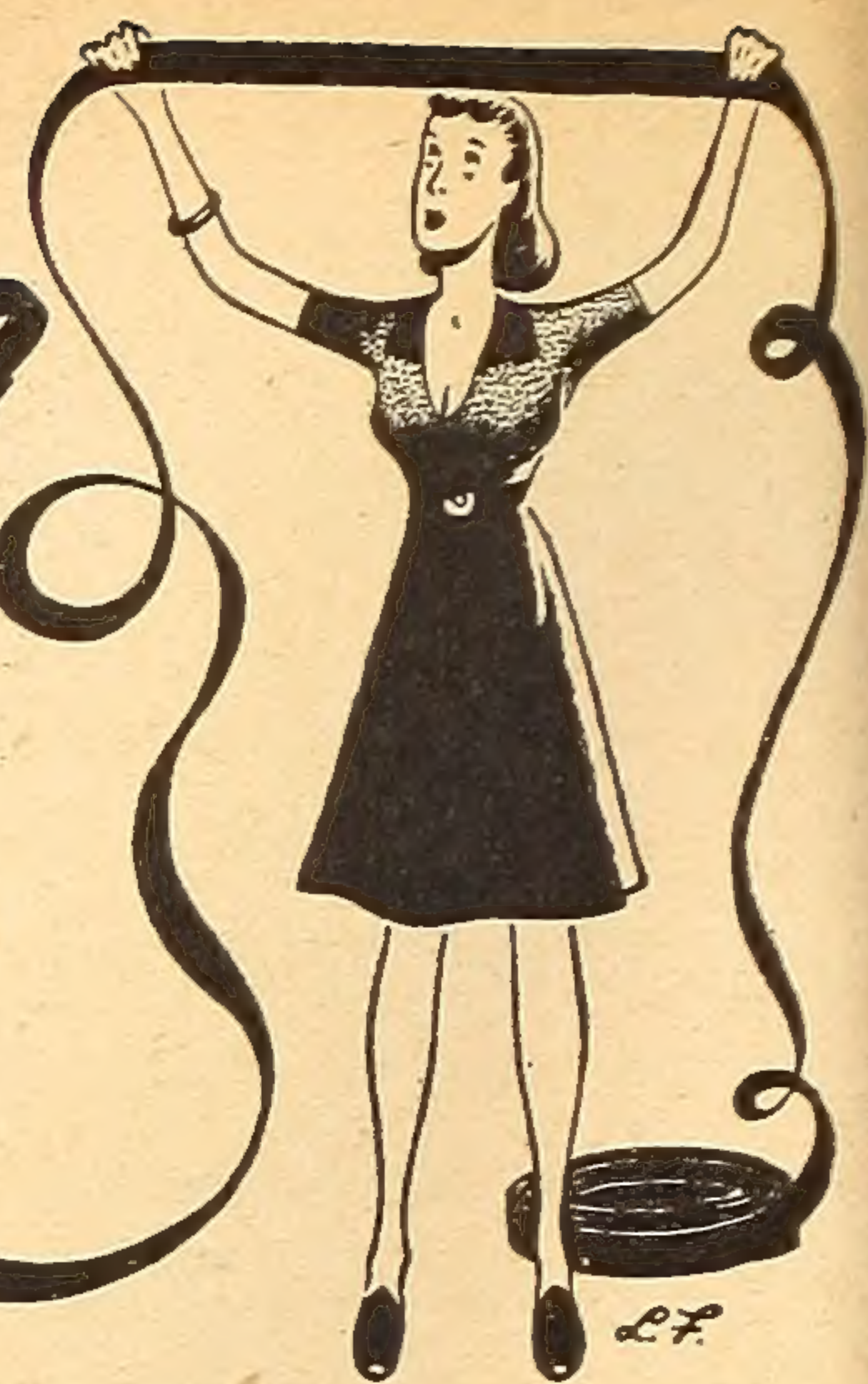
ARLENE KEYES Box 1064 Saugus, Mass.

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FESSIONAL enlargement of any snapshot, photo,
Kodak picture, print, or negative to 5 x 7 inch FREE.
Please include color of eyes, hair, and clothing for
prompt information on a natural, life-like color en-
largement in a FREE FRAME to set on the table or
dresser. Your original returned with your FREE
PROFESSIONAL enlargement. Please send 10c for
return mailing—Act quick.

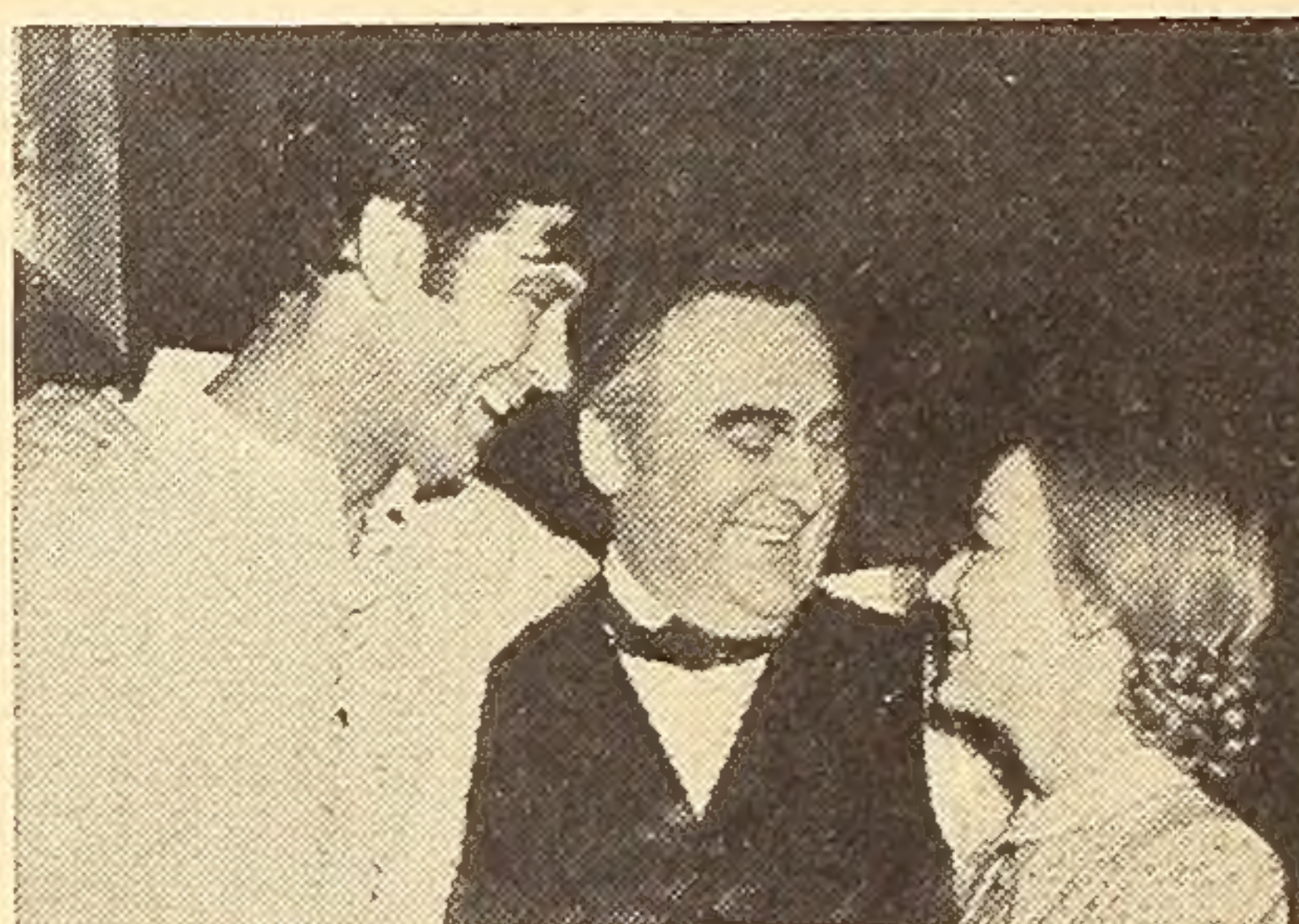
HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS
7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Dept. 155
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Tagging the Talkies



International Lady—United Artists

A fast-paced spy story in which George Brent, FBI agent, and Basil Rathbone of Scotland Yard, are friendly rivals in their efforts to get the goods on a spy through whom they hope to trap some saboteurs. Ilona Massey is the spy whose beautiful singing radio voice is a code that tips off the enemy. Brent and Rathbone give smooth performances, and Miss Massey's portrayal of the alluring spy is effective. A good film with suspense, romance, humor.



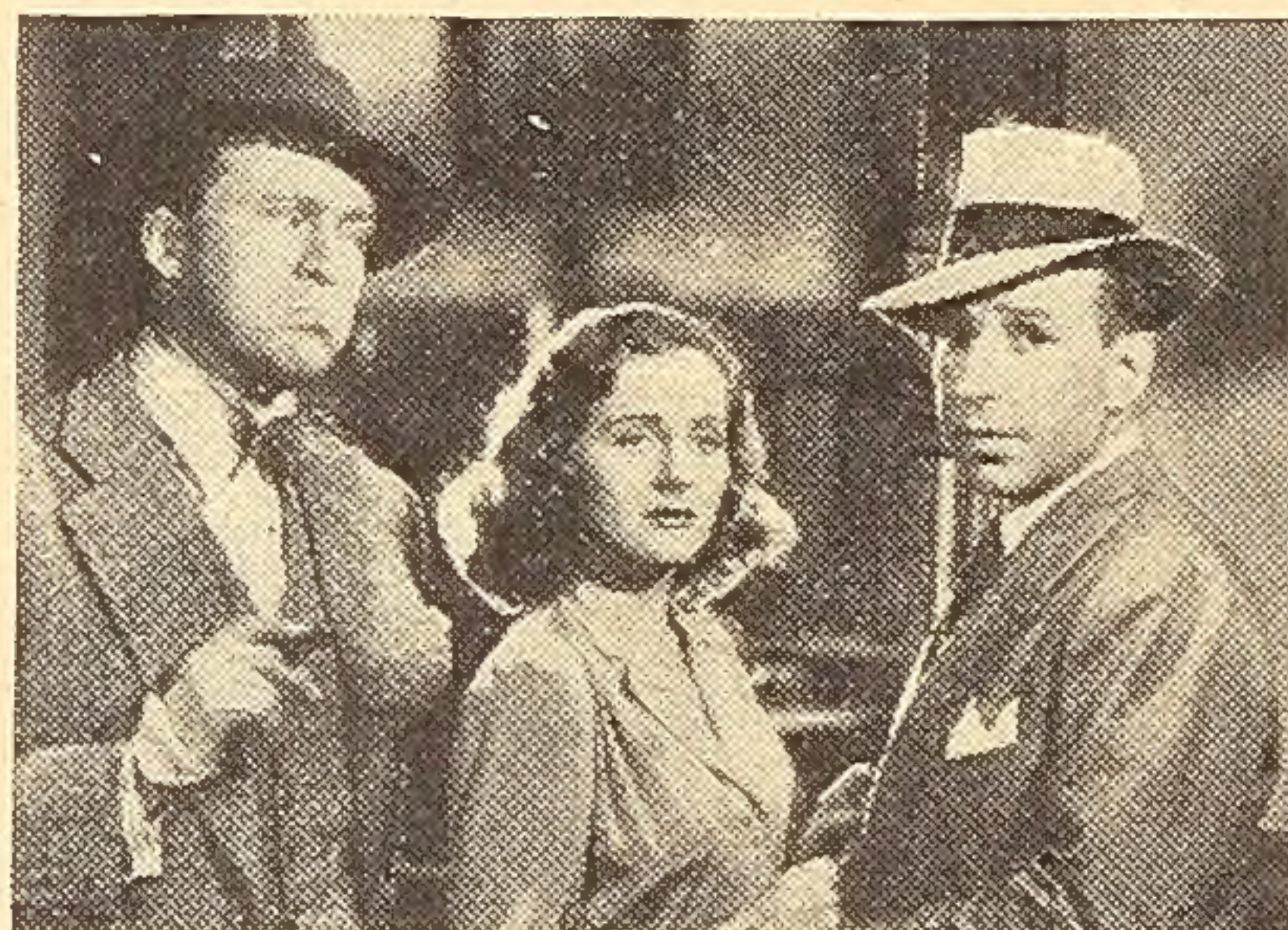
All That Money Can Buy—RKO-Radio

Don't let the fact that this film has no big star names keep you from seeing it or you'll miss a fine film. It's an adaptation of Stephen Benet's "The Devil and Daniel Webster," the story of a man who sells his soul to the devil and broods when his time's up. Edward Arnold, as *Webster*, helps *Jabez* (James Craig) redeem himself. Walter Huston as *Scratch* (the devil) and Craig give good portrayals. Jane Darwell, Anne Shirley are in cast.



The Men in Her Life—Columbia

Career vs. marriage and home life is the topic of this film. It relates the struggles of a ballerina (Loretta Young) to achieve success, how her career conflicts with her private life, and of her love for Conrad Veidt, her instructor-husband, Dean Jagger, her second husband, and John Shepherd whom she loves, but who's killed. The mother-love angle will stir your emotions. Loretta plays the difficult rôle with feeling. Ballet scenes are beautifully done.



Buy Me That Town—Paramount

An excellent laugh-getting gangland comedy about a group of racketeers who buy up a bankrupt, unincorporated town and turn the jail into a hotel where refugees from the law can hide for \$1000 per week. Lloyd Nolan's the head man who makes civic improvements at the suggestion of Constance Moore, whom he loves. Barbara Jo Allen's (Vera Vague) interpretation of a prim spinster alone is worth your time and money. Don't miss it.



Down Mexico Way—Republic

Singing cowboy Gene Autry in another fine Western. In this one, Gene, Smiley Burnette and other citizens of Sage City are victims of swindlers posing as Hollywood film producers. Gene and his friends follow the crooks to Mexico where they've gone to work another fraud on a much larger scale on the town's richest man, whose daughter they've promised to star, and expose them. Gene's tuneful songs are interwoven with exciting chases and fights.

Tagging the Talkies



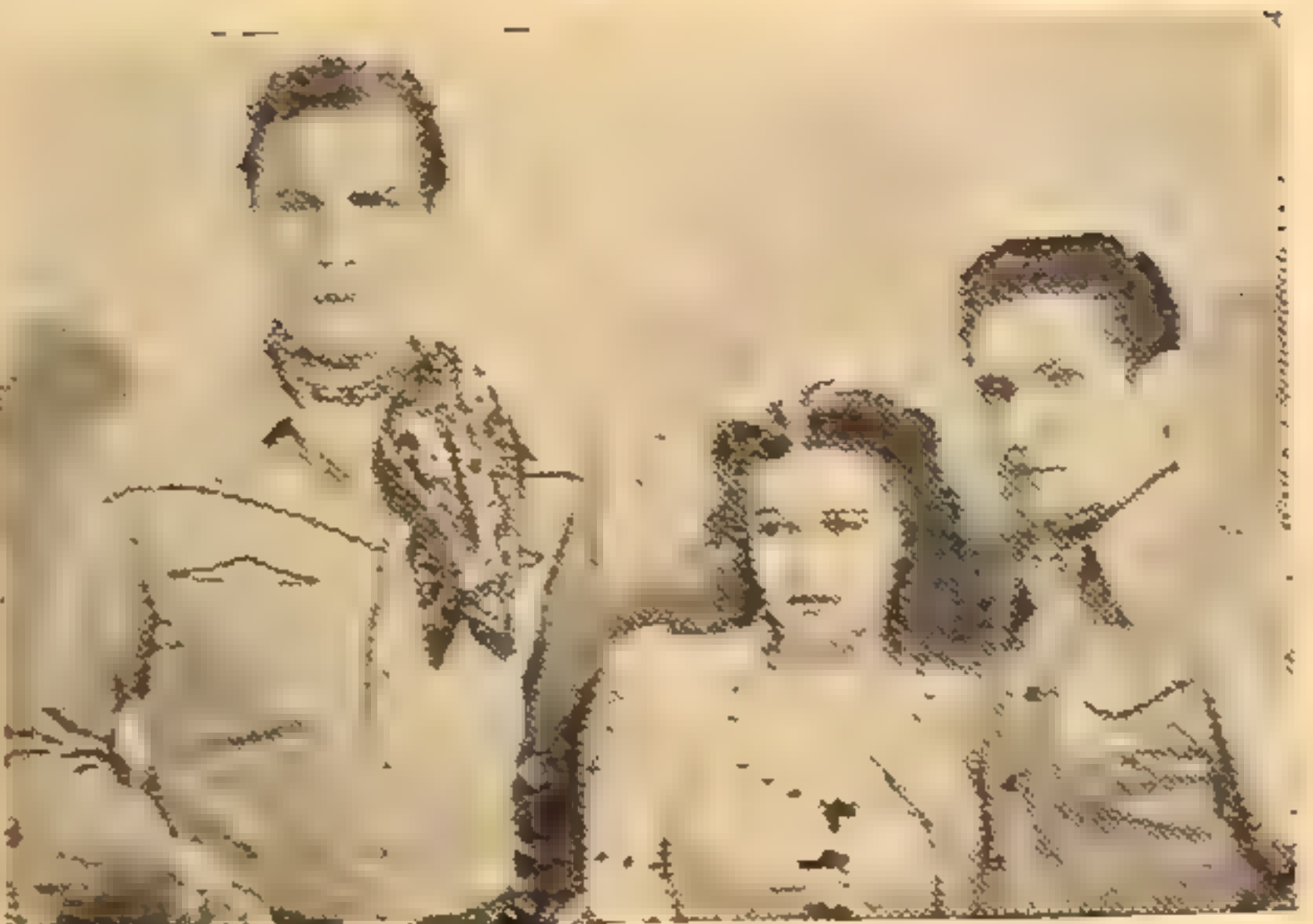
Never Give a Sucker an Even Break—
Universal

If you can take W. C. Fields' brand of hoke in big doses, see this one. The fantastic story has to do with Fields' efforts to sell a script. As producer Franklin Pangborn reads the whacky script, the action resolves itself on the screen. Gloria Jean, as Fields' niece sings some classics so well they seem out of place in this film which abounds with slapstick. There's an auto chase that's crazier than any ever filmed.



Target for Tonight—Warners

This documentary film is a sensational depiction of an actual air raid on Germany by the Royal Air Force. It was produced in the skies over Germany and German-occupied territory and tells in detail how a raid is planned and executed. There are no professional actors, all parts being played by members of the R.A.F. It shows the preparations made before a raid. Has more thrills than flying films with romantic episodes and Hollywood stars.



Gauchos of Eldorado—Republic

The Three Mesquiteers (Tom Tyler, Bob Steele, Rufe Davis) promise a dying man to deliver \$5000 to his long-lost mother. She mistakes Steele for her son; they learn that the \$5000 is stolen money and that the mortgage and a gang are trying to get the mother's ranch for themselves, but leave it to the Mesquiteers to track down the outlaws and right things. This has more plot than most Westerns. Plenty of riding, shooting, fighting.

THE LIFE AND LOVES OF AN EXCITING WOMAN!



DAVID...
her pulses throbbed...



ROSGING...
she learned from him...



ROGER...
her heart glowed...



VICTOR...
sheer devotion!



with
CONRAD VEIDT • DEAN JAGGER
JOHN SHEPPERD • OTTO KRUGER • EUGENIE LEONTOVICH

Based on a novel by Lady Eleanor Smith • Screen play by Frederick Kohner, Michael Wilson, Paul Trivers
Directed by GREGORY RATOFF • A GREGORY RATOFF PRODUCTION • A COLUMBIA PICTURE

RIDING RANGE ON A BIG PICTURE

THE King of the
WESTERNS

HEADS
"DOWN
MEXICO
WAY" for

HIS newest
AND greatest
SINGIN',
FIGHTIN',
THRILLIN'

ESCAPADE!

GENE-AUTRY
RIDES round-up

ON as exciting
AN adventure as was

EVER herded into one big picture!

AND riding with him are his pals

(AND yours)—SMILEY BURNETTE

AND happy HAROLD

HUBER! Hear

GENE and his
GUITAR courting

FASCINATING

FAY McKENZIE

REPUBLIC'S

NEWEST find,

STRAIGHT

FROM her

SENSATIONAL triumph on the

STAGE in "Meet the People!"

GENE'S singing to

HER and you "Maria

ELENA,"

"DOWN

MEXICO

WAY" and

OTHER

LANGOROUS Latin

TUNES in the screen's most

SPECTACULAR fiesta of songs,

LAUGHS, thrills and sultry

SENIORITAS! It's GENE

AUTRY in "DOWN MEXICO

WAY" and it's

A REPUBLIC PICTURE



INSIDE THE STARS' HOMES

By
Betty
Boone

Here's one
Glamor Girl
who is sen-
timental
about holi-
days. Cele-
brate New
Year's Eve
with Carole



New Year's
Eve is also
Miss Landis'
birthday, so
she makes it
a very gay
and special
occasion for
her friends

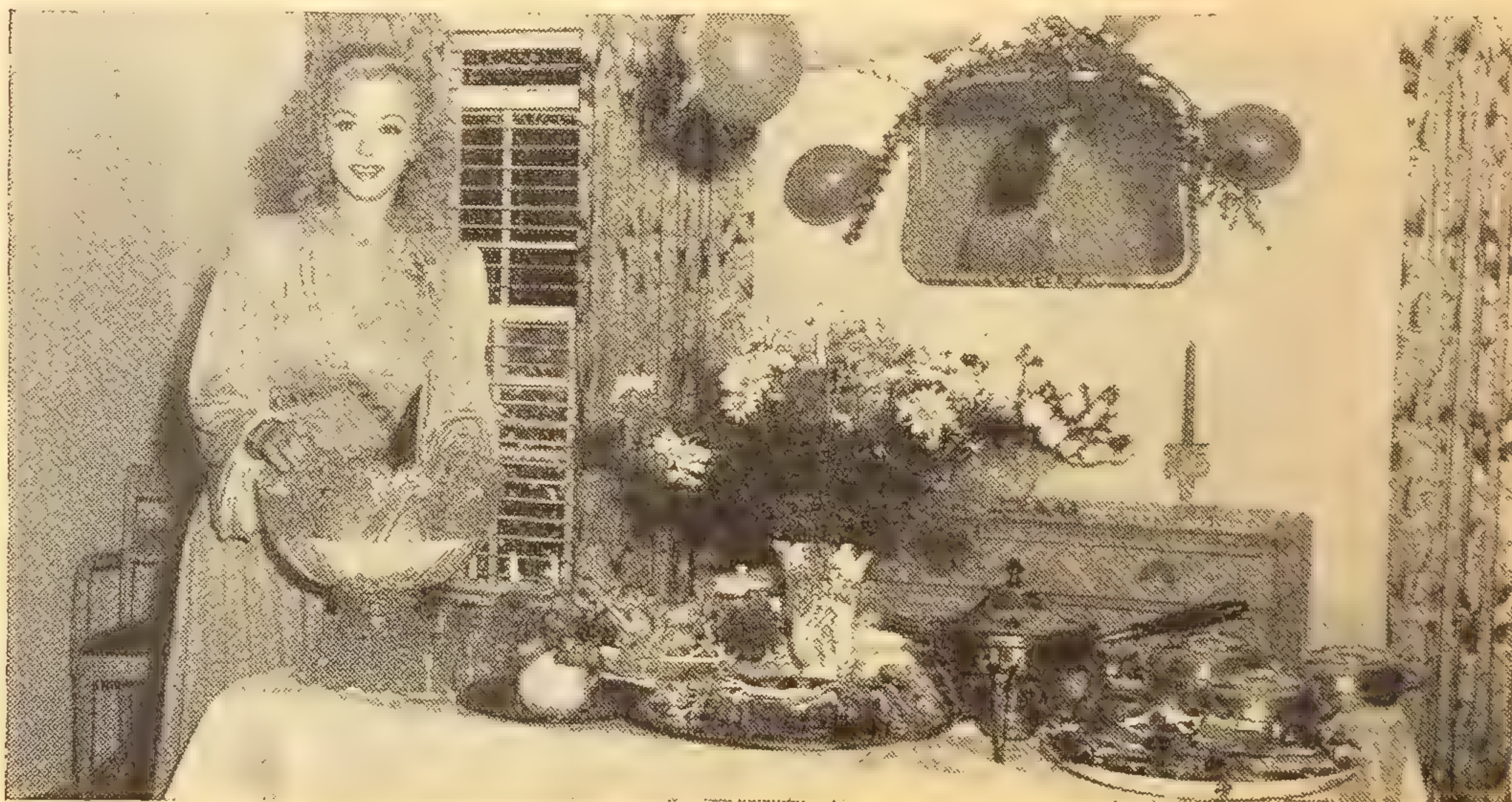


CAROLE LANDIS, in her chartreuse hostess gown with its golden girdle, gold-and-topaz bracelet and huge emerald ring, looked as glamorous and expensive as a movie star ought to look when ready to give a New Year's Eve party. She is tall and slim and blonde with gold lights in her hazel eyes, a dancing step and a lovely laugh. She lives in the sort of house a movie star should live in, as glamorous and unusual as herself.

Not so unusual on the outside, perhaps, for it is early American, with a white

picket fence, wide green lawn and Colonial door suitably adorned with a brass knocker; but inside—! A decorator friend of Carole's provided the motif for the house by presenting the young actress with two inscrutable Chinese figures, which stand on pedestals in the hall at either side of the doorway leading to the garden room. He also gave her an ancient Chinese head, presumably that of an Oriental empress, now the sole ornament on the white mantelpiece of Carole's living room.

(Please turn to page 17)



ning around loose all over Oxford in his undies in "Charley's Aunt."

In "Road to Zanzibar," Bing Crosby and Bob Hope wore big sloppy pajamas that went swishing all over the screen. Bob is always good, and Bing is bound to be the romantic type because of his voice, but is there romance in big sloppy pajamas?

If the censors want to censor so badly, why not rap the male movie stars for wearing underthings and night clothes? Most any female is a little attractive in undies, if the undies are good-looking, but the men need all their clothes on all the time.

If anything can be done about this, please do it, because if I have to see George Brent, Tyrone Power, Robert Taylor and others "pants-less," I'm afraid I'll have to give up the movies as my favorite pastime.

MERCEDES FRANTZ, Big Cabin, Okla.

After reading "What Carole Landis Demands of Men" in October SCREENLAND, I find myself irritated, indignant and furious. Who is this girl who demands from life so much and gives so little in return? Is she some divine goddess or just a spoiled brat who would sell her life and soul just to lead a life of luxury and splendor? And if she is just that why advertise it? This egotistical and selfish person with distorted views on life is a sad comparison to the decent, refined girls who consider it a pleasure to take a walk with their beaux instead of being lavished with costly inane attentions. Is she proud of the fact that she expects men to spoil her? That is something to brag about!

Just picture little Carole on a desert island for a few years without the company of the opposite sex. Then cast Carole back to society and you can bet your last dollar that this pretty little blonde won't be so choosy and exacting.

She frankly admits that her two marriages have been unsuccessful. I dare say that this type of girl can marry twenty times and still not know what true happiness is because she doesn't realize that the greatest joy of life is in making others happy and not in grabbing all you can for yourself.

ARTHUR STERN, Newark, N. J.

It is generally agreed that Bette Davis is one of the finest actresses on the screen. What has been overlooked is the fact that she is a very good-looking girl—or could be.

Is there an iron-clad rule that real actresses must be "unpretty"? It would seem so. The early Bette Davis had platinum-blond hair, a stunning figure, and a lovely

face. Then she became an important actress. The hair was changed to its present nondescript color and careless coiffure—the mouth became a grotesque slash—and the eyes went wild. True, people overlooked this and acclaimed Miss D. for her acting ability. That is, some people: the acting world, the movie critics, the press—but not Mr. and Mrs. Jones. Women, as a rule, are primarily concerned with the story of a picture; men are definitely interested in beauty and sex appeal. Many men do not care for Bette Davis, Joan Crawford, or some of the other actresses who have sacrificed (needlessly) beauty for art. They do go to see Priscilla Lane and Joan Bennett, who brightly combine acting with attractive appearance.

It would be marvelous to see Bette Davis with a cupid's bow, softer coiffure and lighter hair—not to mention her figure and "Dietrich" legs shown to better advantage. I'm sure the box office would hit a new high

SARA HARVIN, Sumter, S. C.

I have read "Tyrone Power's New 'Blitz Kiss' (how horrible) Technique," by Elizabeth Wilson, in one of your recent issues. Well, I too saw "Blood and Sand" and was disappointed. What was there to swoon about? Tyrone Power is a nice kid, doesn't even look his age, but (unless you're a high-school girl) he IS NOT a great lover. I like to think of him in parts like the young ne'er-do-well in "In Old Chicago."

Anthony Quinn could have played the rôle of the bullfighter, Juan, much better than Tyrone. Ty is too young, too bright-eyed—his eyes could never smoulder. He seemed like a nice boy off on the wrong track. I sometimes think the movie producers and writers can't see the woods for the trees. To say that T. P. is the hottest thing in Hollywood is just wishful thinking. The way one high-school girl takes it in her stride is: "Robert Taylor and Tyrone Power are cute, but not as nice as Bob" (her Bob she meant.) Soooo—if I were a producer I wouldn't concentrate entirely upon the youngsters, they only go to the movies to hold hands anyway.

We like—I'm supposing that there are others like myself—to hear of the family life of the stars. We know they're not just gigolos or puppets that some normal person has to pull the strings for, and to play normal people they must BE normal healthy people with the normal healthy desire for home and family.

In "Swanee River," the scene where Don

THERE'S GOLD IN THOSE GRUMBLES!

The brickbats seem to be more numerous than the bouquets this month. One fan is going to give up the movies as her favorite pastime if the male stars continue to cavort on the screen in underwear and pajamas; another likes Betty Grable's legs but not her acting; still another reader calls Carole Landis a brat. And even SCREENLAND gets its share of boos and complaints. But that's just fine because these straight-from-the-shoulder letters act as the Editor's barometer—it's the only way the Editor can tell what you like or dislike. So—don't grumble to yourself; put it down on paper and win one of the monthly cash awards of \$10.00, \$5.00, and five of \$1.00 each. Closing date, 25th of the month.

Please address your letters to SCREENLAND'S FANS' FORUM, 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

Ameche hugged the little girl—he wasn't "acting," he WAS *Stephen Foster*. Acting like that turns back the clock and pulls up the blind so that you're looking into the lives of someone who really lived. Yet in each picture Don Ameche is so different I never confuse him with a previous part.

Paul Muni may not be "hot stuff" in Hollywood, but I'll never forget his *Louis Pasteur*. Tears rolled down my face when a humble little old man, tired, worn, bewildered, and grateful, walked haltingly up to receive a little credit from the people whom he helped in spite of themselves. He WAS *Louis Pasteur*.

JANE SMITH, Cincinnati, Ohio

I have just seen SCREENLAND's last issue, with scenes from "Week-end In Havana." It irritates me greatly that all you North Americans know and think about Havana are: The rumba, daiquiris, maracas, etc. You are greatly mistaken, and you Americans are the ones who maintain this scenery in Havana, because the minute you place a foot in Cuba, all you want to do is: dance the rumba, drink Bacardi, play the maracas, and so on. Those so-called typical places in Havana are opened exclusively for the Americans because *they* are the ones who pay for their subsistence. There are thousands of Cubans who have never danced the rumba, or played maracas, or drunk a Bacardi.

M. N. SIERRA, Vedado, Havana, Cuba



A day with the U. S. Army. Michele Morgan, lovely French screen star who makes her Hollywood film debut in "Joan of Paris," spent a day with Uncle Sam's boys at Fort Ord, Monterey, Calif.



When Miss Morgan was a guest of the 7th Division at Fort Ord, she lunched with the boys, sang for them, and then made them join in the chorus—and you know how boys love to do that.

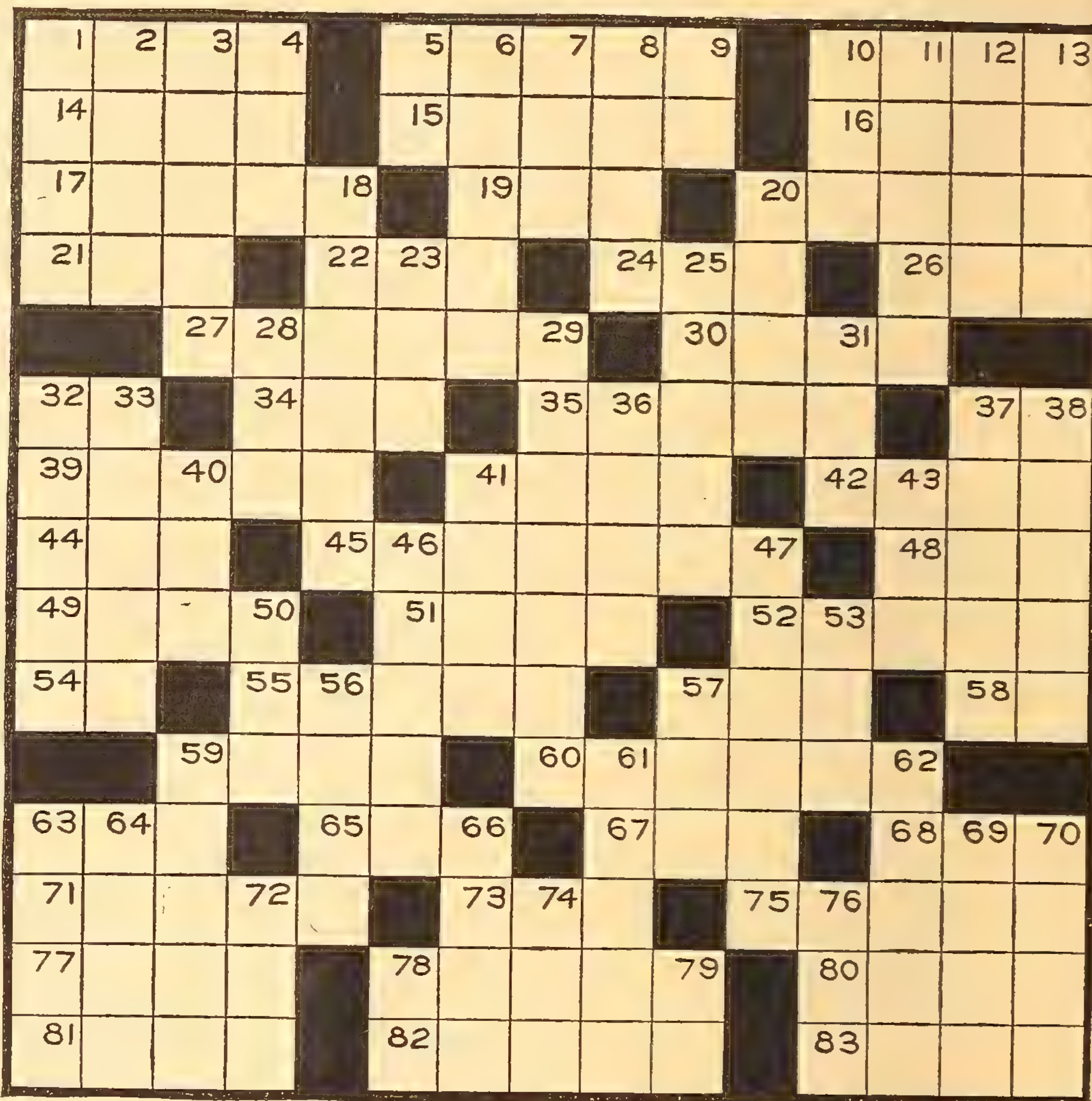


A quick turn of your head . . . highlights sparkle like twinkling stars — the waning light of the moon lingers in the soft sheen of your hair — he leans closer . . . Yes, few men can resist the lure of gloriously feminine hair. And it's so easy to have hair that's brighter, more entrancing when you use Nestle Colorinse. This magic-like rinse — created by Nestle — originators of permanent waving — rinses radiant highlights into your hair — accents its color — makes it softer, silkier, easier to manage. Colorinse will not brush or rub off but it washes out easily with shampooing. Whether you're blonde, brunette, auburn or gray, there's a shade of Colorinse that will add a touch of glamour to the beauty of your hair. Choose the color for your own hair from the 14 flattering shades on the Nestle Chart at beauty counters. For a lovelier hair-do — use Nestle Shampoo BEFORE and Nestle Superset AFTER Colorinsing.



SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



ACROSS

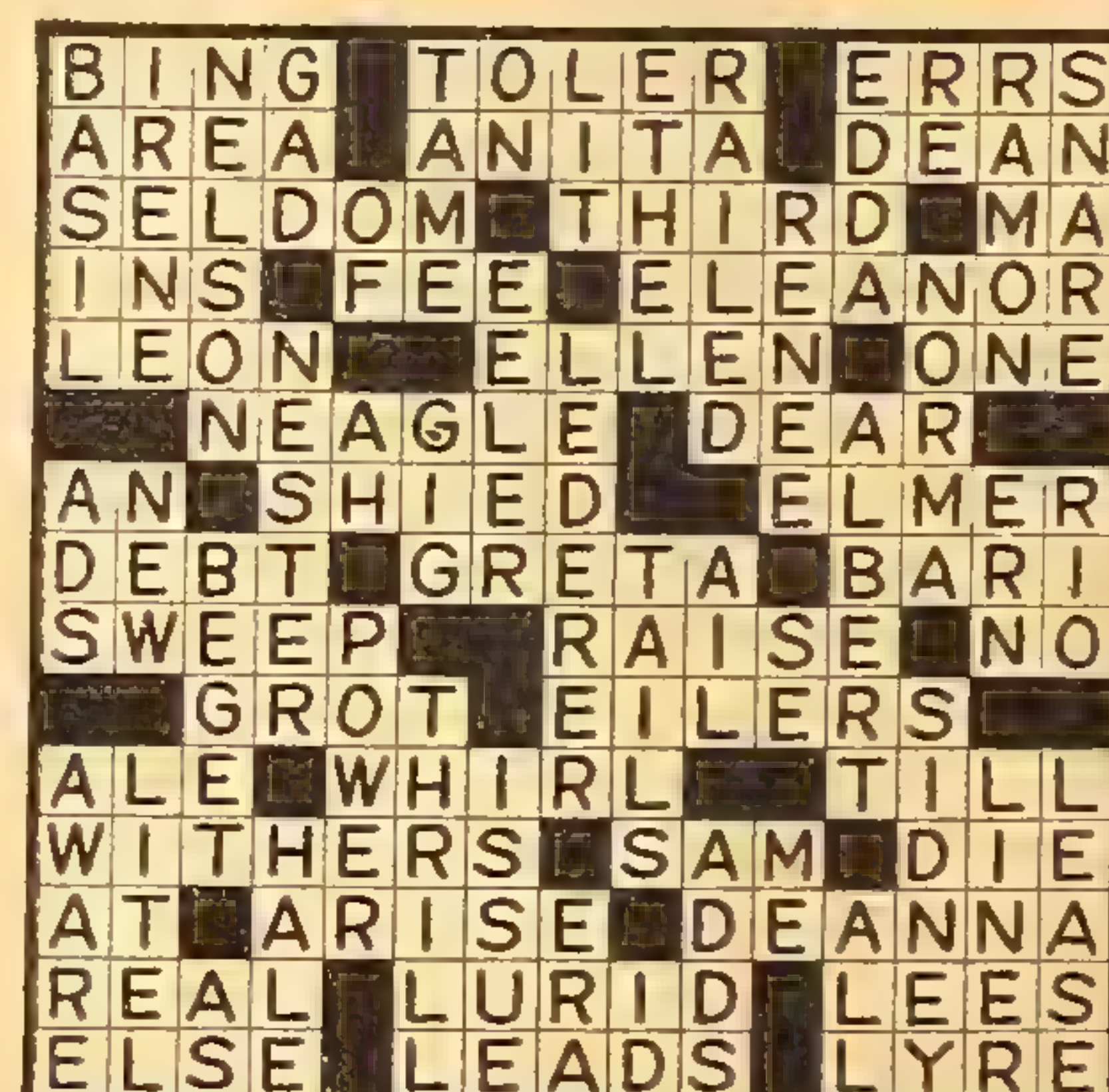
1. Star, "You'll Never Get Rich"
5. "Information Please" expert (also in "Kiss the Boys Goodbye")
10. Husband's drunken pal in "Skylark"
14. Mrs. Errol Flynn
15. To gaze
16. Without cost
17. He's featured in "The Gay Falcon"
19. Anger
20. Moves
21. Golf term
22. Slippery fish
24. Likely
26. Affirmative votes
27. Star of "Sunny"
30. Water from the skies
32. Of (French version)
34. Unit of work
35. Veteran movie comic, with glasses
37. Part of to be
39. Co-star "Unfinished Business"
41. Killed
42. Jimmy Stewart's in it now
44. "Nine Lives—Not Enough" (Ronald Reagan)
45. Drunken critic in "The Feminine Touch"
48. Propeller for row boat
49. Famous Ibsen heroine ("A Doll's House")
51. To take a chance
52. He's featured in "The Bride Came C.O.D."
54. Famous Mammy singer
55. The red-wigged Marx brother
57. Inquire
58. Continent (abbrev.)
59. Co-star, "Honky-Tonk"
60. Co-star, "The Chocolate Soldier"
63. Greek letter
65. Stain
67. She's Mrs. Joel McCrea
68. Small devil
71. His new one is "The Male Animal"

DOWN

73. Father
75. She's *Madame Gorgeous* in "Never Give a Sucker an Even Break"
77. Famous Verdi opera
78. Star of "Sun Valley Serenade"
80. Leading man in a story
81. Salver
82. Finished
83. Winter vehicle
1. Level
2. To anger (slang)
3. Co-star, "Night of January 16th"
4. To cease living
5. Bone (anatomy)
6. Silent
7. Automobile
8. Enclosed courtyard
9. Note of the scale
10. Stern of a vessel
11. Co-star, "Smilin' Through"
12. Weird
13. Minus
18. Approached
20. Remain
23. This comes before and after the hen
25. To wander stealthily
28. Even (poetic)
29. He's featured in "Ice-Capades"
31. Star, "Ladies in Retirement"
32. She's Mrs. William Powell
33. Star, "Dive Bomber"
36. Onion-like vegetable
37. With force
38. Co-star, "The Shadow of the Thin Man"
40. Ever (contraction)
41. To clip
43. To propel with oars
46. Regular order (as troops)
47. Abate, slacken
50. Exclamation
53. Popular term for one of

56. Mickey Rooney's most famous rôle
57. Malt liquor
59. Co-star, "Blood and Sand"
61. He has seven daughters
62. He's featured in "Suspicion"
63. Intimate conversation
64. One who inherits property
66. Paradise
69. Simple
70. Trudge laboriously
72. Co-star, "Skylark"
74. "All This, . . . Heaven Too"
76. Exclamations of pleasure
78. " . . . Stayed For Breakfast"
79. *Chuck* in the Hal Roach comedy, "Niagara Falls"

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



Inside the Stars' Home

Continued from page 12

"I haven't the vaguest idea who she was," said my hostess, "so I call her Ophelia. Ophelia and her pals gave me the notion of having the house done to set them off. We're not half through doing it yet—that's what is fun about a house, you keep on adding this and that!"

Gray tinted walls and beige-and-brown carpeting set off the Chinese red and white of the furniture—white chairs and red sofa—the drapes repeating the Chinese red, as background for Chinese scenes. "I have other chairs ordered and they are in a gorgeous striped green," Carole explained. "There's to be a Chinese mirror above the fireplace and its twin above the piano. I've ordered an exquisite Chinese print for that space over the sofa. But right now my special raves are my new lamps."

On end tables are delicate porcelain Chinese figures set in low silver boxes from which grow glossy-leaved plants. Each figure holds aloft a "parasol" of white silk bordered in red—the lampshades of the lamps. "When my decorator showed me the blue-prints of these, they were so perfect that I kissed them!" cried Carole, sinking down among the leopard-skin cushions on the red couch.

She wasn't there long. Donner, a huge Great Dane, came bumbling in, found his mistress and tried to climb into her lap. "Mommy's baby!" cooed Carole, getting out from under several hundred pounds of dog. "Want to see me ride him?" She leaped on his back, not a bad trick when you're wearing a trailing hostess gown, but then not every girl has the beautiful underpinnings of a Landis. Donner began to buck like a broncho, and Carole slipped off. "Wasn't that CUTE? He thinks he's in a rodeo! Now lie down. Mommy's busy."

After a mournful glance, Donner decided that Mommy was indeed busy and subsided. "I'm not superstitious except for one

thing," she confided. "That's posing with my dogs. Sure as ever I do, they die or get sick or somebody steals them. It began when I was small. My sister and I were playing in the yard with my pet dog; she got mad at me, picked up a sprinkler belonging to the hose and threw it. It missed me and killed the dog. Just that very morning, my mother had taken my picture with the dog. Not so long ago, three of the pups that have posed with me at the studio have had bad luck—Jinx was stolen, Rover was run over, and the little one died. So Donner's not having his picture taken unless he just happens to wander in by accident."

The Chinese decorative influence in the Landis home has not so far extended beyond the living room and hall. Carole's dining room is Swedish moderne, the blonde chairs upholstered in soft blue. Today it was gay with the balloons for the New Year's Eve party, one even hanging from the crystal chandelier. The table was spread with appetite-rousing dishes, plates of hors-d'oeuvres, a chafing dish containing *Kohl Domar*, a covered one with *Sye Salad*, another *String Beans Markey*, and a smaller plate with *Pickled Herring*. Bright yellow grapefruits were set here and there, stuck with toothpicks, each with its burden of sausage wrapped in bacon. A crystal punch-bowl filled with eggnog and a dish of every variety of cheese completed the spread.

"We have a Swedish cook," laughed Carole, "so I thought it would be fun to have lots of her specialties for this party. See—Swedish cook, Swedish dishes, Swedish dining room!"

New Year's Eve is an ideal time for Carole to give a party—it's her birthday! "Our family is great on celebrations, anyway," she said, peering into the bub-

(Please turn to page 69)



Why Arthur Murray Dance Teachers Prefer Odorono Cream

WHEN you teach dancing for a living, you can't take chances with daintiness! That's why the glamorous girls who teach dancing in Arthur Murray's famous Studios are so crazy about Odorono Cream. They can dab it on and dance all day without fear of underarm odor or dampness!

Non-irritating, non-gritty, non-greasy—Odorono Cream ends perspiration annoyance *safely* 1 to 3 days! Generous 10¢, 39¢ and 59¢ sizes, plus tax, at all cosmetic counters.

THE ODORONO CO.,
INC., NEW YORK

1 FULL OZ. JAR—
ONLY 39¢ (Plus Tax)



**ENDS PERSPIRATION
ANNOYANCE 1 TO 3 DAYS**



**GIVES YOU MORE
FOR YOUR MONEY**

ALSO LIQUID ODORONO—
REGULAR AND INSTANT

Hot from Hollywood

Continued from page 9

LUCILLE BALL won't be forgetting Santa Fe, New Mexico, for awhile. And Santa Fe won't be forgetting our own Lucille. While down there on location, Lucille gathered up all the natives and broke them into a conga line. Then she hired one big Indian to show her around town. She tipped him fifty cents for his trouble and he willingly took it. When Desi Arnaz found it out he almost got hysterical. Lucille's Indian guide was none other than the richest member of the colony. His properties and possessions were worth well over a million dollars. They're now calling her "Minnie Ha-Ha Ball."

YOU can't blame George Murphy too much for getting sore. Every studio in Hollywood wants him under contract. On every loanout he gets a swell break. On his own home lot he seems to rate only second leads. George is fightin' mad, and his name ain't Murphy for nothing.

IF it can be arranged, there's a plan afoot to remake "Phantom of the Opera." Charles Laughton is supposed to play the title rôle, Deanna Durbin (if she makes up with Universal) is the harassed girl, and—this time they may write in special parts for Abbott and Costello! Well, at least this version *will* be different.

COMBINING red and green for street and sports wear is the newest Hollywood rage. Linda Darnell has a lipstick red gabardine tailored suit. All the accessories are field green.

MAKE way for the Varsoviana. No, it isn't a new breakfast food. It's a dance that Janet Gaynor and Adrian have introduced to Hollywood society. They brought it back from Mexico and predict it will sweep the country. Instead of partners facing each other, the lady stands in front of the gentleman, her back to him. The dance is performed in minuet fashion. It ain't hot, but it's fun!

IS Dorothy Lamour kidding? Her new dressing room has just been done over in the swankiest style. The only picture in the place features a gorgeous frame. It's a photograph of "Muck," the chimpanzee recently signed to a seven-year contract by Paramount. The picture was especially posed for Dotty. "Muck" is carrying a lily in his hand!

WHEN Ronnie Reagan wore a turtle neck sweater on the "Juke Girl" set, Annie Sheridan gave him a terrific ribbing. She insisted on knowing whether the Hays Office had given their official permission!!!



“9-letter word meaning Social Suicide”

GOT you stumped, has it? Well, try again, Buttercup. It's a word you, in particular, ought to know about. Here we come with a little help . . . *and do you need it.*

Suppose you start with an “H”. Now drop in an “A”. Next, try an “L”, as in “love”—and wouldn't you like a little of that!

There! You've made a start. At this point may we suggest an “I”. You know, “I” as in “it”—which you haven't got or you wouldn't be sitting at home of a Saturday night doing crossword puzzles.

In the next space try a “T”. We're getting places. Now an “O”. That gives you H-A-L-I-T-O. Only three more letters and you'll have the answer.

In that next space slip in an “S”—could stand for “seductive” in your case but for

one thing. But let's get on . . .

Put in another “I” as in “idea”—which you're going to get in just a second.

Now end it up with another “S” and Lady, you've got it.

Got what? The answer to your puzzle, and more important still, perhaps the answer to why your dates are so few . . . why boys don't stick around . . . why you're sort of “on the shelf.”

It's halitosis (bad breath)—the 9-letter word for Social Suicide. Halitosis is the offense that no one overlooks and that anyone may commit at some time or other without realizing it.

Of course there's often something you can do about it . . . something you ought to do about it if you want others to like you.

To make your breath sweeter, more alluring, less likely to offend, use Listerine Antiseptic . . . every night and every morning, and before any date at which you want to appear at your best. Never . . . never! . . . omit this delightful precaution.

Why Listerine Does It

While sometimes systemic, the fermentation of tiny food particles on tooth, gum, and mouth surfaces is the major cause of halitosis (bad breath), according to some authorities. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors that fermentation causes.



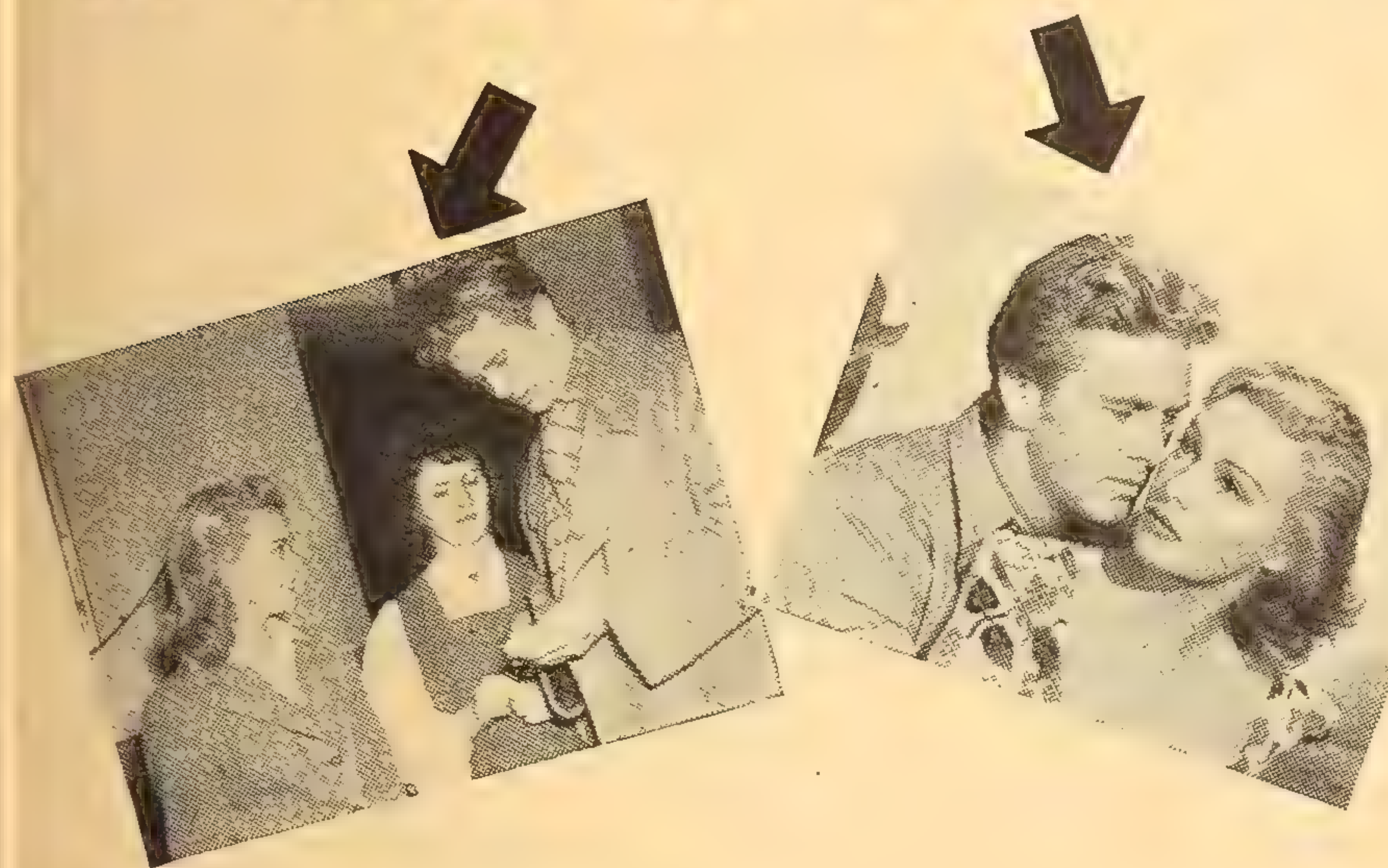
LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Mo.

Before any engagement let Listerine look after your breath

The Editor's Page

An Open Letter to STIRLING HAYDEN

He'll Have No More
of This or This—?



Rumors flying thick and fast about Stirling Hayden's handsome head have him: 1, joining the Navy; 2, signing up for ambulance service with the British. As we go to press the only fact is that he's left Hollywood behind him—so no more screen love scenes with Madeleine Carroll (as at left, from "Bahama Passage").

DEAR STIRLING HAYDEN:

When they say you are leaving Hollywood for good because you are bored, I believe it. Usually I would take such a report with a large portion of salt, but I am inclined to credit this—because you are the one young man in the history of motion pictures who *would* walk out on Hollywood without so much as a backward glance. And I believe it about the boredom, too. Ordinarily a young actor who wins sudden fame with prospects of fortune is sitting on top of the world and shows it. Not you. I remember when you came up to my office to say hello on your first trip back East after your hit in "Virginia." You sprawled your six-feet-two over two chairs, displayed absolutely no enthusiasm whatsoever over your budding film career, and only showed a spark of excitement over a picture of Errol Flynn's boat that I happened to have on my desk, when you said: "I wonder if I'll ever afford one of those"—in short, the whole business of being on parade bored you stiff and you didn't care who knew it. Here was no ham, no exhibitionist—but a hard-bitten young realist who would rather be sailing a ship than posing for closeups. When you left you forgot your hat—a brand new hat obviously acquired as part of your movie-star equipment but just a big unnecessary nuisance like all the rest of it.

Then after being rumored as "up" for the big rôle

of *Robert Jordan* in Hemingway's "For Whom The Bell Tolls," the part Gary Cooper is set to play; after being the target of romance rumors with Madeleine Carroll; after completing your second picture, "Bahama Passage"—you walked out of the studio. Leave of absence, to sail the boat the studio reportedly gave you to keep you contented; or for keeps—who knows? Not only the production heads of Paramount, who considered you their best bet since they discovered Cooper, but assorted thousands of starry-eyed femme fans who find it hard to face a Hayden-less screen on the long winter evenings, would like to know the answer. You aren't talking. You're letting everybody else talk about how you are joining the Navy, or signing up to drive an ambulance with the American Field Service. If one of these reports is true, then you will win more fans and influence more people than you ever did on the screen. The Stirling Hayden Legend—like it?

Delight Evans

At Home with Victor Mature



By
Elizabeth
Wilson

Scoop! First pictures of "That Handsome Hunk of Man" in his new home—a garage! Much-maligned Mature has won over Hollywood by being honest

"Get a load of the Muscle Man!" sneered the mugs. But his worst detractors always change their minds when they find out what a swell guy he really is



THE first time I saw Victor Mature—it was at a party at the Whitney Stables in Santa Monica—I took one look at those velvet eyes, that raven hair, and that figure, which has been likened to a frappé glass, and said, “I don’t believe it. No one can be *that* handsome.” I noticed that the men at the party were moved to instant loathing the minute they saw him. “How did that conceited jerk get here?” and “Get a load of the Muscle Man” and “With a puss like that I’d kill myself” were some of the not so subdued sneers that were tossed around. But I’m telling you, before the last anchovy had disappeared and the last drop of wine had been drained from the horse troughs, Victor was “in.” Everybody agreed that Vic Mature was a swell guy. Even two-fisted mugs like Big Boy Williams.

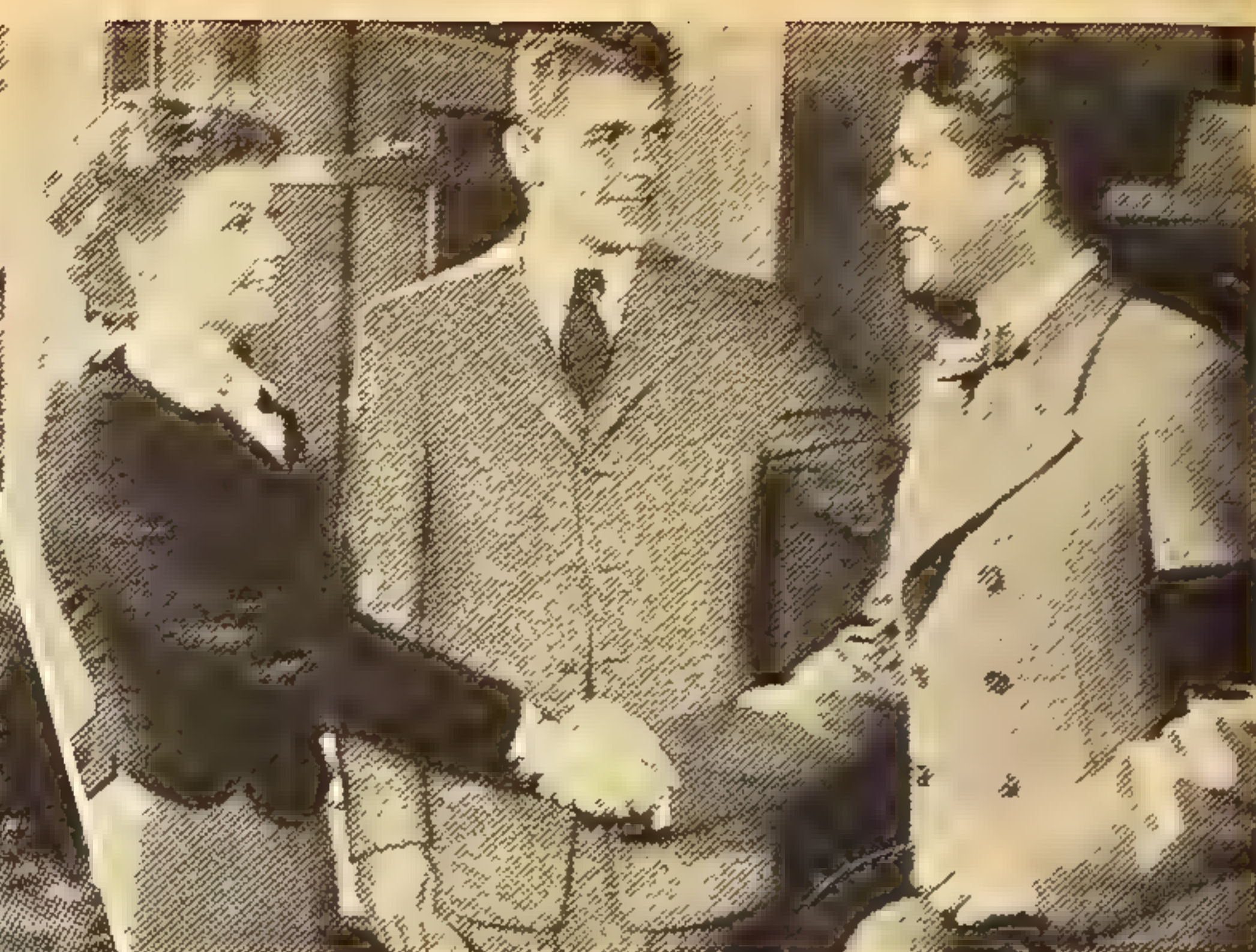
A few Saturdays after that I was in a group with Victor at the Hollywood track. We were in the very swank Turf Club, where the actors try to out-boast the producers and *vice versa*. “I just put a hundred on the nose of African Queen,” bragged an actor famous for not paying his gambling debts. “Two hundred across the board, that’s the only way to play them,” boasted a producer well in the red. “Joe put ten (*Please turn to page 64*)

Mature came up the hard way. After lean days of living in a tent and a piano box, a garage is big time. Star of “Hot Spot” is shown here as the good-natured guy he is. Left center, with his pretty wife, the former Martha Kemp.





Scenes from "Kings Row" show Robert Cummings and Betty Field (left), Ann Sheridan and Ronald Reagan, and other players in an impressive cast.

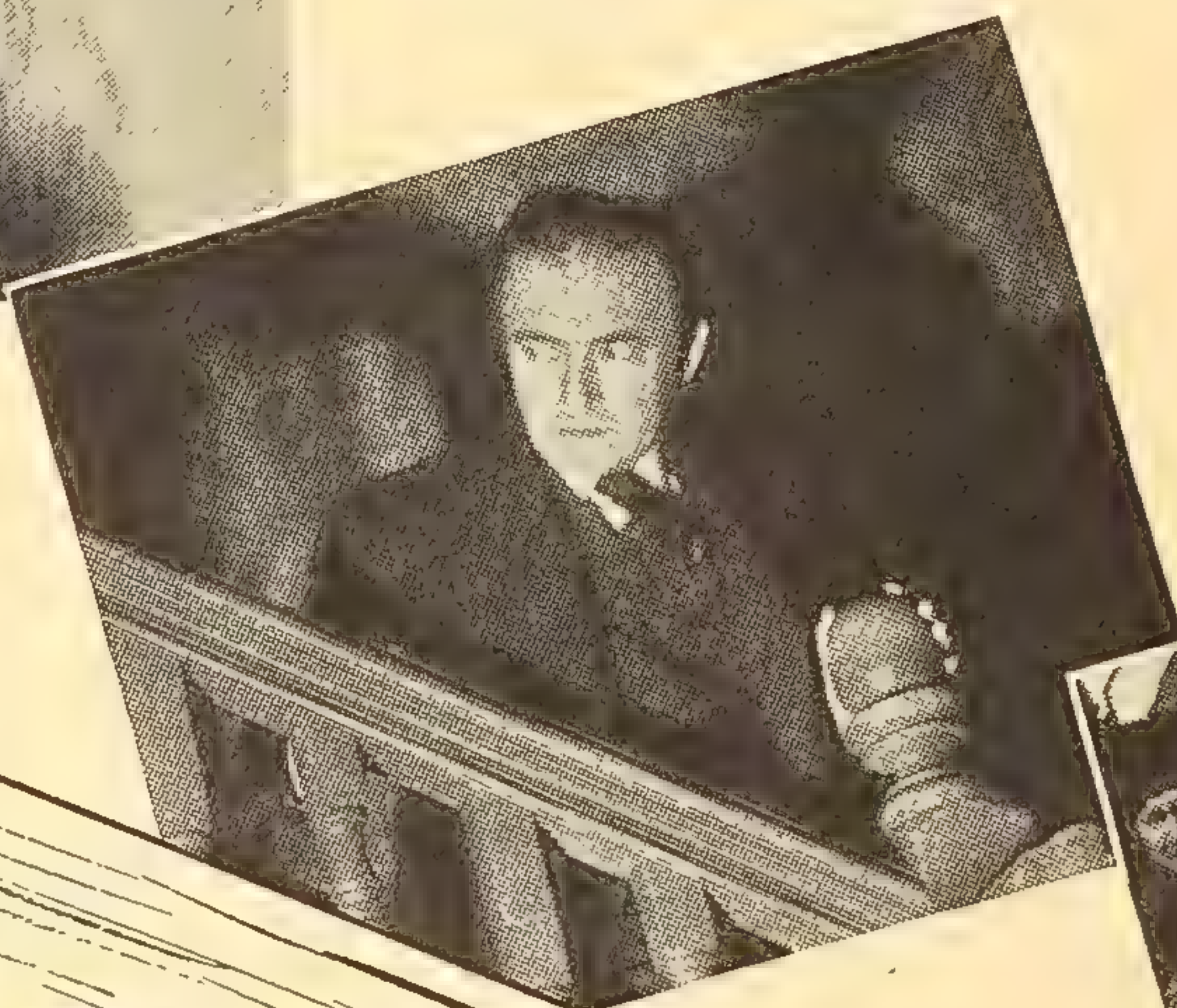


Fictionized by

THE new year was beginning, the new century too. Somehow that made it more important, the eighteen-hundreds ending, the nineteens just starting. And being away from home too, half the world away from home, brought the old aching loneliness back to Parris Mitchell.

Not that he wanted to be back in Kings Row again. He didn't. Vienna was more to his liking, his work here, his life. What

DECORATIONS BY
LEONARD
FRANK



KINGS ROW





Elizabeth B. Petersen

Best-selling book becomes big picture! Great cast headed by Ann Sheridan, Ronald Reagan, Robert Cummings, and Betty Field, supported by such splendid players as Charles Coburn, Claude Rains, Kaaren Verne, portrays the power and pathos of this dramatic story directed by Sam Wood for Warners

Please turn to Page 79 for complete cast and credits



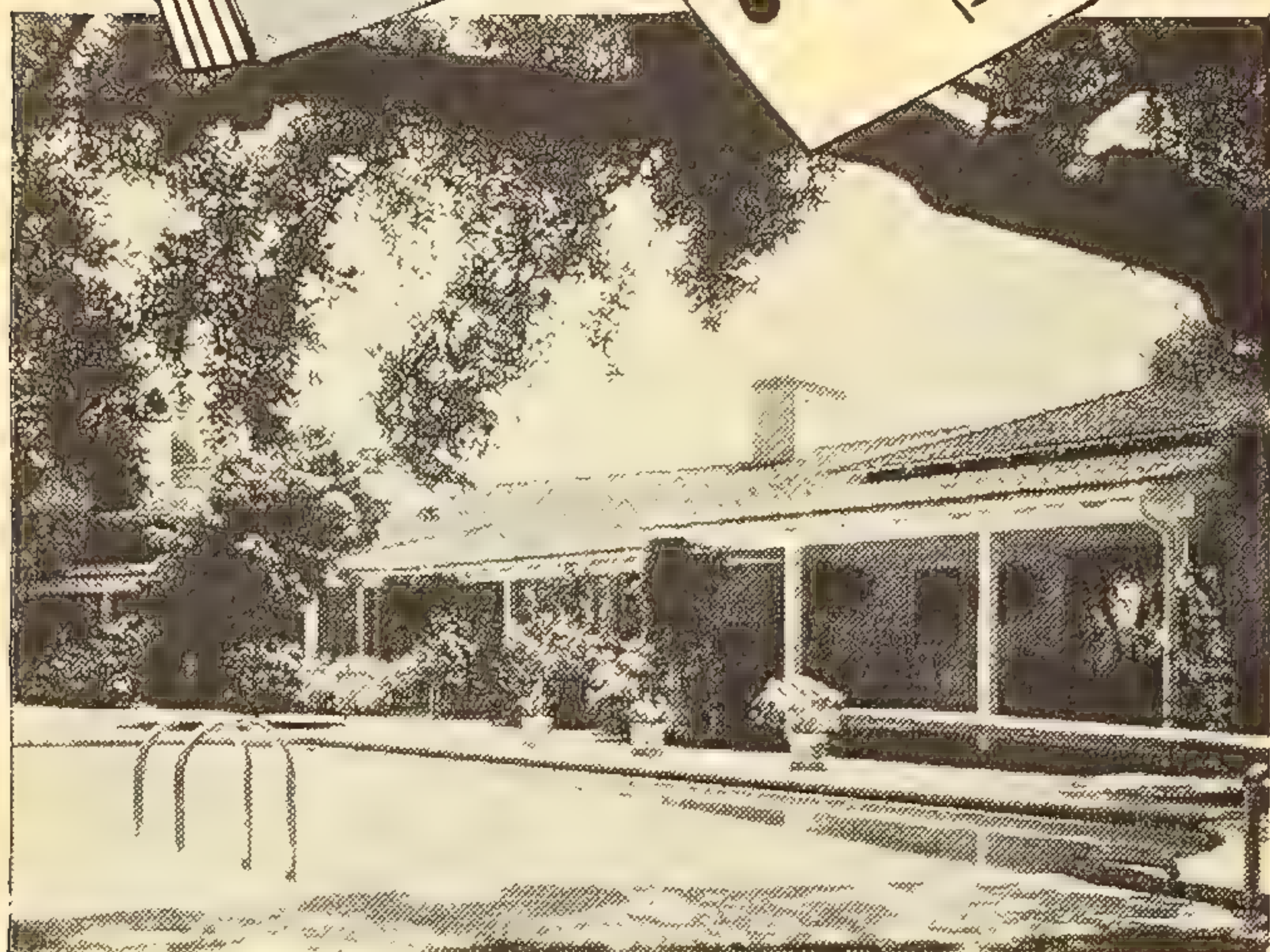
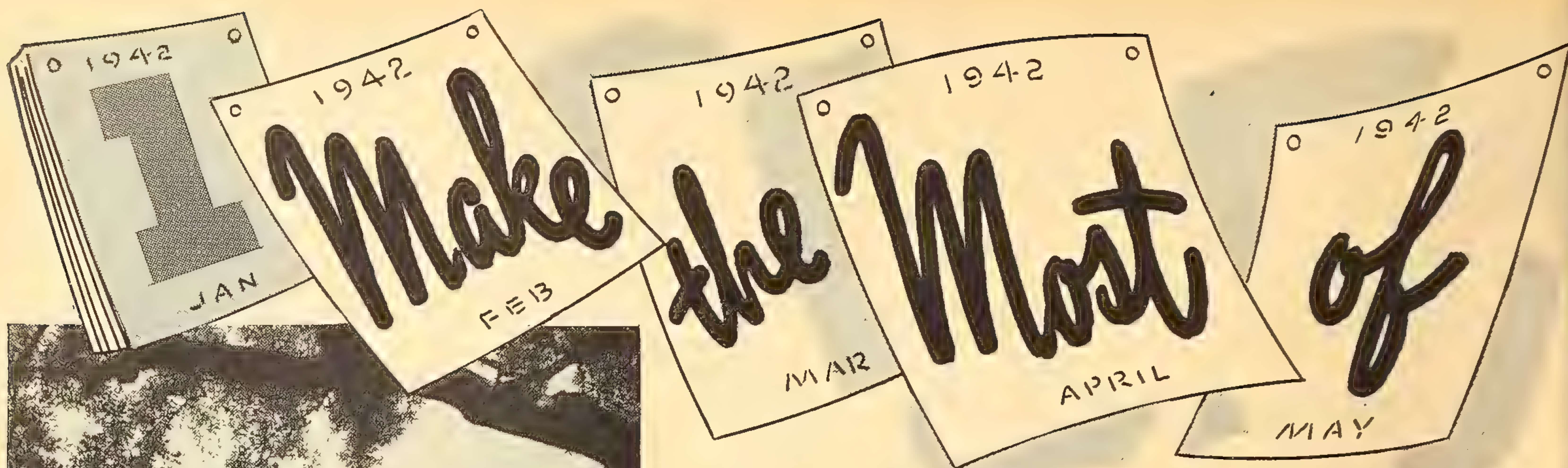
would *Grandmere* say if she could see him now, about to become a full-fledged doctor, offered an important post in the new medical science of psychiatry when he graduated? Would she smile, that perky, quizzical little smile of hers, or

would she only say "Parris," with that French accent she had never lost, that accent which had set her apart from the rest of Kings Row? But even without it, Madame Von Elm would have been different.

"When she passed, how much passed with her," Parris thought. "A whole way of life, the way of gentleness and honor and dignity. These things went with her and they may never come back to this world."

Cassie and Dr. Tower too, would they know how much he understood now, things he had never understood before? Cassie, how the thought of her quickened the sadness, the loneliness, and how it brought back the old excitement too, the happiness (Please turn to page 78)





"THIS is the most unpredictable household in the world. In the morning you never know whether Mel and Helen will be having dinner with the family or one or both of them be off on a plane to fill some last minute engagement. Mel may suddenly decide to attend a political banquet in Atlanta, Georgia, or get a hurried call to make a personal appearance in New York. While Helen may be on her way to San Francisco for a concert date or have a call to Washington, D. C. Or perhaps both of them, finding themselves free, are in their car, headed for their cottage at Carmel-by-the-Sea. When they are home it is never quiet like this. The minute Mel and Helen come in, things start happening."

Walter Pick, young bachelor cousin of Helen Gahagan, who acts as personal secretary for both Mr. Douglas and his wife, Miss Gahagan, was speaking. He was showing me through the Melvyn Douglas house, while we were waiting for Melvyn to come home from the studio.

There was a restful, almost cloister-like stillness in the spacious living room. The blue-grey walls, (Please turn to page 63)

**By
Rilla
Page
Palmborg**



The Melvyn Douglas you see on the screen, making love to Ruth Hussey in "Our Wife," right, or to Greta Garbo in "Two-Faced Woman," above, is a far cry from "Mel," the unpredictable fellow you'll meet in this intimate story. Top, two views of the Douglas-Gahagan home, photographed expressly for SCREENLAND by Columbia Pictures.

1942
Every
1942
JULY
Day!

DO IT THE
MELVYN DOUGLAS
WAY!



That suave screen hero, Mr. Douglas, is not only a notorious ice-box raider but a swell cook. Believe it or not, goulash and upside-down pineapple cake are his specialties! When the Douglasses are "roughing it" at their unpretentious hideaway at Carmel-by-the-Sea (below right) they have no servants and Mel's the cook. Below, Mel and Helen in a musical moment.



HALF way through her speech explaining how come one Betty Leabo ought to be the next Girls' Vice-president of the Mount Vernon Junior High School of Los Angeles, she first noticed him. He seemed to be staring at her and saying, "Mmmmmmmmmmm."

When she finished her oration, she marched up to him and asked (you know how snippy girls can be when they're juniors in Junior High) exactly what he found so entrancing about her, the freshie.

"I was admiring your waist-line, Miss . . . uh. . . .," he said.

"Mistake," she came back with that brand of humor so peculiar to adolescents.

He smiled, bowed, turned on his heel.

"Who's that?" she demanded of one of her chummies, as soon as the not-too-tall, dark, and handsome lad disappeared.

"Oh, him!" was the retort admiring, "that's Owen Ward."

All the way home that afternoon she couldn't get her mind off the boy. He had complimented her on her waist-line and she had been a little flip.

Well, when you're going on fourteen you are more direct than you are at twenty, say. Next time she saw the president of the entire student body of the Mount Vernon Junior High School she smiled. As befits a man of high office, he smiled back, stopped to chat, and the two wound up late for their next class which was civics and not exactly their favorite.

One thing led to another and before two weeks had passed they were playing tennis. A month and he was asking her how it would be if he came by to see her on Friday night when school was over for the week. She said it would be very lovely.

She couldn't wait for him to show up. She had a lot of fudge made. And the dress she had on that night was something very special. She heard the bell ring and found her heart in her mouth. She donned her "Gosh-I'm-glad-to-see-you smile" and opened the door.

It was Owen all right. But he wasn't alone. He had brought a pal of his along. "I want you to meet my friend Bill," were his first words. "You'll like him. He's a regular fellow."

Well, they munched candy, talked about what different bands were touring the country, took time off to perform surgical operations on every teacher in the Mount Vernon Junior High, and discussed the chances of U.C.L.A. to make the Rose Bowl come fall. After that Owen said maybe they'd better go. And they did, as nonchalantly as a couple of Dead End Kids, almost.

On the following Wednesday he met her in the hall at school and asked "How about dropping by on Friday again?" She told him, as nonchalantly as she could, "Sure. Why not? We can have a grand time, talking about football and such." He didn't get the veiled sting in her sentence. How could he have when it came from such an innocent-looking face?

Anyhow, he showed up on Friday. You guessed it. He brought his pal, Bill, along. Once more the same routine. They ate her candy, exchanged a pleasantries or two, then lapsed into shop talk—football, the virtues of a speed graphic camera, the music of Guy Lombardo, U.C.L.A.'s chances during the fall. She didn't feel so pained when they left this time; she was getting used to it.

Five weekly dates and three days later she was doing her French homework when the telephone rang. "It's for you, Betty," her mother had said, "one of your cavaliers, I guess."

And so it was. Only this time it was Bill. He wanted to know what she was doing on Friday night and if the answer was nothing why couldn't they do it together. She told him it sounded like a grand idea and what did he have in mind.

"I kind of thought we might go out and find a little excitement," he said, just like Charles Boyer would tell it to one of his screen inamoratas.

When he showed up Friday (*Please turn to page 74*)

She was a junior and he was the president of the student body at Mount Vernon Junior High School in Los Angeles. Today she's Brenda Joyce, movie actress, and he's her husband—but she still looks up to him. Below, two views showing Mrs. Owen Ward in their modest honeymoon home. Facing page, Brenda the 20th Century-Fox starlet in a glamor pose; below, her dressing-table at home, with hubby's the only picture.



BRIDE ON A BUDGET!

By John R. Franchey

Brenda Joyce is a movie starlet, but she faces the same marriage problems as a million other American girls. Read how she is making her high-school romance last



Meet

THE HOTTEST NEW HERO: GEORGE MONTGOMERY

When he was seven he solemnly announced, "I'm gonna be a movie actress!" And now look at him—most coveted escort of Hollywood's glamorous stars, especially Ginger Rogers

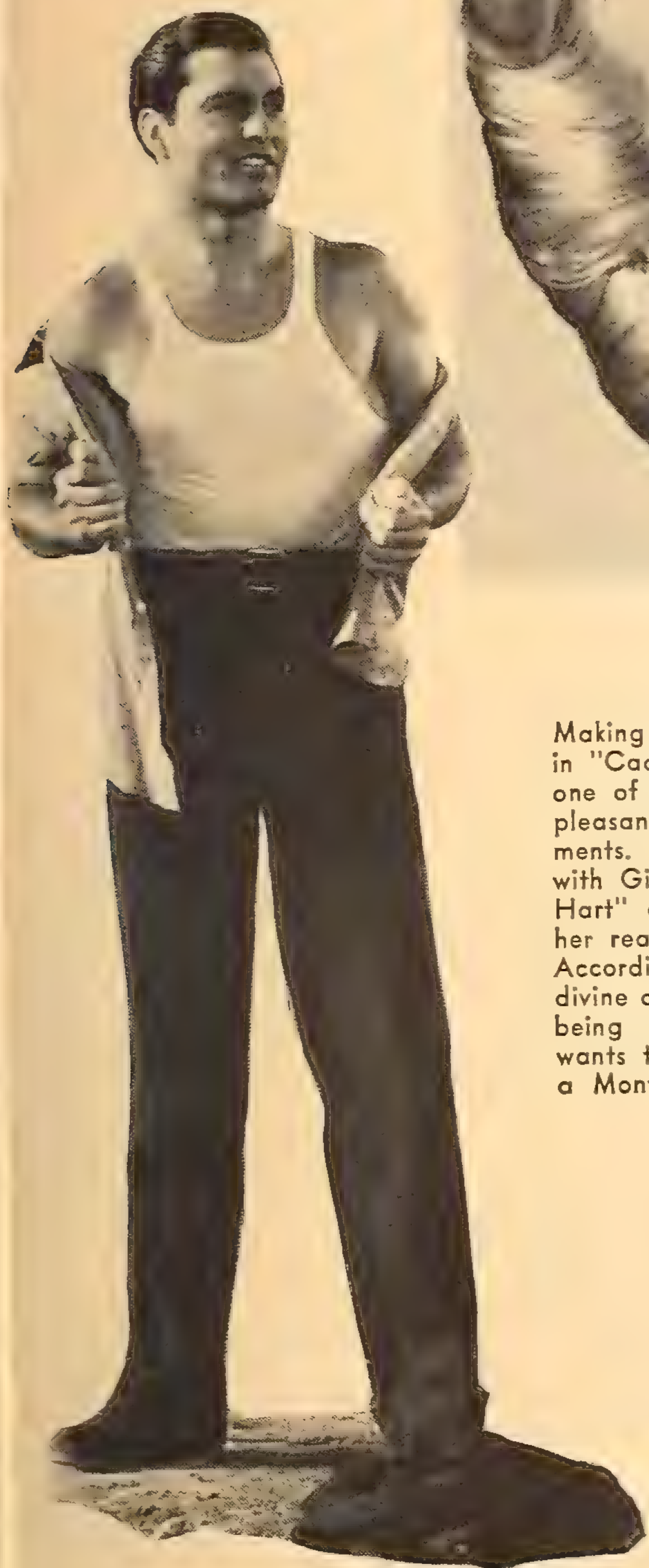
By Liza

WAY back in 1923, when George Montgomery was a kid of seven, he saw his first moving picture in a theater in Brady, Montana. It was a hard-riding, shoot-'em-up Western, with Harry Carey. George was very much impressed, and at dinner that night out at the ranch he solemnly announced to his twelve brothers and sisters, "I'm gonna be a movie actress." But as his announcement was badly timed—having been made simultaneously with the arrival of the pot roast and mashed potatoes—no one expressed the slightest interest.

But George didn't forget his ambition. Determination was one of his marked characteristics then, just as it is now. So several years later when he was in the third grade and the teacher asked the pupils what they wanted to be when they grew up, George said precisely, "When I grow up I want to be a movie actress." It may have been good manners, though I doubt it, and it may have been ignorance, which I suspect, but any-



When his parents refused to give him a railroad ticket to Hollywood, six-foot-two, 195-pound George borrowed a pick and shovel and went to work for the W.P.A. until he earned enough money to buy his own ticket—now he can write it, for he's 20th Century-Fox's white-haired boy



Making love to Carole Landis in "Cadet Girl" (above) was one of George Montgomery's pleasant recent film assignments. Next, he will co-star with Ginger Rogers in "Roxie Hart" and is rumored to be her real-life romance as well. According to Ginger he's a divine dancer, the only trouble being he gets sleepy and wants to go home early—still a Montana cowboy at heart.

Montgomery is one of those rare people to be found in Hollywood: a real cowboy, born on a ranch in Montana. From the time he was knee-high to a coyote he learned to ride, to rope, to round up cattle, and to sing "boots and saddle" songs. Now he gets big money for being himself in films



way, there wasn't one laugh from the third grade. However, the teacher took him aside later and quietly explained a little matter of gender to him. And to illustrate she gave him the rôle of George Washington in the third grade play. In the fourth grade play she gave him the rôle of Miles Standish. By that time George had discovered that he was not an actress, and the teacher had discovered that he was not an actor. I am certain no one was more surprised than she was when he appeared on the screen in "The Cowboy and the Blonde."

Well, the kid who wanted to grow up to be a movie actress has turned out very well indeed. He has become Hollywood's new hero. And there hasn't been such fem-

inine excitement in Hollywood since Gary Cooper, another cowboy from Montana, rode in from the range. During the past few months handsome, six-foot-two, blue-eyed George Montgomery has become the coveted escort of the glamorous and the beautiful. The g. and the b. take one look at that 195 pounds of manly appeal (my, my,) and go right into a swoon. "Betty Grable can have George Raft," they say, "and Barbara Hutton is welcome to Cary Grant—but please, please, oh kind fate, won't you give us George Montgomery!"

George, a nice guy, finds this frank admiration considerably embarrassing. (But Darryl Zanuck doesn't. Over at Twentieth Century-Fox (*Please turn to page 68*))

ADVICE to WORKING

Are YOU one of the many women trying to combine career-dom with the sublime job of motherhood? If you are, you'll find practical advice right here, from the movie star-mothers

By
Jack Holland

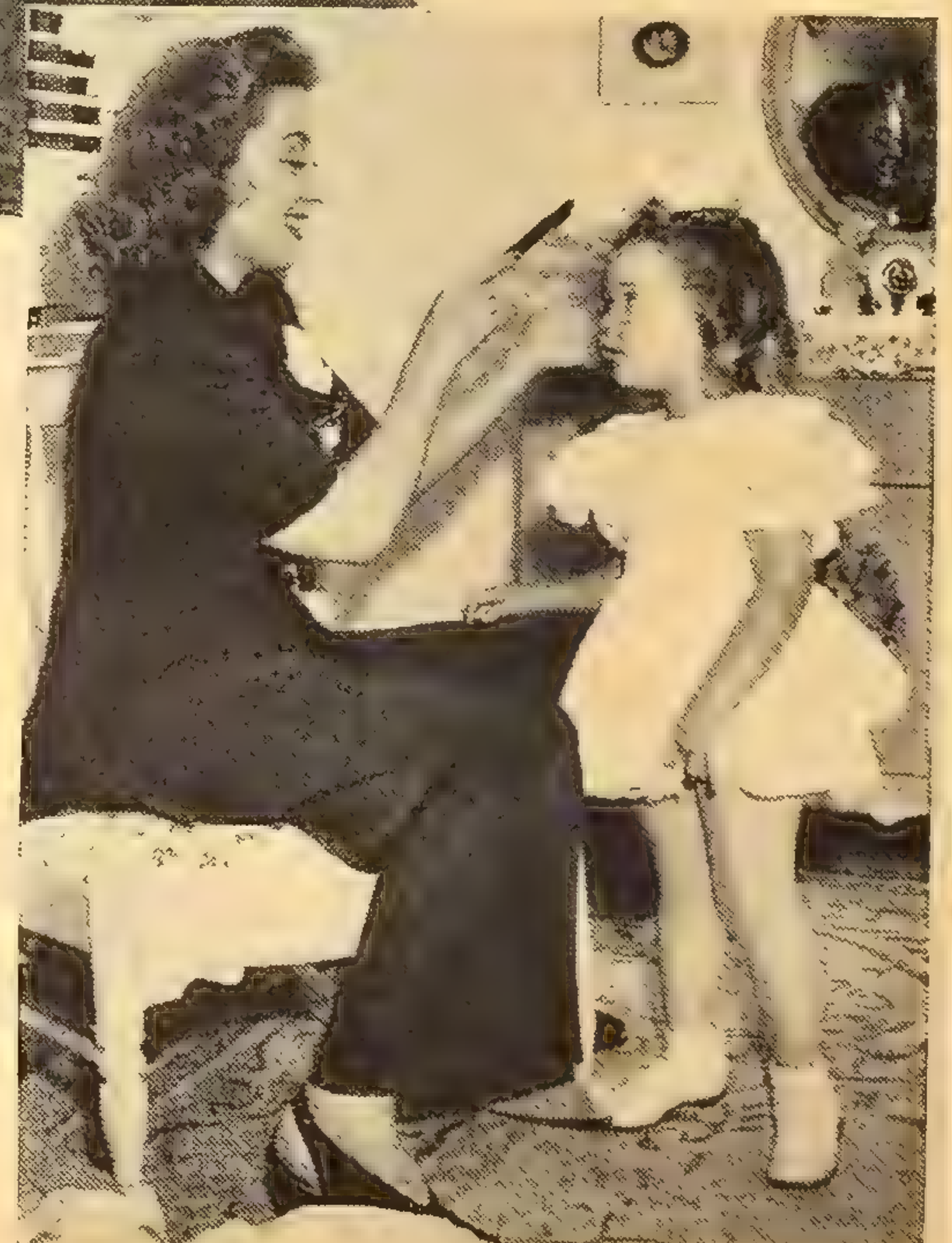
Left, Penny "Blondie" Singleton and daughter "Dee-Gee." Below, Joan Blondell Powell and her Ellen.



IN MUCH of the fan mail that the stars receive, there is one question that crops up very often. It's more than a question. It's a plea for advice from worried mothers who want to give proper care to their children and yet have to work for a living. In their anxiety, for some reason or other, they look to the stars in Hollywood who are mothers themselves for help and guidance.

Often, such advice is difficult to give. The situations are different in many ways. It is true that the stars have governesses and nurses to care for their children while they are at work at the studios. But they, too, have to meet the same problems that confront every mother in America. They, too, realize that with all the governesses and nurses in the world, motherly devotion to their children cannot be nourished if they do not find ways to bring about the necessary intimacy and understanding.

I took this problem to several of our biggest stars, actresses who are noted for the wise manner in which they are bringing up their children. Stars who have met and realized the challenge (*Please turn to page 66*)





ARE
YOU A
"SIX
O'CLOCK
MOTHER?"

MOTHERS

Joan Bennett and her
adorable daughters, below.



In the Powell
swimming pool,
above, Mrs. Dick
with Ellen and
Norman. Right
and below, Mary
Astor at home
with her children.





Red Skelton, His LIFE and LOVE!

First real story revealing the reasons for the rise and shine of Skelton, top comedy find of the season

By
Ida
Zeitlin

THE Red Skeltons have a house in Beverly Hills. All the rugs are blue. In Edna's room, the mirrors climb from floor to ceiling. There's a fireplace and a tennis court and a swimming pool, a crystal chandelier in the living room and, in the garage, a big car.

They haven't gone Hollywood. Edna was fifteen when she married Red, who was seventeen. Once in New York, having gone foodless for forty-eight hours, Red vowed: "Some day you're going to have every little thing you ever wanted, and lots that you don't."

That day came after "Whistling in the Dark" brought him movie stardom and a long-term contract. He scoured the town for the chandelier of her dreams "with things hanging down." The rugs are blue because blue's her favorite color. The mirrors are to make up for the cracked two-by-fours she used to wrestle with, and there's a place for shoes—nothing but shoes. Even though it may be hot as hades, the fire goes every night, because she used to turn moon-eyed at thought of a fireplace. The pool and court came with the house, and they're learning



His life is as colorful as you could imagine; his love is his young wife Edna, whom he married when he was seventeen, she fifteen. They are partners in both private and professional life; she writes most of the material he uses on his radio shows. Above and at right, typical Skelton "gag" pictures.

to play tennis because the court's there and they might as well use it. "What do you want with a car that big?" cowed their manager, who keeps Red on an allowance of fifty a week. "People make more than you, get along with smaller."

"When you've gone hungry," Red pointed out, "you eat too much at first. Those people got big cars out of their system. We're getting 'em out of ours."

They're reveling in the childhood neither had as children. Red buys himself the electric trains and putt-putts his mouth watered for at eight. His mother used to feed her flock on soup beans, with limas once a week as a treat. Now he lunches daily on pie and lima beans—both desserts to him. He has the big desk, just to sit behind, which he always wanted. There's nothing in the drawers. But he leans back, puts his feet up, hums the Brahms' lullaby—their good luck tune—and feels fine.

"I've got a very funny mother," he'll tell you. "She always said: be nice to people, even when they annoy you. You annoy them, too. That's the first rule. The second is, don't take life seriously because you never come out of it alive."

Red's a funny fellow too. He must have got it from his mother. He likes everybody. His approach to people is genial, guileless and disarming. While still a comparative stranger on the Metro lot, he was asked by a man how he liked his part. "Swell! If it goes over, I'll have you promoted.—Nice guy. Who is he?" he asked his companion. "Louis B. Mayer."

"Hi, there, old pitchman," he yelled at another executive, smoking a stogie. "Three days with that weed and you'll be in an iron lung." One day he swung himself up on a stool at the lunch counter, and inquired of his neighbor what he did around the joint. "I'm only the janitor."

"That makes a couple of us," said Red. "I'm the hired help, too."

He's a clown and the son of a clown, and from the age of four his ambition has been to make people laugh. His father worked for the Hagenbeck & Wallace Circus, quit when he met a girl he loved in Vincennes, Indiana, married the girl and opened a grocery store. Red, christened Richard, the youngest of four boys, was born two months after his father's death. Mrs. Skelton ran the store till it burned down, uninsured, then turned her hand to what she could find—scrubbing floors, running

elevators, washing clothes. As the boys grew old enough, they helped. Red began selling newspapers at eight.

He was born to the platform. The ministry attracted him first. Draping a flag round his highchair, he'd clamber to the seat and sermonize the folks. Then he saw his first show, his father's blood spoke in his veins, and his course was set. Mrs. Skelton got all the boys in on passes. Red was four. He remembers that the picture was with Charlie Ray, that he walked home in a trance, and built his own theater out of boxes and rags, with old dolls as actors. Time passed, and he haunted the local playhouses, sneaking in under the arms of ushers, getting kicked out and sneaking back in again. Before long he was performing on street corners—Joe Jerk, the town cut-up—singing in black-face and selling trick cards manufactured by himself. His mother cut him his first wig out of a cast-off chinchilla coat.

"Hitchykoo" came to town and Red stood with his newspapers, doping his chances of getting in that night, when a man sauntered up. "What do you do with your money, kid?"

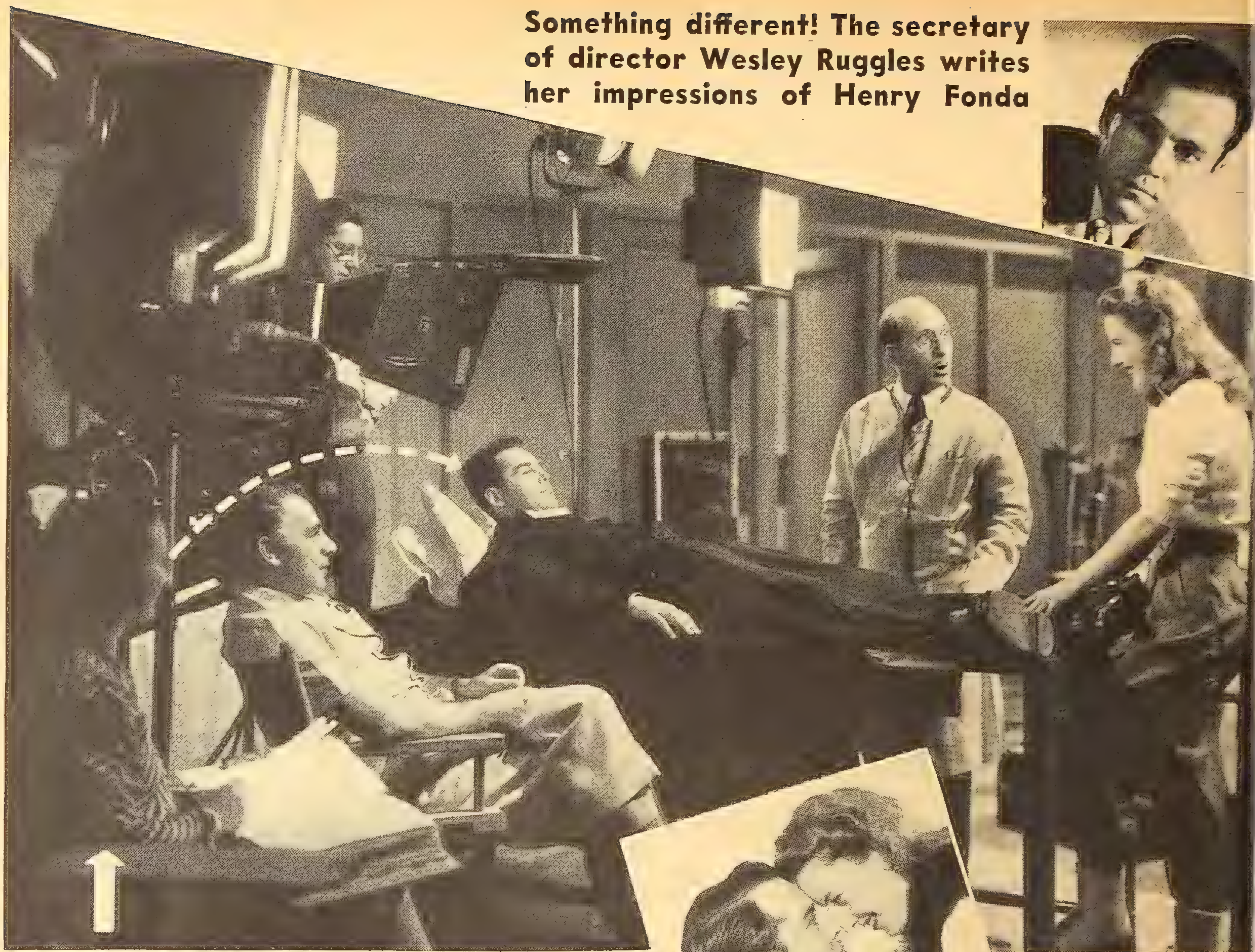
"Give it to my mother."

"Is that a routine?"

(Please turn to page 60)



Something different! The secretary of director Wesley Ruggles writes her impressions of Henry Fonda



A SECRETARY LOOKS at a STAR

By Romaine

WHEN I was young and tender and just starting to work in a moving picture studio, I had a hero. He was tall, dark and handsome and gentle and mild of manner. And he had the sweetest smile! I used to imagine him riding on that white horse even when the sun was shining brightest. I went to see each one of his pictures and he seemed to get closer to my doorstep. And at last I saw my hero. In the flesh. In a hospital. He emerged from the room, completely enveloped in vases, from which, fortunately, the flowers had been removed. Beside him, half his size, walked his uniformed chauffeur. His hands and arms were empty. The elevator appeared and my hero wrestled with the vases and opened the door. The chauffeur walked in—then my hero—then me. I said to me: "I'll NEVER be so close to my hero again"—and I smiled nervously. He didn't return my smile. On the next floor we picked up a doctors' convention and I was practically thrown under the arms of my hero. At each stop the vases came nearer my head and my hero farther from my dreams. By the

Large picture shows the secretary making mental notes on star Fonda as director Ruggles rehearses "Hank" and Babs Stanwyck for a scene in "You Belong to Me." Above, stars in closeup. Right, on set.

time we hit bottom I didn't have any more hero. I never went to see any of his pictures after that. In the years that followed he became top-notch box office and the papers and magazines were filled with him. But I didn't see my hero. Not until the day he walked into my office.

He said with meekness: "Is it all right if I see Mr. Ruggles?" He had on makeup because he was working and he was rushing this visiting period in when he should have been having his lunch. I brought a pack of cigarettes into my boss' office and lent an ear to the conversation. H. F. was just finishing up on one picture and was to start ours the following Monday. He said he was really tired, but that he would forgo the few days' rest they had promised him, according to contract, because he didn't want us to be delayed. So, I gathered that he wasn't too technical nor was he temperamental.

On the next trip, when I brought a thermos of ice water for them both, my boss was saying: "That's swell. Hank, we'll work half a day without you—that'll give you a few hours off, anyway." (Please turn to page 70)



TO YOU!
GOOD CHEER
IN

Ann
Rutherford

Season's Greetings from the THIN MAN AND FAMILY

Meet the Junior "Thin Man" (Dickie Hall) who spreads the Christmas spirit with "Papa" Bill Powell and "Mama" Myrna Loy in latest film of popular series, "The Shadow of the Thin Man." See the merry shopping spree





WILL THEY MAKE
THE SCREEN

Sizzle?





Fred Hendrickson

Mona Lisa charms of Michele Morgan make her first American movie, "Joan of Paris," a piquant screen occasion, with Paul Henreid playing her lover in RKO's melodrama of life in occupied France, and Laird Cregar in stalwart support





Zorina!

Fabulous dancing star of
"Louisiana Purchase" poses
in her three favorite cos-
tumes, designed to drama-
tize her graceful beauty



Facing page, Vera Zorina, soon to be seen as the lovely with Bob Hope in Paramount's lavish new musical, wears, first: a collarless ermine wrap with full bishop sleeves over a smart black and white dinner gown designed by Monica. Second, suit of battleship and slate grey—three-quarter length jacket of soft battleship grey angora with inset design of slate grey wool and antique silver buttons, enhanced by burgundy red accessories.

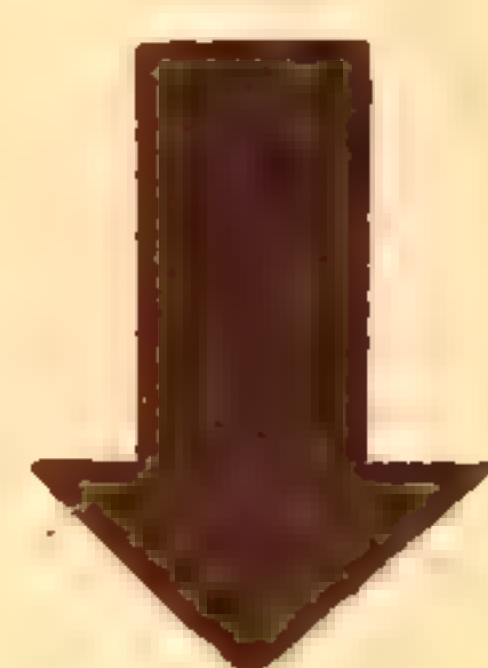
*Photographs
by
Eugene
Robert
Richee,
Paramount
Pictures*

For big scenes in her big new musical movie, Vera Zorina wears the dream-dress pictured above, of white tulle and net with enormous full skirt spectacularly embroidered in silver sequins, with daringly deep heartshaped decolletage outlined with the sequins, and a matching headdress with veil which floats right along with Zorina when she dances. Won't you watch, with us, what may be the exciting début of a new star?



IS
PAULETTE
GODDARD
Hollywood's
Most Versatile
ACTRESS?

Look at the Evidence!



SIREN



DRAMATIC
ACTRESS

(with Ray Milland
in the DeMille film)



SWEATER
GIRL

(with John Wayne in Cecil B.
DeMille's "Reap the Wild Wind")



Eugene
Robert
ichee,
amount



SWEET YOUNG THING



BEST-DRESSED
(AND UNDRESSED)
WOMAN

The Answer is YES!

*Olivia
de Havilland*



Elmer Freyer.

HER LATEST FILM IS
"THE MALE ANIMAL"
WITH HENRY FONDA



HEEL into HERO!

Jack Carson can't be "typed." After playing a long succession of bumptious rôles which would have branded any other actor as a hopeless heel for the duration of his career, the movie public has picked him as a definite personality and, since "Blues in the Night," has been demanding pleasanter parts for Carson. You'll see, he'll get 'em!





Hi!

HERE WE ARE AGAIN





Once more Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland co-star in a musical movie, "Babes on Broadway," all about a troupe of bright youngsters trying to get a break on the stage

You'll see Mickey in some of his howling impersonations—see below, and facing page, with Ray McDonald and Richard Quine as his buddies.

"Babes on Broadway" has hilarious number called "The Convict's Return" in which Judy has a chance to indulge in some old-fashioned dramatics.



Clarence S. Bull, M-G-M

"LOOK WHO'S (NOT) LAUGHING"

This is a most unusual picture of comedienne Lucille Ball, so chic and serious. But when you see her in her latest, "Look Who's Laughing," you'll find her as full of fun as usual, as she romps through scenes with Edgar Bergen and Fibber McGee & Molly of radio fame



OH, THE PAYNE OF IT!

Femme fans have been sighing over handsome John for quite some time now, though his parts have been plain bad or indifferent; but now their patience is at last rewarded, for he has his first important rôle in "Remember The Day," opposite Claudette Colbert





Photo by Ed Henderson, 20th Century-Fox

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH
Linda Darnell in "Rise and Shine"

ALTHOUGH Carmen Miranda is the most radiant reason in existence today for all our inter-American diplomats to take to unrestrained dancing in the streets, she is still a thoroughly bewildered and misunderstood Brazilian bombshell.

She is not one whit more American now than when she first came to this country. (Which is just as it should be.) The least of her confusion is her inability to speak English or to keep the gist of our jumbled conversations clear in her mind. She has never got the straight of the difference in our spelling and meaning of the words *bread* and *bred*, for instance. The consequence of this minor misunderstanding alone have led to very amusing and amazing results in a mixed drawing room. However, her colorful use of our words never fails to paint very vivid pictures!

Naturally it goes without saying that any experience of this now famous Carioca lass is unconditionally surrounded with the most intriguing and exciting atmosphere possible. Miss Miranda lends a stupendous color and charm to the most trifling occurrence. To be entertained in her comfortable California home as a member of the press seeking information about her is a very pleasant experience, and a very distinct privilege. Even about such things as talking for publication Miss Miranda is thoroughly Brazilian. Business, to her, is business, and should never be mixed with social pleasantries in the home, which graces, according to her, again, belong nowhere else *but* in the home.

So when, in deference to Amer- (Please turn to page 71)

Above, Miranda in "A Week-End in Havana." She will appear in a new show, "Sons o' Fun," between 20th Century-Fox pictures.



"So you want to know how I look like without a turban?" said Miranda to our reporter. "Well, for you, I do it!" Here's Carmen at home, left, practicing her famous songs and sway.

Carmen Miranda takes off her turban and lets her hair down for this colorful closeup

By Paul Karel

THOSE HIPS
THAT

Hip-Notize!





Your **GUIDE** at a **GLANCE**

SELECTED BY

Pick your pictures here and guarantee yourself good entertainment without loss of time and money

"TWO-FACED WOMAN"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
TERRIFIC

APPEAL: A shock to the reverent fans of the Great G. G., a treat to those who can take her or leave her—but a must!

PLOT: Can you imagine Greta Garbo in slapstick—doing a Mack Sennett fall, the rumba, a comedy drunk, tossing off risqué remarks? Well, don't imagine it; see her do it in this all-out farce which grabs Garbo down off her dramatic pedestal and dumps her smack into a smart and racy story about a nice girl who has to do a sophisticated sister act to win back her husband. Miss Garbo is first seen as an outdoors type who marries Melvyn Douglas after a quick courtship—and then finds herself a lonely bride when he goes back to New York and his job, and she prefers the great open spaces. When he fails to return she follows him to lure him back by impersonating her own twin, a gal as gay as she is wholesome.

ACTING: Garbo proves herself as good a sport as she is an actress by stunting all over the screen—she seems to enjoy her plunges in a one-piece bathing suit, her wicked rumba, her ardent scenes with Melvyn Douglas more than she relished acting *Camille*. Whether her new coiffure, her wisecracks, her extreme gowns will please her old audiences is something to ponder—but strictly as a piece of showmanship her performance in "Two-Faced Woman" is sensational. Melvyn Douglas is a great help with his suave charm and humor.

M-G-M

"YOU BELONG TO ME"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
GAY

APPEAL: You'll find it frothy, fun, and utterly incredible—and you will also find Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda.

PLOT: Fortunately for the writer, he has Wesley Ruggles' amiable direction and Babs Stanwyck's and Hank Fonda's personal charm to help his story over the hurdles—therefore, even though it is thoroughly unbelievable, it is always gay. So you may enjoy this account of the love-at-first-sight romance of a very rich and vacant-minded young man and an efficient girl-doctor, their whirlwind marriage, and their efforts to make matrimony go despite her devotion to duty and his fierce jealousy of her men patients. Hilarious scenes when jealous husband takes a poke at handsome patient bog down all too soon in the sudden determination of hubby to go to work. Hilarity ends, you get a Message.

ACTING: Fonda and Stanwyck have no chance to repeat their "Lady Eve" triumph through lack of spontaneous material. Here, their fun must be forced—and even their heroic efforts are tiresome at times. Fonda, especially, is uncomfortably coy and boyish. Miss Stanwyck has looked prettier, but her sure technique and clean-cut charm never fail. In the cast, Edgar Buchanan and his dry, down-to-earth humor in the rôle of a philosophic gardener who gives the hero his best—in fact, his only ideas—is outstanding.

Columbia

"HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
IMPRESSIVE

APPEAL: If you read and liked the book; if you appreciate John Ford's direction and excellent acting—see this fine film.

PLOT: Richard Llewellyn's best-selling novel of the Welsh miners and their problems has been screen-translated with its essence intact, though gaps in the narrative may puzzle and even annoy those who haven't read the book. The important thing is that the spirit of the story has been preserved, with its penetration into the hearts and souls of the miners who manage to give their meager lives meaning—in particular the family with whose progress the story is most concerned. Told by the youngest member of that family, the boy Huw, the nobility of father and mother, the tragedy of the eldest son, the romance of the only daughter accent an engrossing record of simple men and women.

ACTING: It is the small boy actor, Roddy McDowall, who stands out even in the flawless cast assembled by Director Ford. The little British refugee whom you remember from "Man Hunt" has a shining sincerity which makes his every scene memorable—but particularly that scene in which he learns to walk again. Walter Pidgeon as the self-sacrificing minister is splendid while Donald Crisp and Sara Allgood will move you as the parents. Maureen O'Hara is lovely as the daughter of the house.

20th Century-Fox

to the **BEST CURRENT PICTURES**

Delight Swans

"APPOINTMENT FOR LOVE"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
AMUSING

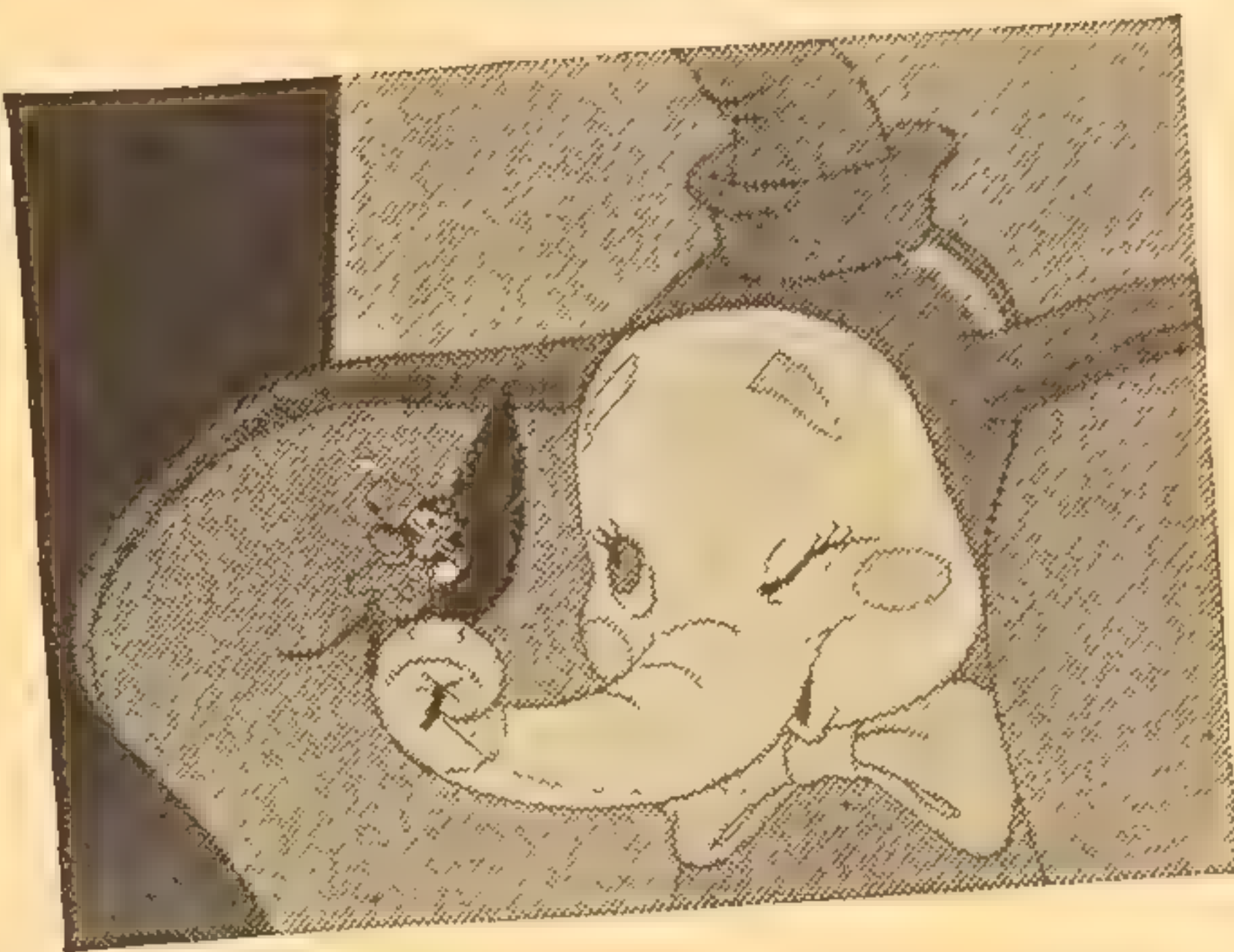
APPEAL: Ladies who swoon over Charles Boyer need not be reminded to attend, and there is Margaret Sullivan for him to woo, too.

PLOT: Complicated, as you can imagine with Margaret as a woman doctor determined not to let marriage interfere with her career—and she marries Charles Boyer! He's a playwright who enjoys rehearsing his own love scenes, but when he becomes Mr. Sullivan he is ready to reform—except that the little woman insists upon separate apartments and being very, very modern about the marriage state. If you think the plot of "Appointment for Love" is rather reminiscent of "You Belong to Me," the Stanwyck-Fonda picture, or vice versa, it's no wonder; but you'll be amused at the vastly different handling of the similar theme and the complete change of mood of the husband and wife characters.

ACTING: Mr. Boyer smoulders satisfactorily in a rôle which definitely wastes his finer acting talents, but he is too good a trouper ever to reveal how bored he must have been with such a butterfly assignment. When the racy-romantic-marriage comedy cycle ends, and may it be soon, the great Charles may be permitted to indulge in a dash of drama again. Miss Sullivan and her delicious voice are also satisfactory, as usual. Eugene Pallette, Rita Johnson and Ruth Terry round out a good cast.

Universal

"DUMBO"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
ENCHANTING

APPEAL: Oh, to everybody! The whole family will take the Adorable Elephant to their hearts, from Grandma to Junior. It's Disney's best.

PLOT: The stork brings a baby elephant to Ma Jumbo of the circus and horrors, he has enormous ears which make him a laughing-stock. His lot is hard until befriended by a mouse roustabout, he learns to use his ears to fly and becomes the sensation of the circus. But that's only the outline—add the Disney fantasy, the marvelous color, the magnificent humor which find full expression in the amazing scenes which show Dumbo's pink-elephant visions after he has accidentally imbibed—sheer magic on the screen. Pathos, as well, when Dumbo and his Mother are reunited. If you think you can't cry at a cartoon, even a Disney, you'll learn different. "Dumbo" is as tender and touching as it is hilarious and heart-warming.

ACTING: Beyond a doubt, the baby elephant is Walt Disney's supreme creation. Dumbo is a classic character to appeal to grown-ups and children alike. Mickey Mouse has a potent rival in Timothy Mouse, the tough little champion of poor oppressed Dumbo, the business brains of the combination. All the circus animals become personalities as drawn in the Disney manner, but it's Dumbo you'll want to see again, and again, and wish you could take home.

Walt Disney-RKO-Radio

"BLUES IN THE NIGHT"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
DARING

APPEAL: Not only to swing addicts but to anyone who wants unusual entertainment—and possesses a good, strong stomach.

PLOT: Something entirely different which sweeps you along with a lusty and honest group of barnstorming musicians with true integrity and boundless ambitions for their swing band, led by a strange and fascinating guy called Jigger Pine, an authentic pianist, augmented by a girl singer named Character, her philanderer-husband, and "the boys." They land in a dive dominated by a sinister crook and his discarded girl friend, and there's drama in strong doses when Jigger falls for the girl, and leaves his band to follow her. Maulings, murder, and a tragic climax keep you breathless. I'm telling you it is tough but it is also terrific. Jitterbugs will go for the music; screen students will appreciate the script and direction; just fans will like the excitement.

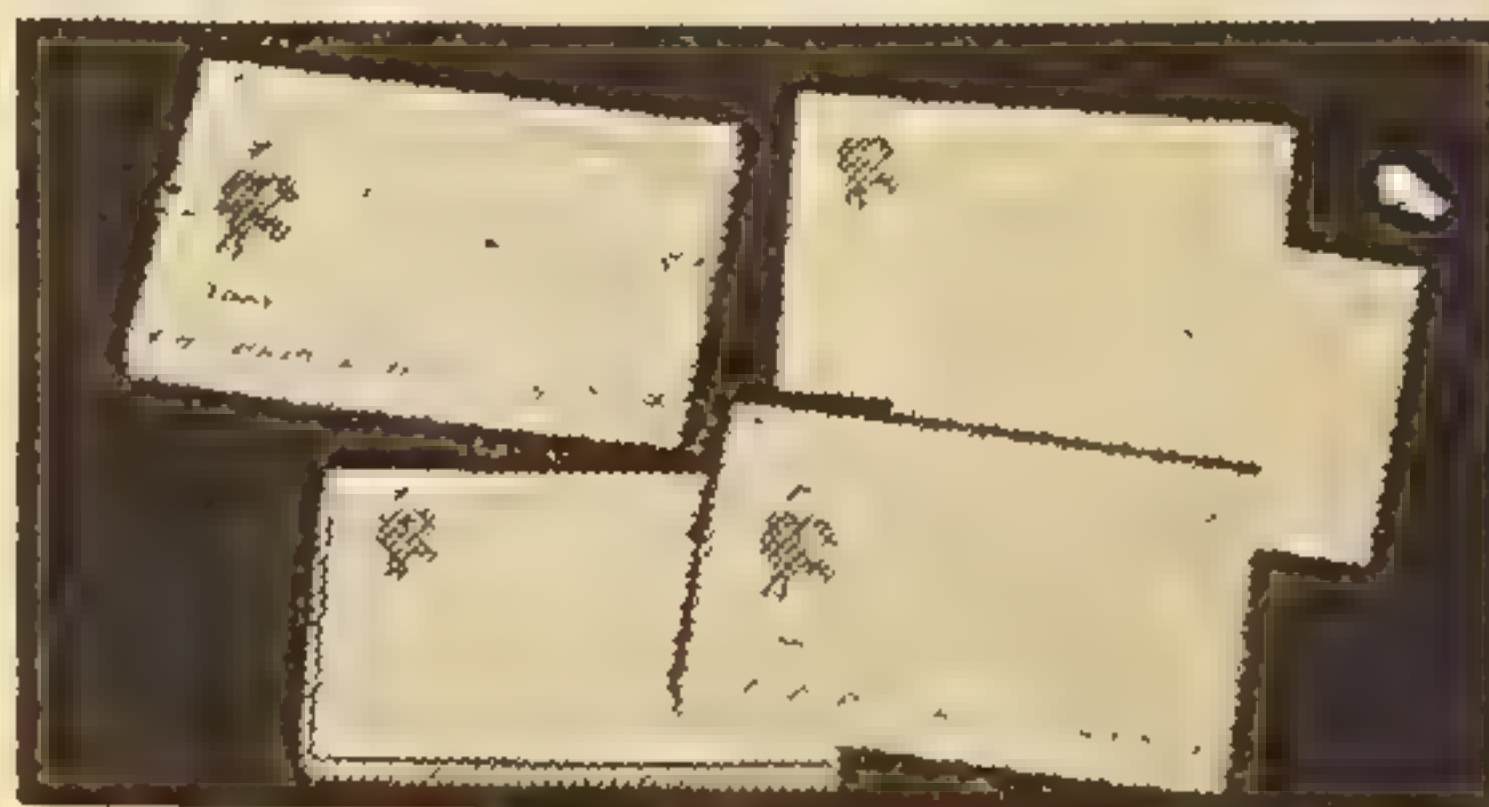
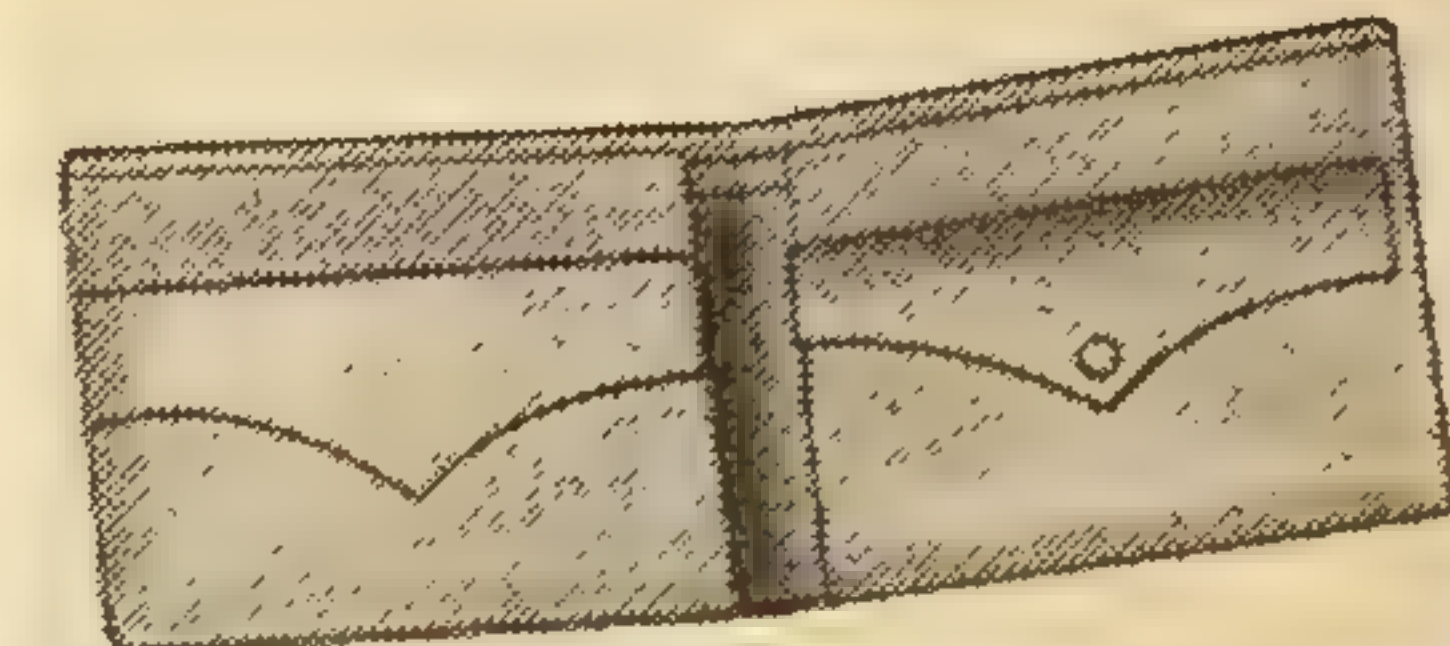
ACTING: Best cast of the month lives up to the thrills of the story under Anatole Litvak's dynamic direction. Richard Whorf, distinguished stage personality, makes his first screen appearance as Jigger Pine, and he's an actor to watch for his smouldering intensity, fine technique. Betty Field, a sort of baby Mae West here, gives a superbly shocking performance as the café girl. Priscilla Lane, playing second fiddle, is always charming; but you'll remember Lloyd Nolan as the most formidable menace of the season.

Warner Bros.



CHRISTMAS GIFT QUIZ

For The Boys in Camp



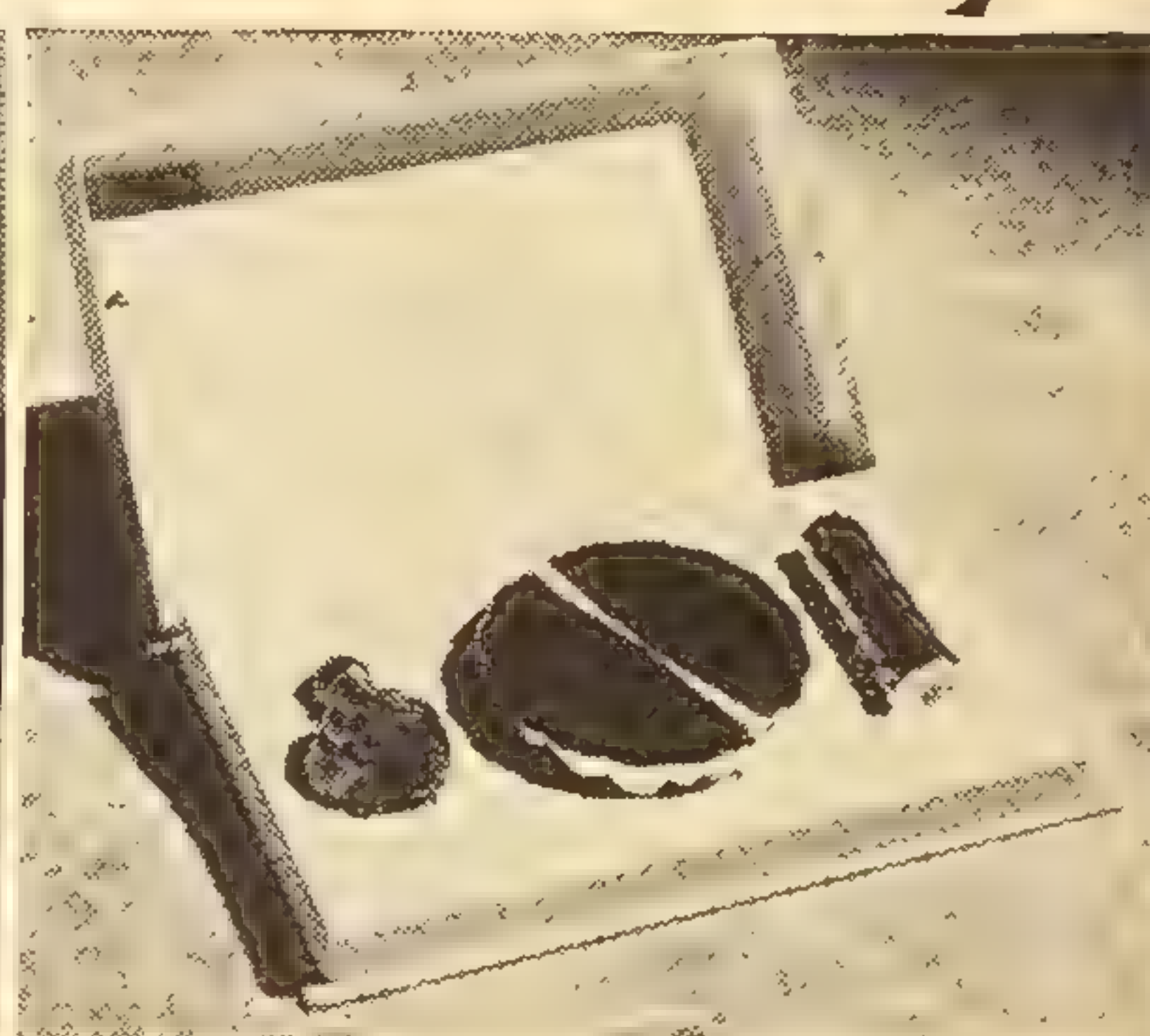
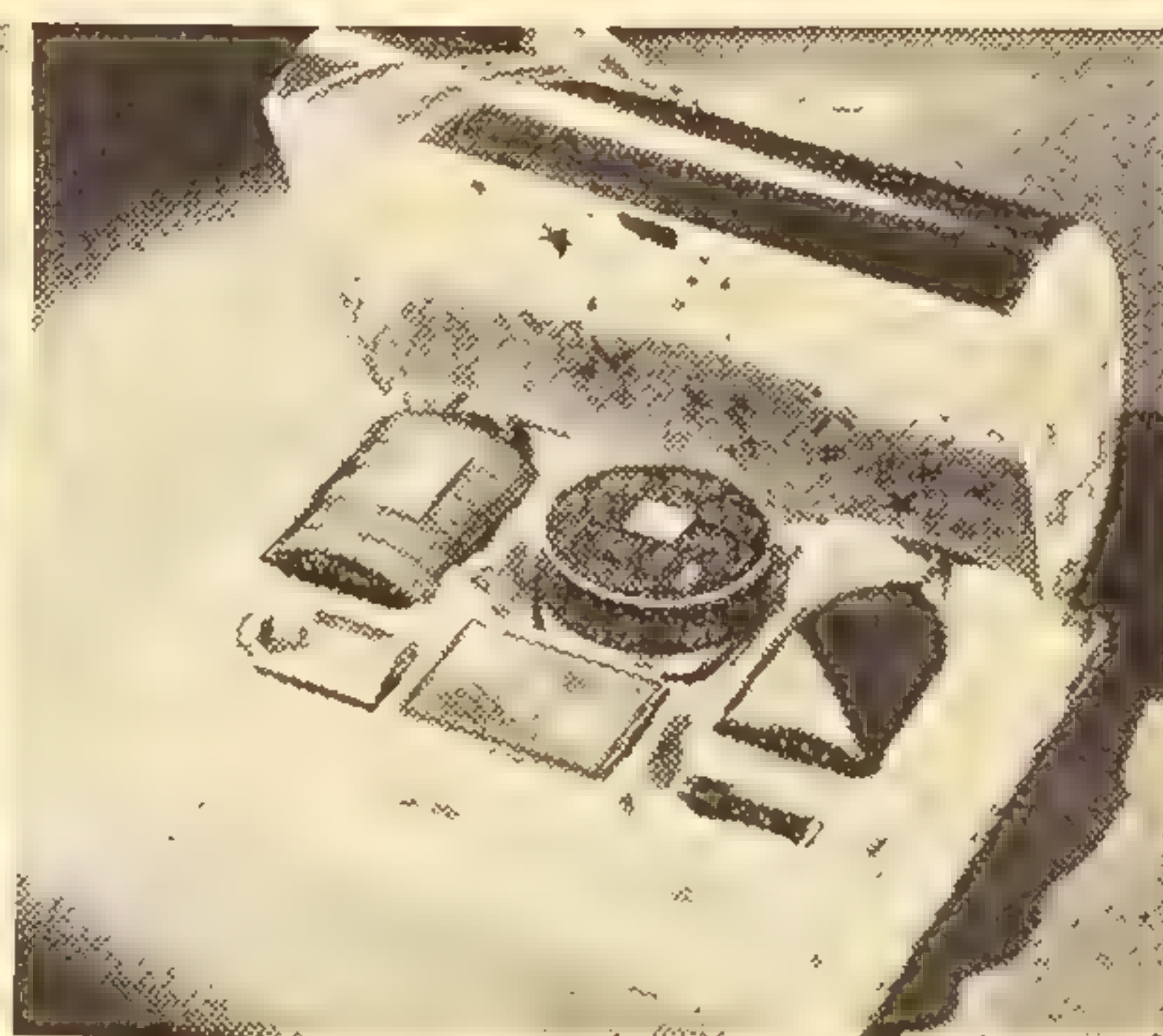
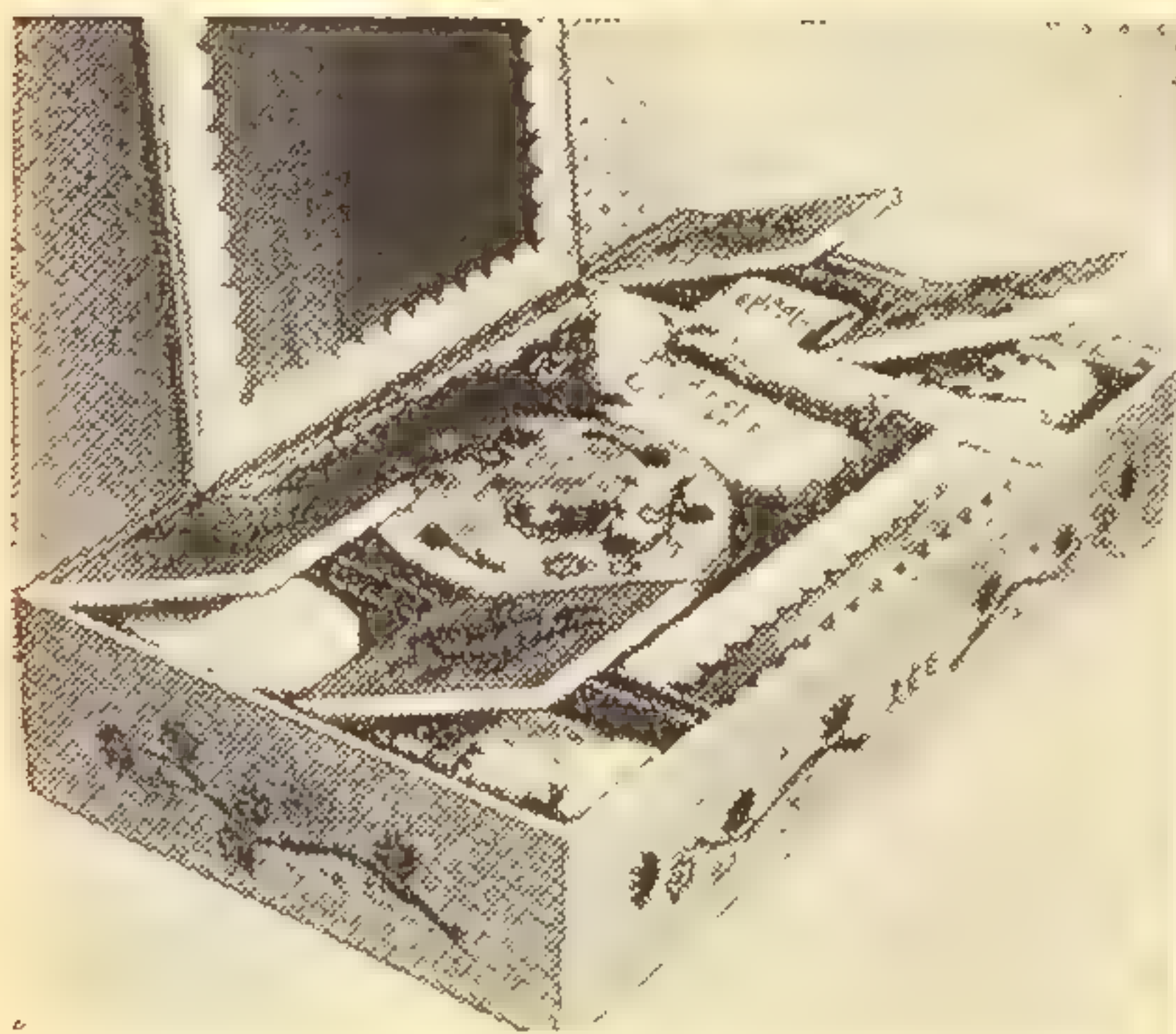
Cheers to the House of Westmore for a new Hollywood Make-Up Kit. Alexis Smith, to be seen in "Steel Against the Sky," is pleased with a foundation cream, powder, dry rouge, lipstick, eyebrow pencil.

Mennen's new kit for the man in service takes care of him from his face to his feet.

Above: Buxton "Sam Browne" service bill-fold. Below: Eaton's Army "Posts" (cards).

Hinds contributes four mannish face aids, attractively packaged for giving.

For The Girl Who Has Everything



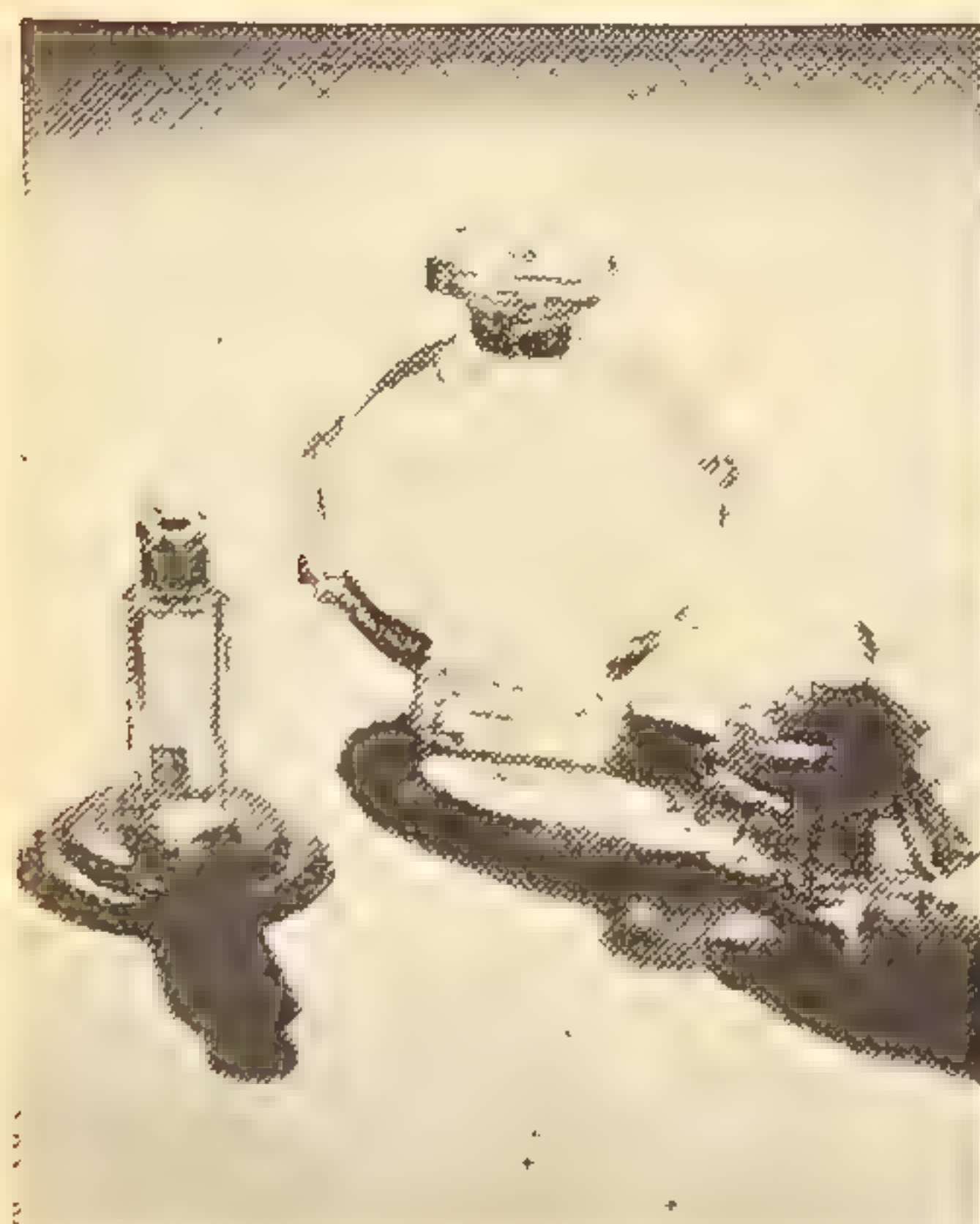
A versatile Early American Old Spice vanity box, with a good size mirror, pincushion and six aids for sweetness—a treasure.

Riotous richness in an Evening in Paris charm chest, holding powder, perfume, talcum, toilet water, lipstick, double vanity.

Golden smartness by Helena Rubinstein—burnished gold-tone vanity, fluted lipstick, joyous, gay. Apple Blossom perfume.

Coty's "Stroller," red, saddle tan or black glazed leather, with removable section holding eight skin and make-up aids.

For Perfume Lovers



Three sizes in Hudnut's precious Gemey perfume, from \$.55 on up.

Elizabeth Arden's Blue Grass perfume in good luck box, and a sachet.

Houbigant's very new "allurement for a lady," sophisticated Chantilly.

"Miniatures," by Lenthéric—trio of Confetti, A. Bientot and Tweed.

Ave Maria, Duchess of York, and Katherine the Great, by Matchabelli.

Answers to those brain-teasers, "What to give!" The girls want all kinds of beauty and perfume. The boys, many in camp, ask for personal accessories, grooming aids and good eats. Follow these clues

By Courtenay Marvin

For That "Something Extra"



Lux Toilet Soap gets a gay Holiday dress. Tuck this ever-welcome trio in her Nylon stocking!



A little thriller under any tree—Pond's Beauty Box with five important Winter skin aids.



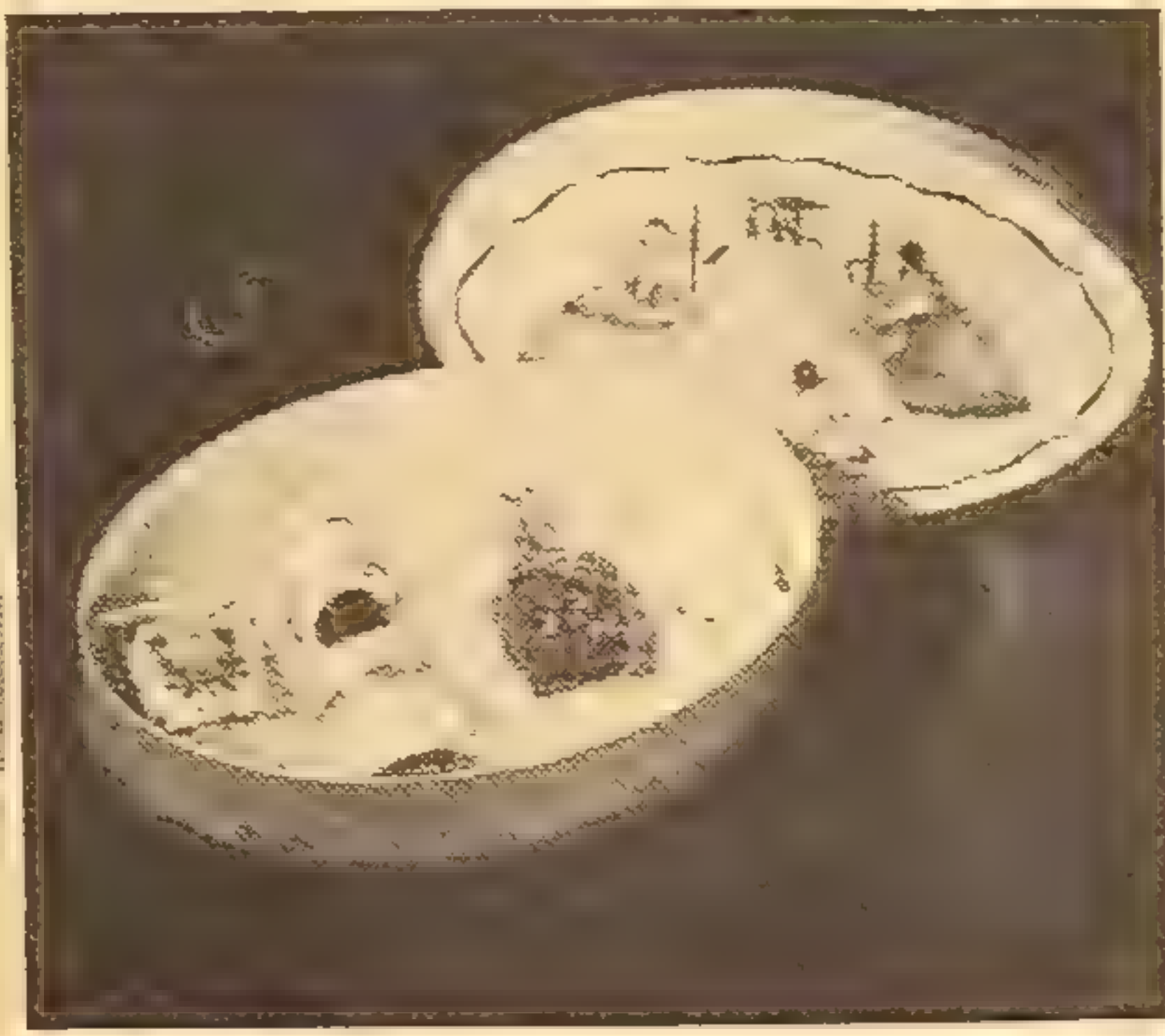
An irresistible collection of Irresistible's fragrant favorites, all sweetly boxed for your friends.

A lovely gift and a lovely girl, both straight from Hollywood! Ellen Drew, holding a Max Factor Hollywood Pan-Cake Make-Up Set, in color harmony for types, with five fine preparations therein.

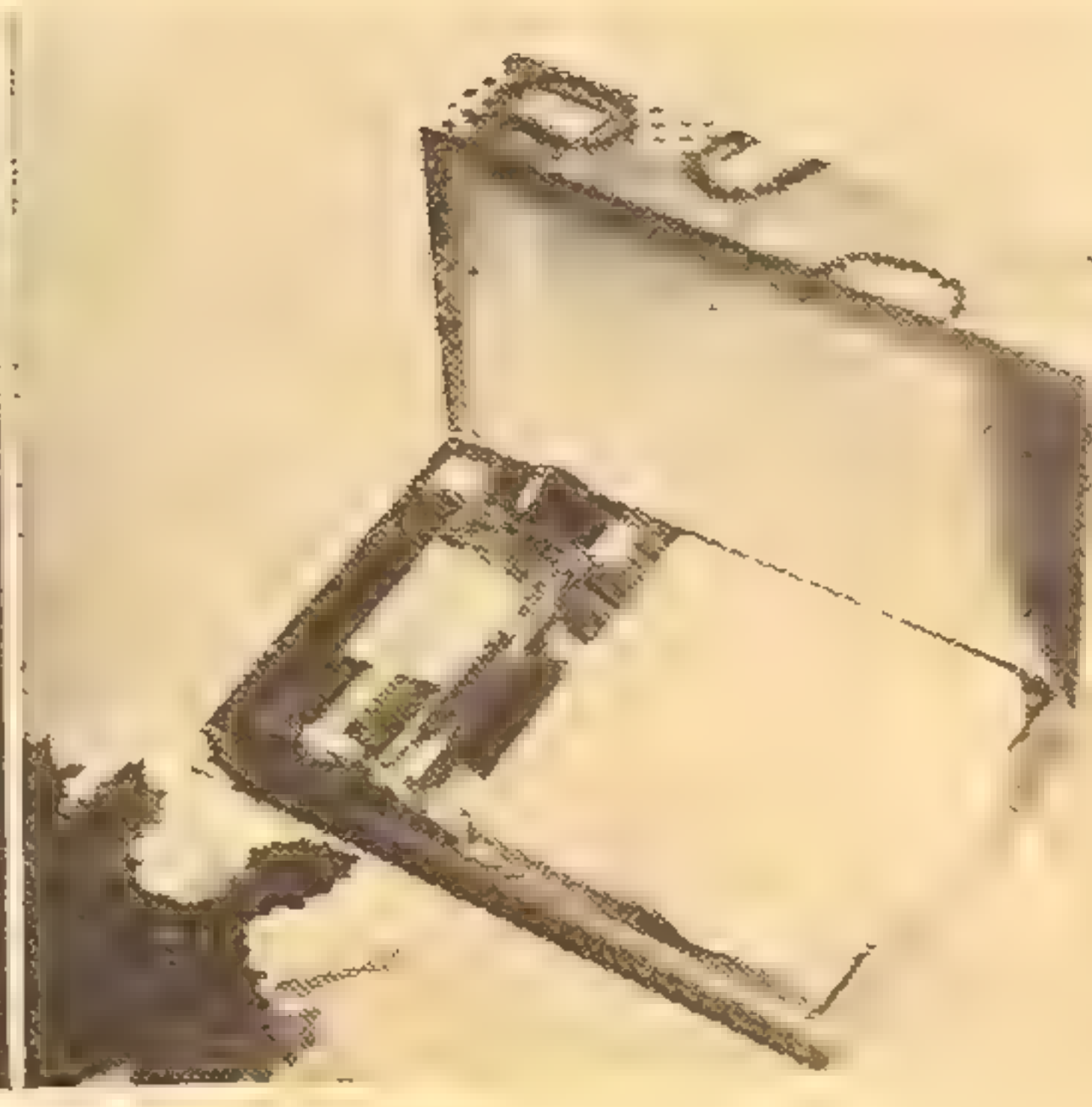
For Bathing Beauties



All glitter and gold and good is this Wrisley Gold Tassels set of cologne, bath powder and luxurious bath bubbles.



Old South Romance box in Plantation Garden Bouquet fragrance, with eau de Cologne, sachet, guest soap and talcum.

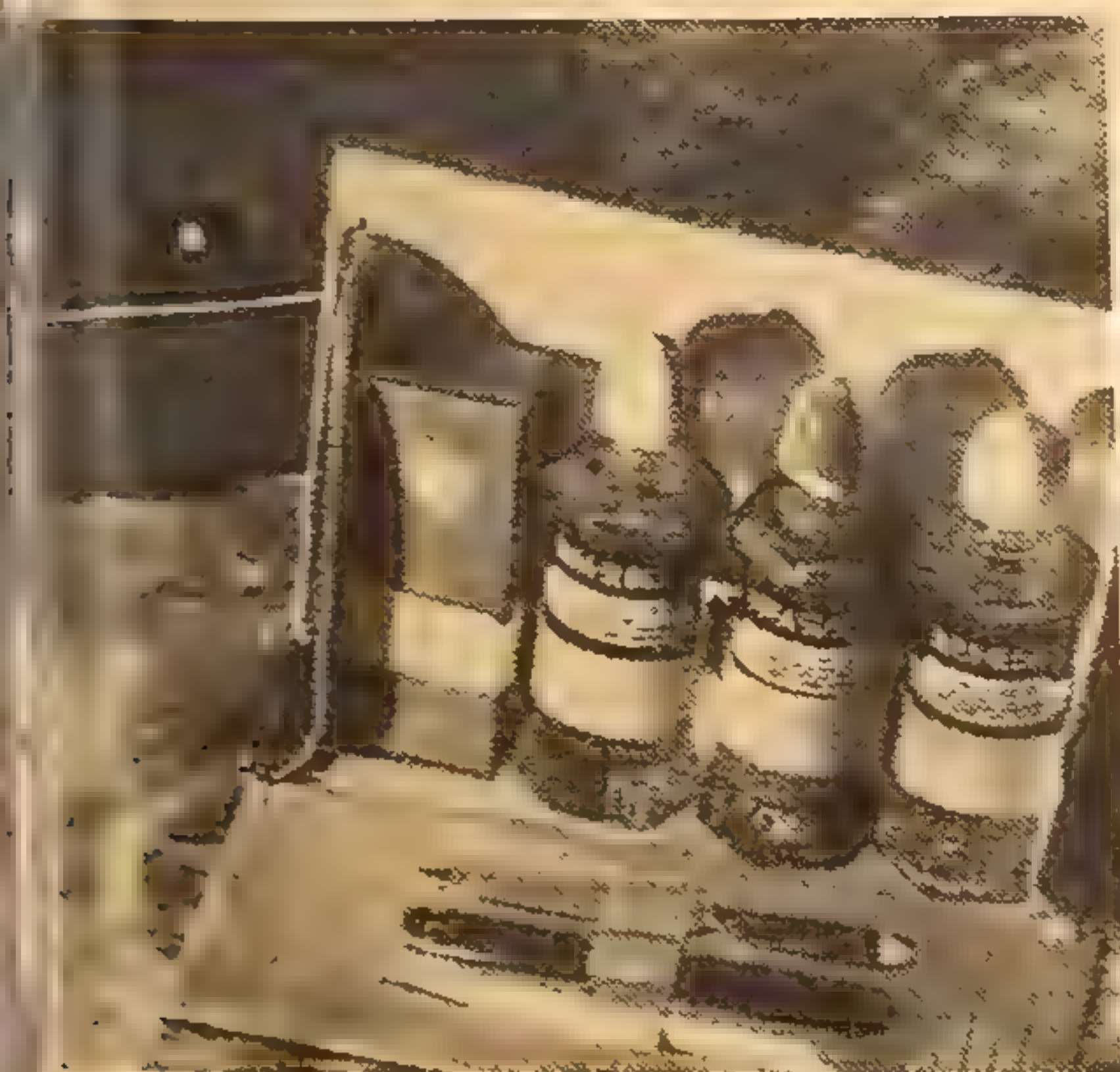


"Bath Beatitudes," by Rose Laird. Shown, is an essence, almost a perfume, and a love of a compressed bath powder.



Here is some fun—"pictures in motion" (they move) on Dorothy Gray's Daredevil set, powder, cologne, bubbling bath.

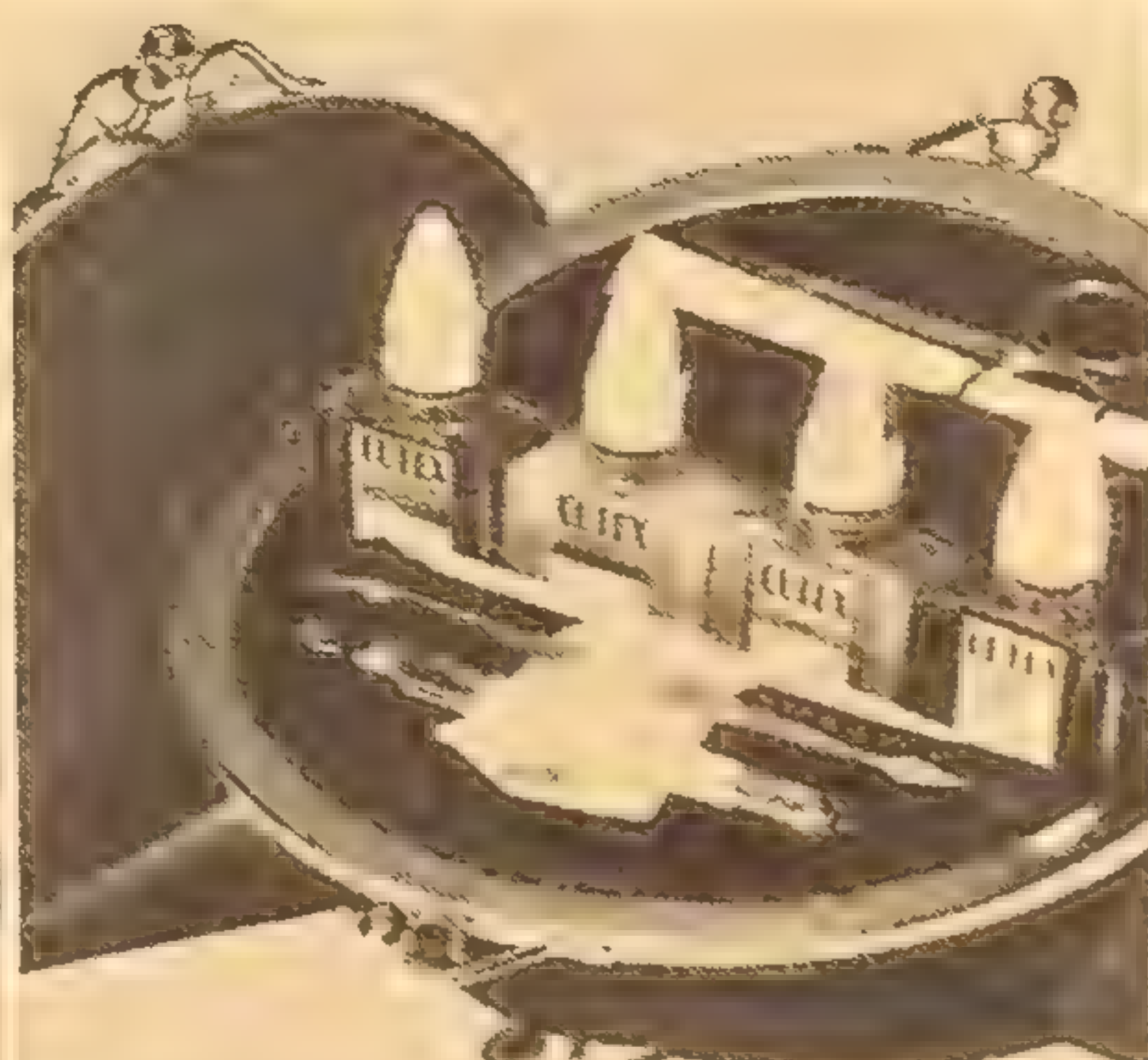
For Her Pretty Fingers



Dura-Gloss has put that wonder polish and other aids in dashing little manicure cases.



Glazo's "Globe Trotter" is a splendid companion for travel or home use, very compact.



Cutex puts its excellent aids in a handsome evening bag of wine or forest green crêpe.



Revlon always does something original. Remove manicure aids and you have a duffel bag!



Jack Oakie in football togs, above and on opposite page, for his rôle of the big, dumb All-American half-back in "Rise and Shine," a riotous football musical. Right, Jack goes into a huddle (which has nothing to do with football) with Linda Darnell in this close-up picture, but it's George Murphy who plays the romantic lead opposite lovely Linda.



THERE was more drama in her flight to the bedside of the very sick Arthur Farnsworth, than Bette Davis ever had in a picture. In the first place, Bette is deathly afraid of flying. She was all prepared to go in a privately-owned small plane, when Howard Hughes saved the day. Through his influence the regular passenger plane was held for thirty minutes while Bette was rushed to the airport. According to reports, Bette's husband's relapse came about when he was dismissed from the hospital too soon. First came that blast by Willie Wyler. Next the dog bite on her nose. Then the near-death of her husband. No wonder the movies seem awfully tame to Bette!

IT was shortly after midnight when Cesar Romero's phone rang. Because he lives next door to John Payne and Anne Shirley, the studio was calling him. The report had just come in that Payne had been killed in a plane crash. Could Cesar tactfully find out if it was true? Trembling from head to foot, Cesar staggered to his window. Fortunately the Paynes had not drawn their shades. There in full view sat Anne and John, playing a friendly game of gin rummy. Cesar was so relieved he poured himself a highball and proceeded to celebrate all by himself. He still shudders every time he thinks of the experience.

MOST surprised person in Hollywood is Dolores Costello, the ex-Mrs. John Barrymore. She just happened to be in town from her ranch, when her phone rang. Dolores thought it was a joke when a voice informed her that Orson Welles wanted her for his new picture. Sure enough, Orson, looking at some old film, saw Dolores on the screen and gave the order to bring her back alive. With dozens of actresses just praying to get the part, Dolores, who had retired to be the wife and mother of Dr. Vruwink's family, finds herself in the limelight once again. Fate, thy name is Hollywood!

DINNER guests at Tyrone Power's house couldn't have been more surprised if they had seen pink elephants. When the finger bowls were served, they contained teeny-weeny swimming fish. What, no rod and reel?

IT happens every time. Universal signed Carol Bruce, a hot Broadway singer. So they tried to make her a dramatic actress in her first movie. Everyone, including John Public, was disappointed with the results. The future looked very dark for Carol. Then director Arthur Lubin (who has performed miracles with Abbott and Costello) asked if he could make special tests that emphasized Carol's talents. Result: A star is born.

Here's

By Weston East

KATHARINE HEPBURN will never be known as a sweater girl! And Katharine herself is the one who says so, in no uncertain terms. When she didn't present a well-rounded-out figure in some of the clothes she wears in her new M-G-M picture, it was suggested that she do a bit of padding here and there. Hepburn hit the ceiling. She said people had seen her before and knew what to expect. Why knock them? Why, indeed? Up to date Katharine hasn't done so badly.

MARY BRIAN and Reggie Gardiner go in for laughs. But Mary wipes the smile right off her face when you mention the name of Craig Stevens. He's the young actor you saw take a good socking from Errol Flynn in "Dive Bomber." Warner Bros. feel that he has plenty to offer and are grooming him. Mary Brian agrees one hundred percent.

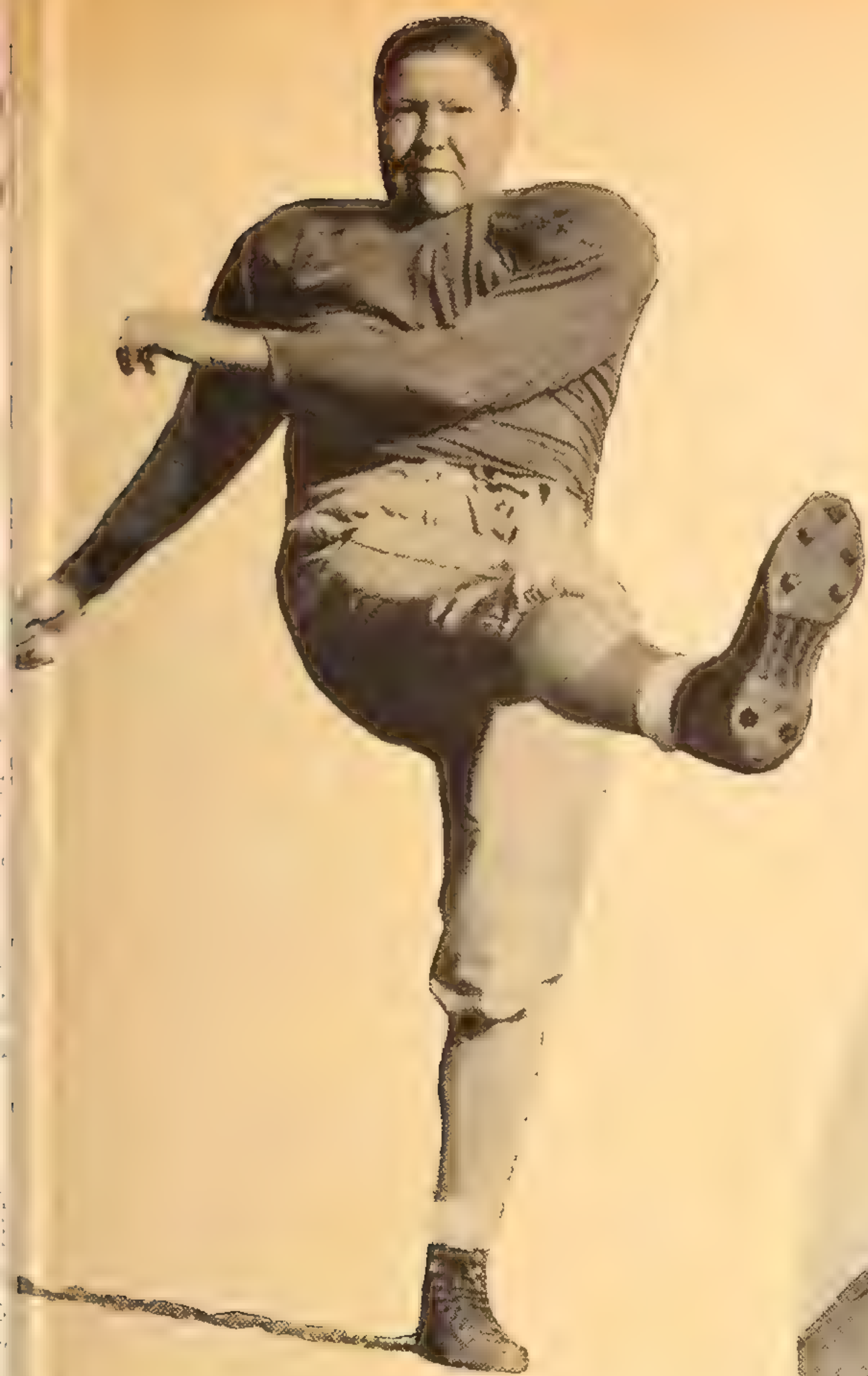
IF you own one of those crash or terror cloth robes, hold on to it. Orson Welles had a pair of slacks made out of his. He liked them so well he ordered a coat made up to match. They look a little like a sweeper's outfit. But they are so comfortable to wear around a broadcasting station, all the other radio rogues are copying his style. Leave it to Orson to "crash" through with something original.

AUTOMOBILE salesmen couldn't fool John Carroll more, if he were twice as clever. Within twelve months' time, the Culver City "cave man" bought and exchanged seven expensive cars. Finally, he settled on a—Ford!

JOHN BARRYMORE'S illness isn't to be taken lightly. Hollywood producers are worried. Brother Lionel has been spending a great deal of time in the hospital home that has never been refurbished since Elaine Barrie moved out. Most of the rooms are empty. And wouldn't you know it—instead of buying comfortable chairs, John is having John Decker, the famous artist, do a mural for his living room wall! Get well soon, John. Hollywood misses its "great profile."

HERE'S to nominating Bill Holden as the most unspoiled young actor in Hollywood. Usually, when they're hit with overnight success, they forget they came from small towns and indulged in the most simple things of life. Bill, who once sang in a Pasadena choir, has not forgotten for a moment. Recently he sent new choir robes to the boys who are now singing in the church. What's more, Bill goes back to visit whenever he gets the chance. Nice going, Bill. Don't ever let 'em change you.

WHEN Ray Milland returned from Mexico City, he went directly to the studio bosses. According to Ray, they were missing a great bet in not signing Conchita Citron, the only authentic lady bullfighter. If Conchita does come to Hollywood after throwing the bull she should be terrific handling the wolves!



Hollywood

HOT OFF THE WIRES
THE LATEST NEWS
AND VIEWS
FLASHED FROM
THE FILM CENTER



Left, Tyrone Power makes love to Virginia Gilmore in this scene from "Son of Fury," the film based on Edison Marshall's best-selling novel, "Benjamin Blake," in which Tyrone plays the rôle of the young Englishman, *Blake*. Remember how handsome Ty looked in those short breeches and silk stockings he wore in "Lloyds of London"? Well, he wears them again in this picture.

GUESS where Hedy Lamarr buys her lipstick? At the five an' ten! Hedy likes the shades they sell there and she says it stays on better, too. Personal note to La Lamarr: The Westmores are going to get you if you don't watch out.

OUR favorite story of the month concerns Errol Flynn's Rhodesian lion dogs. Born in this country, these lion-attacking pets have never actually come face to face with the king of beasts. So Errol decided to take them out to the lion farm to get their reaction. When they walked up to the cages, the dogs took one look at Numa and went shrieking off in the opposite direction. It's all Errol's fault because he loves his pets so much, he's never even given them an unkind word. Maybe Errol should start making faces!

THIS isn't exactly a beauty tip. But Garbo finds it comes in handy. Recently she bought a dress from Irene at Bullocks Wilshire. Just before her fitting, Garbo asked for a plain rubber band. She wrapped it around her hair, making a topknot on her head. Definitely *not* photogenic—but comfortable.

MONKEY BUSINESS" can be very expensive. The "Tarzan" company was shooting close to an old 1890 drugstore set, left over from "Honky Tonk." Tarzan's chimpanzees wandered into the drugstore. Attracted to bottles of brightly colored liquid, they proceeded to sample the contents. Thirty minutes later they were rushed to the studio hospital, suffering from dye poisoning. They were put right in the very beds where actors are administered first aid. No Garbo or Gable ever received finer care. The company waited for days before the chimps were pronounced out of danger.

IF there's a "Visitors Welcome" sign posted outside an M-G-M sound stage, you can bet that Red Skelton is working inside. Directors have learned that Red is a hundred percent funnier when playing to an audience. It's a hangover from those early days of struggle, when Red used to knock himself out trying to please the paying customers.

ROBERT STACK'S a very nice kid. That's why Hollywood thinks it's too bad that he seems to be working so hard at dating the eligible bachelor girls. They say Olivia de Havilland really looked forward to a date with Bob. Then he took her to a party at the Cocoonut Grove that turned out to be one of those obvious publicity and cameraman affairs. Olivia hasn't been out with him since. Here's hoping his new friendship with Lana Turner won't be spoiled.

IT'S a standing gag with Jean Parker. Every time she meets anyone in a cowboy costume, she kiddingly calls him Gene Autrey. She even pulled it on Roy Rogers and Tex Ritter, both cowboys in their own right. Jean actually has never seen Autrey, on or off the screen. Then she went to a Hollywood party. Everyone was there from Baby Sandy to Muzzie May Robson. Jean was sitting on a diving board when a cowboy came along. "I'll bet you're Gene Autrey," Parker kidded. "Why, yes, mam, I am," came the unexpected answer. Parker went headlong into the pool!

IN "The Maltese Falcon" Humphrey Bogart wears his first hair piece since he took to beating babies and shooting helpless widows. On the screen of course. The studio likes it so much, they've decided to keep the "topper" on Bogart for future characterizations. Bogey says he feels like he's back again, playing juveniles!

GET ready to hear those separation rumors about the Robert Taylors again. The owner of their present house has sold it out from under them. Alterations on their new home still haven't been completed. So Barbara and Bob are forced to move into a hotel. When Bob goes away on that hunting trip, Hollywood gossips will start smacking their lips. What price fame, yes?

POOR Bob Cummings is still exhausted from working in two pictures at one time. On the "Kings Row" set, he had to stop a scene. "I'm so sorry," he apologized to director Sam Wood, "but my leg fell asleep." Bob paced up and down. Finally, he got back into the scene again. "Okay," he said. "My leg's awake now." "Indeed?" kidded Wood. "Won't the *rest* of your body be surprised!"

WE saw it happen right before our very eyes. For a scene in "Twin Beds" they needed a cheese soufflé for George Brent to eat before it cooled off and shriveled. To rush one from the Brown Derby was out of the question. What to do? Mischa Auer offered to make one right there on the set. He did, too. They timed it so the scene was shot with George actually eating it right out of the oven. George says he never tasted a better soufflé. Mischa is asking two checks: his own for his part in the picture, and an extra one for playing the rôle of chef!



Why a beautiful girl who can loll as gracefully as Maria Montez, above, has to paddle her own canoe is beyond us. Maria, the South American siren, has her first important rôle as the jungle princess in "South of Tahiti," and will do an interpretation of the first fan dance—as it was danced 3000 years ago and as it still is being done in the islands today. In other words the "fan dance" is old stuff. However, its technique differs slightly from Sally Rand's dance. Left, reading from top, James Cagney, George Tobias, and Dennis Morgan in uniform for their rôles in "Captains of the Clouds," starring Cagney, and filmed with co-operation of the Royal Canadian Air Force and shows how Britain trains pilots for war service.

HENRY FONDA is a frustrated jitterbug. After practising many nights at home, thinking he was pretty good, he decided to go to the Palladium. "Get a load of grandpop," cracked two young things, as they cavorted by. Henry is now concentrating on the waltz.

ROMANCE blooms and how, for Ann Rutherford. Young Tom May, son of the department store owner, says it with orchid plants—instead of the flower alone. Result, Ann has built her own glass-house and now supplies all her friends who can't afford the expensive corsages. An orchid to Tom May for being so original!

THE case of Lew Ayres is amusing to everyone—but Lew. With each succeeding "Dr. Kildare" picture, Lew speaks more and more like Lionel Barrymore. Lew never knew it, because he never goes to see himself on the screen. A studio executive suggested that he find out for himself. Actually it's unintentional imitation. Lew admires Lionel so much, he just sounds like him unconsciously. Lew doesn't know what to do about it, because he intends remaining a friend of Barrymore's for a long, long time.

AN ACADEMY Award for Robert Young? No one is more deserving and it's predicted that Bob's characterization in "H. M. Pulham, Esq." is, to put it mildly, magnificent. As a pot-bellied, drooping-moustached old codger of fifty, Bob gets applause from the crew after every take. He worked without a day off and suffered through a strep throat infection. All of which proves once a thoroughbred, always a thoroughbred.

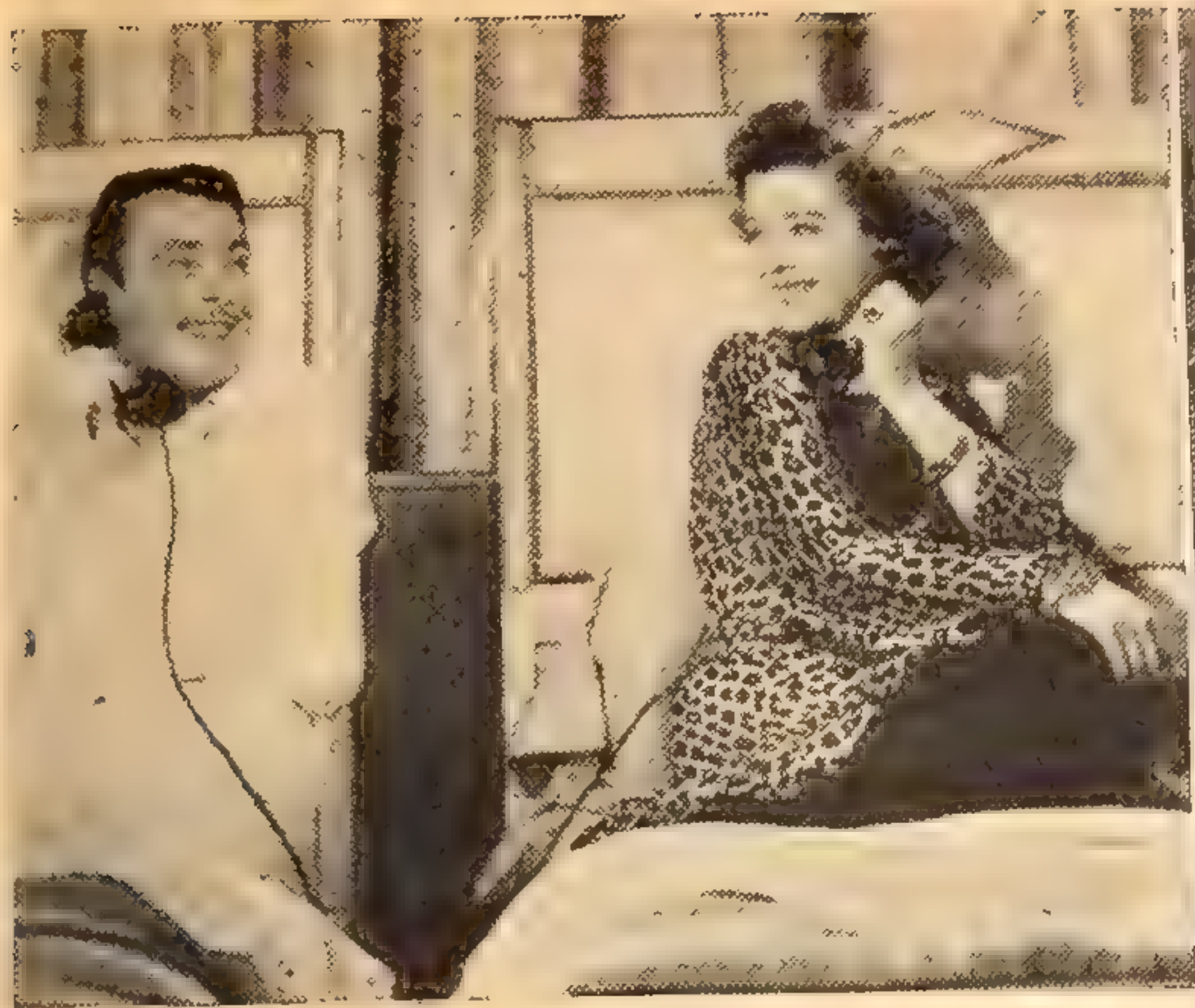
DESPITE the pleas of playwright Moss Hart, Helen Broderick (Brod Crawford's Maw) refused to go to New York and be starred in the new Hart play. When Moss argued (over the very expensive long distance phone) that it would be the greatest rôle of her career, Helen retorted: "That's where you're wrong. I'm going to play the greatest rôle of my career right here in Hollywood. I'm going to be a grandmother." Even Moss Hart agreed that he couldn't top that one. Brod's new picture is "North to the Klondike."

RECENTLY the new Garbo picture was sneak-previewed in Long Beach. The next day the producer was seen walking across the lot. His face was set in a heavy scowl. His footsteps dragged. "How did the picture go over last night?" eagerly inquired Red Skelton. "I didn't like it," answered the producer as he shook his head sadly. "But the audience loved it!" "Don't you let them get away with it!" shouted Red. "Make it over!"

UNTIL she became important enough for interviews, Alexis Smith was never conscious of the fact that she is a tall girl. After the tenth interviewer had asked her if she had suffered untold agonies because of her height, Alexis cracked: "Honestly they've made me feel so tall, I'm going to apply to Gary Cooper and see if I can get the job of replacing Slim Talbot, his stand-in, who has gone back to being a cowboy!"

FRED MACMURRAY is counting his lucky stars—as well as thanking them. After searching for months, Mrs. MacMurray finally found an early American chandelier. The day it was hung, Fred came home early. Being the tall type, he walked smack into it and smashed it to bits. Luckily it just missed his eyes. But Fred's only concern was for his wife's disappointment and loss. Yes, he's *that* kind of a husband.

THE case of Robert Cummings is a strange one. When he isn't working in two pictures at one time, his services are being demanded by every other studio besides his own. In comparison to his box-office value, it is said that Bob's salary is an unusually small figure. It is also said that his studio gets many times the amount they pay him, when he is loaned out to competitors. Bob is a peace-loving guy. Also a grateful one. But he isn't very happy with his present set-up, so you can expect to see fireworks. But soon.



Above, a scene from "Twin Beds," the hilarious screen laugh hit adapted from the sensational stage success, co-starring George Brent and Joan Bennett as the husband and wife who are madly in love, but who don't quite trust each other. See—they even have twin bedside telephones to help them keep check on one another.



Good news! Shirley Temple comes out of "retirement" for "Kathleen." It's the story of a lonely, motherless child whose father is too busy to bother with her, and it brings Shirley back to the screen after a two years' absence, in the title rôle. Herbert Marshall plays the father and Laraine Day is cast as Shirley's nurse.



Rosalind Russell just doesn't get it—or perhaps she prefers *not* to see the humor in what Barbara Jo Allen's telling Walter Pidgeon in this scene from "Design for Scandal," the amusing comedy-romance about an austere woman judge. Roz plays the woman judge who may be stern, but whose heart beats in true feminine fashion.

HIRSUTE happenings: Celebrating his return from a long tour, Jerry Colonna cracked out with a novel dinner party. Big black moustaches, Colonna style, marked places for the guests. Bob Hope was especially tickled with his. Believe it or not, the ladies wore 'em too!

SEX comes to Culver City! There's a plan afoot to remake those early Ramon Novarro South Sea Island pictures. All dressed up in a smile and a string of beads will be the not too sensitive Pat Dane and tall, dark and bewildering John Carroll. With these two tossing their torsos, together with John's voice, M-G-M has a box-office sensation. As if they didn't know!

THE day after Marlene Dietrich got front-page publicity on her fall with a baby, Shirley Temple did some quick thinking. When they called her into the scene, Shirley hobbled out of her dressing room. Her foot was bearing a fake bandage. In her arms she carried a baby doll. "I rushed so I tripped over a cable," Shirley explained while the set roared.

GARY COOPER was absent from the Hollywood scene for several days. For the strangest reason, too. It seems Gary decided to take a sun bath. Two minutes prone in the sun, being Gary he fell tight asleep. When he awakened he found his ankle swollen five times its normal size. Yellow-jackets (just plain bees to some folk) proved they are no respecters of persons.

THE sound man on Wally Beery's set complained that some strange noise was disturbing the dialogue. The entire set was searched. Finally, they located the cause. It was Marjorie Main fast asleep in her portable dressing room. Marjorie was snoring!

"I'VE GOT YOU UNDER MY SKIN" is a right nice theme song for Glenn Ford and Evelyn Ankers. We ain't sayin' who's got who, where, but these two together are really dreaming it up. Glenn was pricing building lots recently, overlooking the Pacific Ocean. For that honeymoon cottage by the sea, Glenn? We shall see.

AMONG other stipulations, Joan Blondell's contract with Republic allows her to select her own costume designer. So Walter Plunkett got the job, because Joan remembered his wonderful work for "Gone With the Wind." When they had their first fitting, Joan arrived an hour early—she was that eager. But right in the middle of it all, suddenly Joan collapsed in Walter's arms. She was rushed to the hospital with a bad case of Flu. The fittings were finished on a dressmaker's model of Joan's figure. The show must go on. And did!

WHEN the Wilshire Bowl presented yesterday's stars in the Silver Screen review, little did they know what a break they were giving the insurance companies. Our current glamor girls went to see such old-timers as Clara Kimball Young, Betty Blythe, Mae Murray, Betty Compson and many others. The next day annuities were taken out like mad. Every star who attended the review got a closeup of what could happen to her in the future, if she didn't save her money.



Now what IS this, boys? Why look so glum when so much beauty lies on the other side of the fence? Surely it can't be too much of an effort to look the other way when there's such a beautiful gal adorning the edge of the pool? She's one of the lovelies in the swimming pool sequence in the "Hellzapoppin'" water ballet. The boys? Oh, yes, we thought you knew—they're Olsen and Johnson, the famous comics who are the creators and stars of "Hellzapoppin'," the revue which has been running on Broadway for three years and has just been filmed.



"I hear you sing," said the doctor. "I'll give you a dollar to come over to Lawrenceville tonight."

A friend with a rattletrap drove him over. He sang *O Death, Where Is Thy Sting*. He sang *M is for the million things you gave me*, pulling all the tremola stops and dripping tears. "How'd you like a steady job?" asked the Doc.

"I average seven a week at Penney's," said the artist, turned business man.

"I'll give you ten."

Red burst in on his mother that night, exultant. "I'm in show business, mom."

She shook her head. "You're a baby, son. You've got to go to school."

He talked her into letting him try it for the summer. In the fall he came back, wearing spats and a ninety-eight cent pair

SCOOP!

EXCLUSIVE PICTURES

Mrs. Red Skelton, left, records words of advice to hubby on their latest addition, a recording machine. Below, the outside of the new Skelton home looks like a nice quiet place, but Red's always thinking up ways to fix that—like composing his masterpiece without paper in typewriter and chewing his fingers, bottom.

Red Skelton, His Life and Love!

Continued from page 33

"Routine, nothin'! I gotta give it to her, we're poor."

"What do you do for fun?"

"Hang around the theater and sneak in when nobody's lookin'. Hey, there's a big show tonight, mister. Better go. Raymond Hitchcock in 'Hitchy-koo.' Some day I'm gonna be a comic like him."

The stranger regarded him. "Would a buck take care of what you've got left there?"

"Sure, I guess so—"

"Well, take this to your mother and be at the theater by seven thirty. I'll get you in."

As good as his word, the man was waiting out front. Next time Red saw him, he was on the stage, acknowledging applause. "Hey, that's the guy just got me in here—" His neighbor eyed him coldly. "Sure! He's a friend o' mine, but I don't know his name—"

"His name's Raymond Hitchcock and shut up."

That was one show Red could hardly sit through. As the curtain fell, he made for the stage door. "There's that pest again," snarled the doorman. "Get him out—"

"Not this time you don't," chirped Red. "I'm personally invited by the star an' how dya like it?"

Hitchcock showed him his first proscenium, his first dressing room, gave him his first lesson in stage positions, his first piece of professional advice. "If you really want to go on the stage, quit this town, or you'll wind up as the village halfwit."

To Red his words were as so many nuggets of gold, stored up and gloated over in the watches of the night. When the time came, he acted on them. He was spending the summer vacation of his twelfth year, knocking nails out of crates in J. C. Penney's basement. One day the manager appeared with a top-hatted stranger. "Dr. R. E. Lewis, Red, runs a medicine show, wants to talk to you."



of striped pants. School was no use to him or he to it. Sitting over his books, he dreamed of the "Ziegfeld Follies" and rapped drum routines out on his teeth. Now and then his eye caught a name on the page before him—George Washington, maybe—and through his bemused vision would float an image of the father of his country, turning flipflops.

In the spring Red blew. He spent two years with the Doc. Of his weekly ten, he sent five dollars to his mother. He began getting laughs. The first time it happened Doc pinned his ears back. A crack of Red's had gone unappreciated by the audience. Eyeing them glumly, he produced his first ad lib. "I tell 'em, I don't explain 'em." They howled, but Doc gave him hell. "If they didn't laugh, it wasn't funny. Never

RED SKELTON'S NEW HOME

Red Skelton at home—or at sea. Red paddles his own canoe, right, in the foyer of his home. Practising for his "Panama Hattie" rôle, no doubt. (Mrs. S. loves that.) Below, Red's invention (not patented) for reading the paper while mowing the lawn. Bottom, that's all the living room pieces they have—just like Red!



belittle your audience. Give them the respect due intelligent people, even if they do buy medicine at a dollar a bottle." That's another piece of advice Red never forgot.

One day John Lawrence's tent show came to town. "Gee, there's an actor, Doc," sighed the wistful Red. "Wears a derby hat in summer and a checkered suit."

Lawrence saw Red perform and offered him a job. "Doc," asked Red, "would you think I was ungrateful if I left you?"

"What did that rat offer you?"

"Eighteen."

"It'll boil down to twelve. But if I offer you twenty to stay—which I won't—don't take it. You're not progressing here."

Nowadays Red says: "Every time I get stale, I go into a room and not to myself do I talk, but I ask the old man what I'm doing that's wrong, and he usually tells me." The first time the studio gives him a month off, he's going to find the Doc's outfit and do a week's work for nothing.

He'd been with Lawrence five months when a minstrel show came to town. "No matinee today," sighed the boss. "The minute they walk down the street at 11:45, we're dead ducks. The mob follows 'em right to the theater."

Red followed the mob. He happened to sit behind a skinny guy who happened to be Clarence A. Stout, author of *O Death*, *Where Is Thy Sting* and manager of the show. Red had a swell time. Every gag they pulled, he'd pull the punch. The skinny guy turned round. "Look, let them do it—"

"Think they're funny? I get more laughs in a minute than they get in an hour." (Red says he was conceited as hell till he met Edna).

"Yeah? Where do you get all these laughs?"

"Down the street at the Tent Show."

"I'll be around tonight."

"Do you good."

The skinny guy strolled up to him after the show. "Well, you didn't get as many laughs as you said.—What do they give you here, coffee and cake?"

"But with molasses. Twenty a week."

"I'll give you fifteen."

"I'll take it."

A year and a half with the minstrels. One day he stood in front of a circus ad. "Gee, I'd love to be a lion-tamer."

"Who wouldn't?" his companion grunted. "They get five or six hundred a week."

When Red stooped to pat a dog or a cat, the creature streaked off like mad. When he said hello to a horse, the horse nipped him. Goaded by the vision of five or six hundred a week, he now discovered in himself a latent power over animals, and wrote to Hagenbeck & Wallace that his father had worked for them and that he himself was a clown of parts.

"What walkarounds do you have?" they asked at the interview.

"What's a walkaround? You kidding me?"

"No, you're kidding us. A walkaround is a clown's routine, and you never played a circus in your life."

"Okay, but I can make people laugh and I want to be a lion-tamer."

They thought he had brass enough to be anything, so they gave him a slight job. His leisure was spent watching Clyde Beatty work. It looked wonderful till they hit South Bend. Beatty was breaking in a new tiger act. The day was hot, the tiger mean, and when Beatty dropped his pole long enough to reach for a whip, the tiger jumped him. In the nick of time, a lioness jumped the tiger, saving the boss's life. Deciding he was no hero, Red walked out of the circus and into burlesque.

At seventeen he was making seventy-five a week—when he worked. The manager of the Pantages, a vaudeville house in Kansas City, caught his burlesque act and invited him over to fill a spot. The manager also introduced him to Edna Stillwell, an usher, trim, fifteen, blue-eyed. Her hair was what Red calls mousetrap-brown, and her spirit was high. He thought he had a way with girls. She thought he was a fresh monkey, and brushed him off. But when a month later he returned for a second engagement, she made the mistake of laughing at one of his jokes. That was enough for a comic. "You're a nice kid. I had you all wrong when I was here before. Can I take you home?"

Distances in Kansas City are long. Red recalls gloomily that they rode for days on a streetcar. It wasn't that he liked Edna less, but he hated streetcars more, so they didn't meet again for weeks. Red was emceeing a walkathon, and who should the cashier be but Edna? And what should the cashier do but enter the contest on a dare and win it.

The photogs wanted pictures of her with the master of ceremonies. Blithely unconscious of being instruments in the hand of fate, they said: "Now let's take 'em kissing."

What had happened to Edna between streetcars is anyone's guess. For Red the kiss did it. He was knocked off his feet, he couldn't sleep, he couldn't think. Three months later they were married. Edna's mother gave her consent, and Red falsified his age. Everyone said it wouldn't last. It's lasted eleven years, and he still puts Edna next to God.

She went with him to St. Louis, where he was scheduled for another walkathon. "I think you ought to get more than seventy-five," she mused.

"Now don't start telling me how to run my business," yapped the dominant male.

"Okay," said the clinging female, and slipped out of the hotel. When he reached the office of the walkathon's manager, she was at the door. "I've just talked to this man. You're getting a hundred a week. All right, bawl me out later. I've got to go in with you now. I forgot something—"

As Red listened in a daze, she told the manager she'd neglected to mention the cleaning. "He does a lot of falling around, you know, and the bill comes to so much a week—"

This was more than the new-made husband could swallow. He had three suits

to his name, and he dusted them off. "Look," he said, the way Billy Gilbert says it, "why don't you tell him about the food too? He's got to feed us—"

Came a tired voice from the desk. "I'll pay the cleaning. You can have dinner and breakfast at the counter with the other performers. Now clear out, will you, before that wife of yours talks me into buying you a house?"

Outside Red tucked his wife's hand under his arm. "You're a smartaleck kid," he said, "but you're in."

So they went together till they felt they'd exhausted the small-time possibilities of the middle west. Uncle Jim Harkins—now Fred Allen's right hand—thought he could get Red a screen test if Red could get himself to New York. They hocked everything they owned. "Edna's mother," says her grateful son-in-law, "reached in like this and got ten bucks for two gold teeth."

He was given the screen test. "You a comedian?" asked the talent scout, very busy with phones and buzzers.

Red didn't like him. "Matter of opinion—"

"Make me laugh."

"I can't."

So they tested him in a dramatic scene, which stank to high heaven. "Thanks," said the scout, "I'll let you know."

He earned ten dollars here and fifteen there, and they lived in a dump behind Madison Square Garden. Far from being dashed, Edna said: "Know what I think? You never went very far in school. That's a handicap when you talk to business people. I think you should take night classes when you're not working."

"I'm a comedian."

"Even comedians have to talk sense sometimes."

Thereafter he spent his free evenings at night school. Edna went along so he wouldn't be embarrassed. There were more and more free evenings, less and less money. It reached the point where Red mooched along with eyes peeled for a nickel in the cracks of the sidewalk. For two days they didn't eat. Then they hauled his store of jokebooks to a second-hand shop. Red went in alone.

"One buck," said the man.

"They cost me seventy-five to a hundred—"

"One buck," said the man.

He reported to Edna outside. "Take it, Red. When you're hungry, a buck's more important than jokes."

They loaded up on spaghetti and meatballs at fifteen cents per. They took in a fifteen-cent show. They strolled down Broadway, and out of a music shop floated the strains of Brahms' Lullaby—their good luck tune. "Gonna get a job," grinned Red. And, curiously, he did. From among the entrants at a Roxy Theatre audition, he was picked to play the Club Lido, Montreal, for three days. He stayed six weeks, then moved down the street to Loew's.

They liked his style, but found his material wanting. Harry Angers, the producer, made him an offer. "Dope out some new stuff, and I'll bill you into Loew's State as a headliner." He told Edna about it as they sat in the little restaurant round the corner after the show. She turned thoughtful. "Know what makes people laugh most? Little things that happen in everyday life." At the next table a man was dunking doughnuts, eyes darting sheepishly right and left before he made the dunk. Edna grabbed Red's arm. "If I write something, will you try it?"

That was the germ of the riotous doughnut routine that wowed 'em at Loew's State. Edna's been writing for Red ever since. For a while they hit the peaks—a radio date with Rudy Vallee, appointment as official master of ceremonies of the President's Birthday Ball, a broadcasting program of his own. Then the movies

snagged him, which proved a mistake for Red. He was cast as the social director in "Having Wonderful Time." The mechanics of movie-making were new. He went around asking people what to do. "At two thousand a week, brother, you should know what to do." When the picture was released, only his doughnut act stood out, and that wasn't enough to save him from being tagged flop. On the strength of which, his radio sponsor proposed to cut his salary. Red told him to go climb a tree, and lost \$9000 producing his own show.

The climb back was almost as painful as the original haul. Not till last winter did the breaks come his way again. Due chiefly to the fact that Zasu Pitts is crazy about him, he was hired to join her vaudeville act in Chicago. He went over big with public and critics, and numbered among his admirers one Mickey Rooney.

Mickey attended this year's Birthday Ball. (Red is a fixture of the Birthday Balls. Washington wears him on her heart. In Washington, if you said: "Red stinks," they'd smack you down). "I saw your show five times in Chicago," said Mickey. "You'll be on the coast soon."

"I've been on the coast, brother. It's all yours."

"These things happen," said Mickey, the philosopher. "Be different next time." He went home and talked the ears off Nick Schenk and Louis B. Mayer till in self-defense they sent for his cockeyed wonder. On the day set for his test, Edna went with him.

"Got anything you can burlesque Hollywood with?"

"Why, yes," said Edna. Red stared. She sent him her sweetest smile. "Remember that bit we did in Chicago, honey? The way different heroes die in the movies?"

He didn't remember, for the good reason that no bit existed. But he picked up the cue. "Gee, it's so long ago. I'll have to brush up—"

They went into a huddle. She sketched her idea, and Red's training stood him in good stead. While he died like Cagney, she furiously scribbled a parody of Little Caesar's end. They stalled for time, they whispered and sweated and prayed. The test proved an all-time classic. For weeks people greeted their friends on the Metro lot by asking whether they'd seen the Skelton test.

Frank Borzage saw it and put him into "Flight Command." After "Whistling in the Dark," he is co-starred with Ann Southern in "Panama Hattie." He's lined up for "I'll Take Manila," and a new radio show of his own. The studio's frantically hunting properties for him, and the press hails him as the year's top comedy find.

Meantime he and Edna are having a wonderful time. They've found themselves a cook and boss in one, and they love her. Lottie May makes Red eat carrots and use the right fork. "But there's nobody here," he yowls.

"You hush up 'n' use it anyway. Be somebody here, 'n' you'll forget."

When people drop in, he cooks them a tub of soup from an original recipe, and chortles with joy when they ask for more. The living room is still minus furniture, so he hangs up signs reading DETOUR and CLOSED FOR REPAIRS. He'd let the phone ring till it cracked before he answered it—that voice coming through out of nowhere sets his teeth on edge. Though he never smokes, he always carries a cigar. It used to be a nickel stinker. Now if he feels like paying a buck, he pays a buck.

Only one desire remains ungratified. He craves a tight-fitting overcoat with a fur collar like the kind John (There's-An-Actor-Doc) Lawrence used to wear. "Edna says no," he reports cheerfully. "But I'm getting one anyway—to be buried in."

Make the Most of Every Day!

Continued from page 24

the recessed book shelves, the dark hardwood plank floors, the rose rug, the satiny sheen of French provincial and early American furniture, the rich beige drapes of heavy hand-woven silk, gave the room an air of elegant simplicity. Located in the center of the rambling sixteen-room house, the living room on one side looked down on the ever-changing lights of Hollywood, on the other side onto the flagstone porch and green patio.

The patio is completely shut off from the outside world by the steep hill that rises abruptly at the back. Picturesque olive trees shade the far end of the turquoise blue swimming pool. A magnolia tree spreads its dark green leaves over the porch. Gardenias and calla-lilies hedge the foot path that circles the patio and winds back into the hills. White flowers against green foliage everywhere, except for the riot of color of wild flowers carpeting the hillside.

It is in the patio that the life of the Douglas family centers. Every room in the house, with the exception of the children's wing, which has its own veranda, opens into it. Breakfast, served on trays or on small tables drawn up to cushioned chairs, as well as lunch, is eaten here. At night it is a veritable fairyland. The long candle-lit table, the shimmering pool and the flower-covered hill are all caught up in the immense bamboo-framed mirror, hanging between the two pairs of French doors leading into Miss Gahagan's bedroom.

"Mel and Helen are the kind of people who like to share all the excitement and interesting happenings that go on around here, with the rest of the household," said Walter. "It makes no difference if it is in the middle of the night. An earthquake, for instance. 'Pat-pat-pat,' you hear slippered feet coming down the hall. Not that they are frightened. Far from it. Something unusual and exciting is happening! 'Where was it? Do you think we will have another?' Mel and Helen are the greatest people to talk things over I ever knew!

"Since Helen has been elected California Democratic National Committeewoman, a late telephone call from Washington is not unusual. As Mel is just as civic-minded as Helen, she always wakes him up to tell him about it. He wouldn't forgive her if she didn't. If it is something she can discuss with the rest of us, we soon hear a none too gentle knock on our doors. While we talk it over we go into the kitchen for a midnight snack. Mel is a notorious ice-box raider.

"He loves left-overs. Woe be to any cook who throws them out! Cold chicken and dumplings is one of his favorites. A slice of ham and a dish of stewed fruit is another. Mel will fix up a plate for Helen or any of the others, if allowed to. He likes to go back to Helen's room to eat."

That is easily understood, as Miss Gahagan's room, done in soft blue, dusty pink and pale lemon, is probably the most charming and inviting room in the entire house. The bed, with its graceful curving ends, which is a French couch by day, the upright piano, upon which the little Helen Gahagan used to practise her scales in her early teens, the exquisite antique desk, the deep window seat, the low chairs and convenient tables, give the feeling of a homey sitting room, rather than a bedroom. This is the room that was turned over to Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, when she was a recent guest in the Douglas home.

"This frail, little rosewood table often throws the entire household into an up-

roar," laughed Walter. "You see this row of buttons along the side? They operate like a telephone switchboard. I'd better explain that we have three separate telephone lines coming into the house. One is for the exclusive use of Mel's business. Studio calls, his agent, tailor, etc. The second is for household use. Personal calls of the family, grocery orders, shops. The third telephone number is given out only to people who contact Helen for her Democratic Committee work. This one telephone connects with each trunk line. It also connects with each room in the house. That is, *provided* the proper button is pushed.

"Helen has the feminine trick of occasionally pushing the wrong button. Upon discovering what she has done, she takes a chance on one of the others. Usually it is the wrong one. Things start popping if Mel happens to be on a line that is cut off. He comes racing down to my office, which is under the porch at the end of the children's wing. By this time, Helen is out on the porch above calling, 'Walt! Can't you do *something* about this telephone?'

"To further complicate our telephone lines, four-year-old Mary Helen and nine-year-old Peter have the habit of picking up a telephone receiver, whenever they find one down. When their father or mother have to be called from the vegetable garden below the hill, or brought down from the hilltop at the back, the children get into lengthy conversations. It makes no difference to them whether the call comes from Hollywood or New York.

"Recently Mel had to forbid Peter from making phone calls of his own. The little rascal had copied numbers, which he picked at random from the telephone directory, into a 'small phone book,' as he called it, of his own. We don't know just how long he had been holding intimate conversations with perfect strangers. We discovered what he was up to, when one of his 'friends' phoned. It was a rather delicate situation. Mel didn't want to disillusion or frighten Peter. But he had to point out the danger involved in giving personal information to strangers.

"Imagine the bewildered person on the other end of the phone in Washington, D.C., the other day, when Helen calmly announced, 'I can't talk any longer. I think my house is on fire.'

"Fire engines were screaming up the steep road that winds up the hill. The house boy was racing through the hall shouting, 'Fire! Fire!' From the side porch we could see the flames leaping over the hill on the other side of the canyon.

"Mel ran down the steps and turned on the sprinkling system. The network of pipes spread over the four and a half acres of lawn and hills had always sent up a cascade of spray. Now, all that greeted us was a weak ineffectual drizzle. The fire hose attached to the water hydrant below the hill had almost shut off the pressure.

"Instead of becoming excited, Helen and Mel stood there laughing. 'Anyway, it is a swell idea when it works,' said Mel. 'If the hill is going to burn, it is going to burn,' said Helen.

"It didn't burn. The fire was extinguished on the other side of the canyon. But that is Mel and Helen for you. They never lose their heads. No matter what happens, they make the best of it. Mel is one person who not only makes the best of everything, but gets the best out of life."

"I certainly do my best to get the best out of life!" smiled Mr. Douglas, who suddenly came through the door into the patio.

Drawing up a chair he joined us on the terrace. "To get the best out of life, each day should be an adventure," he went on. "That has always been my approach to life. Live as well as you can. That doesn't mean that I reach for the best *things* in life. I aim to get the best out of the life that each day brings. Make the most out of simple, every day living.

"I think it is a great mistake to strive too hard to get *things*. I didn't set out to carve a career for myself. In a general way I have always known what I wanted. One thing led to another. The stage, for instance, led to motion pictures. Pictures gave me a chance to settle down and have a home.

"God knows, there was a time when I never thought I would own a home like this. Here I have everything that I ever wanted. Naturally I enjoy it. But never have I had that gluttonous feeling of possession, that many have. Never have I said to myself, 'This is all mine. I must never let it get away from me.' It was grand fun building. It has been grand fun living here. But if the time ever comes when I have to give it up, that will be all right, too.

"However, I never worry about such a time coming. I am not the kind of person who looks ahead. I'm not one to plan on the future. Plans, schedules, hinder rather than help me. I can't live by routine. Naturally, when I am working, I keep certain hours. But when I get home, during weekends and between pictures, I never know what I am going to do. At the moment, if I weren't working, I would take a plane for Carmel. Helen and the children are there now. We love it.

"Our house, built on a smaller scale, is much like this one. Each room opens into a patio or onto a porch. Blue, varying from pale to deep marine, predominates in the color scheme, as it does here. Up there we also have bare hardwood floors with throw rugs. But here the comparison ends. In Carmel living is easy and simple. There are no formal dinners. Life up there is in sharp contrast to our way of living down here.

"Instead of servants to do the work, we all pitch in and do it ourselves. Each one takes care of his own room. Even Peter. Everyone has his own special job of general housework. I do the cooking. When the children are with us, that means three regular meals every day. I love it.

"Cooking, scrubbing, gardening," he went on. "I think all men and women, no matter what their occupation, should do a certain amount of work with their hands. It brings them closer to the simple, worthwhile things of life.

"After a long day before the camera or when I have become satiated with reading or conversation, I get a lust for cooking. It is then I go out to the kitchen and make, say, an upside-down pineapple cake or crumb cake."

Only a few close friends of Melvyn Douglas know his penchant for cooking. In Hollywood, picture work, political activities, formal dinners, and social obligations leave little time for him to indulge in his pastime. It is in Carmel that he knots a dish towel around his middle and turns chef.

Walter, who had left soon after Mr. Douglas arrived, returned to deliver a telephone message. "Mel is a swell cook," he said. "But he can dirty more dishes than anyone in the world. I know, because at Carmel my job is washing them!"

"And my wife complains that whenever she wants to talk to me or read something special, I run out on her and go into the kitchen," continued Melvyn. "On our last weekend we had a whole gang coming to supper. Helen insisted that I be on hand to help welcome them. So I started the

Hungarian goulash early in the afternoon. I browned the minced onions, added the paprika, salt and pepper. The cubed beef was slowly stirred in. When all was golden brown, I set the Dutch oven over a low flame.

"The guests arrived earlier than expected. Finally, when free to dash into the kitchen, I found it filled with smoke. The meat was burned to a crisp. Opening the windows and doors, I hurried out the back way to the butcher. To this day Helen doesn't know why the dinner was late that night. But she does know that it's now impossible to keep me away from the kitchen when preparing some special dish.

"Neither Helen nor I has the time to get up to Carmel as often as we like. Our last real vacation there was shortly before we left for Washington to attend the presidential inauguration. An incident that happened while we were in Washington brought home the vast indifference between Hollywood and this other part of my life.

"The inauguration was impressive and inspiring. The discussions and exchange of ideas on world affairs were stimulating.

Harold Ickes and his wife, Jane, were with Helen and me the afternoon a motion picture distributor offered to run my picture, 'This Thing Called Love.' As none of us had seen it, we accepted the invitation. The four of us sat down in the dingy little projection room. The contrast of seeing myself cavort about in this comedy, compared to the dignified, impressive functions I had been attending, was startling, to say the least. It was incongruous. I felt like crawling through a hole in the floor. Later, when Helen and I were alone, I found she felt the same as I did. 'Wasn't it awful!' she said.

"Then like husbands and wives do, we started talking it over. Both Harold and Jane liked the picture. It had made them laugh. It would make other people laugh. God knows all of us were getting enough of tragedy and suffering these days.

"Looking at it from a distance, it wasn't so bad. Making people laugh. Helping them forget this harried world, if only for a few minutes, so they could carry on with renewed courage was worth while. If that is my job it was up to me to do it."

And he does.

At Home with Victor Mature

Continued from page 21

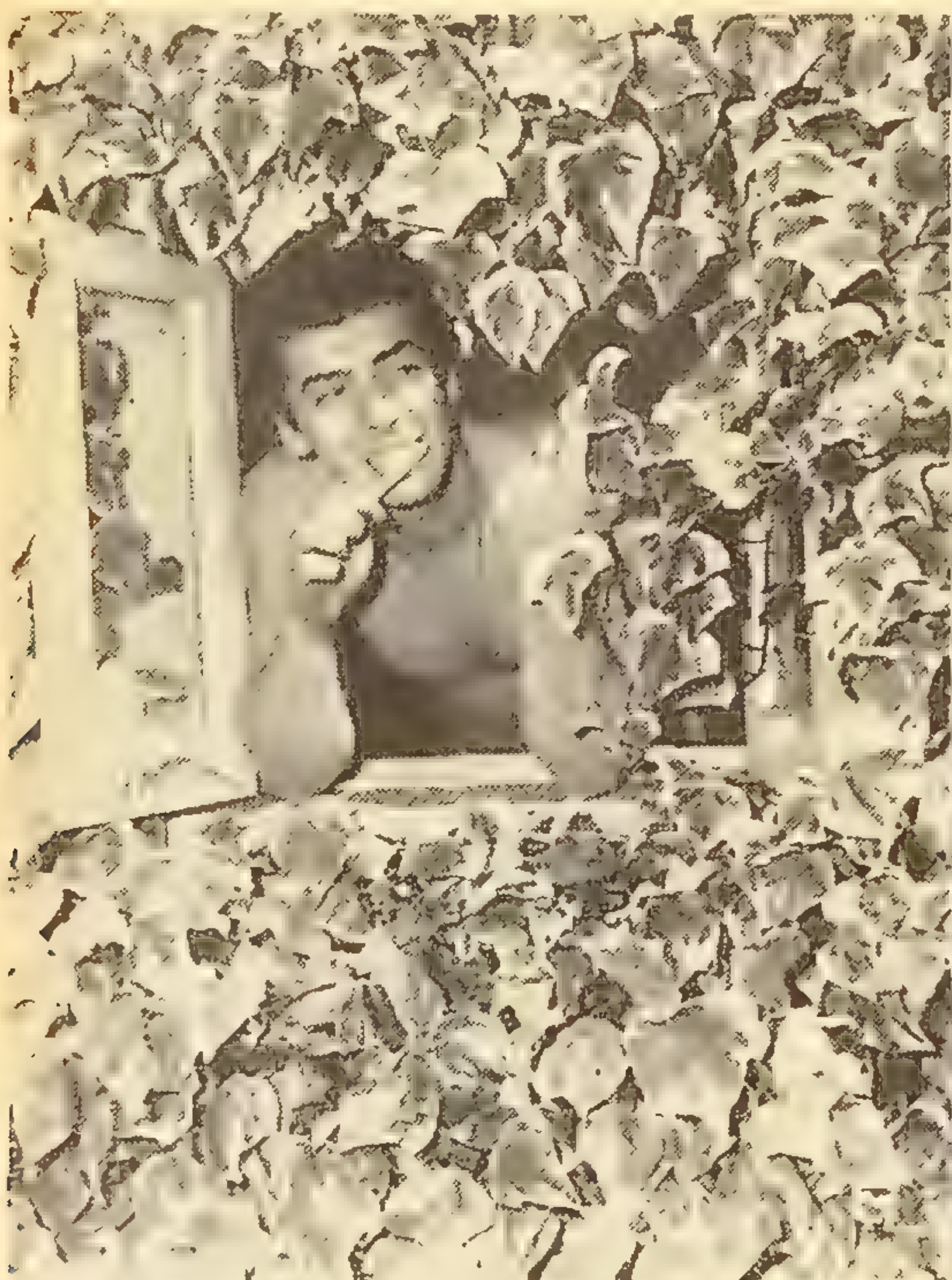
grand on Painted Veil," rasped an agent peeling off century notes. "What's good enough for Joe is good enough for me." In the midst of all this fuss and furor Victor casually announced to everyone at the table that this was the first time he had ever been to a race-track. "And, I haven't any business being here today," he added. "I'm on a budget and the two dollars I have in my pocket I've got to eat on all next week." Well, you've never seen anything so wonderful. An actor who doesn't want to show off! I feel all encouraged now to look for the needle in the haystack.

When we left the track that afternoon there were a number of fans at the gate with their autograph books. Now at that time Victor had only appeared in two pictures, a bit in "The Housekeeper's Daughter," and the Tarzan-like lead in "One Million B.C."—neither picture was a hit and to this day I have never met anyone who saw either of them. But the minute Vic stepped outside the gate he was simply deluged by the enthusiastic fans. And, what made it all the more remarkable, was the fact that Randolph Scott and Fred Astaire made their exit the same time that Vic did. They drew a pair, but Victor drew a full house.

Even if I'm not as bright as other girls it was easy for me to reach a few conclusions after these incidents. First: Men always resent Victor's overdose of good looks. But once they meet him they find themselves—in spite of themselves—liking the guy. As Victor has often said, "I'm a hell of a nice guy." And as a matter of fact, he really is. Second: The famous "front" that all the young actors feel is so necessary in Hollywood doesn't mean a thing to Victor. When he's broke he's broke, and he doesn't care who knows it. He'd much rather pay the grocer, than try to impress Mr. Mayer. The Mature honesty, believe me, is even more startling than the Mature beauty. Third: Victor is dynamite to females of all ages, and all walks of life. He has a calamitous effect on both Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's Lady.

Well, we who knew Victor in the summer of 1940—when he was just beginning to get a foothold in Hollywood—weren't at all surprised when he went to New York last winter and became an overnight sensation in "Lady in the Dark," Gertrude Lawrence's stage hit. And, naturally, we weren't surprised to hear that not since the good old days of the matinee idol had women, all the way from the upper-crust Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt to the lower-crust Broadway Rose, gone into such ecstasies over an actor. (Even Garbo went backstage to look him over, while Dr. Hauser stood outside and burned.)

"It was terrific," Phyllis Brooks told me on the set of "The Shanghai Gesture" the other day. (Phyllis was one of the beauties whom Victor dragged nightly to the New York night clubs—others being Betty Grable, Lana Turner, Gene Tierney, Bernice Parks.) "Every time he left the theater he was almost torn to pieces by hysterical women. It was getting dangerous, so Moss Hart thought Victor should have a bodyguard. But you know Vic—he's so good-natured. Then one night a frightening thing happened. He was doing a Lincoln Highway broadcast, and two minutes before he had to go on the air a girl, whom no one in the studio had noticed, poked a gun in his ribs and said



More proof that Vic's as snug as a bug in a rug in his garage home. Top: left, looking out of the bathroom window; right, reading the funnies out in the sun. Above: left, Vic makes his bed (and reads SCREENLAND, too—Ahem); right, writing checks at his "desk."

I bet my girl friend twenty-five dollars I could have a date with you. If you don't take me to dinner after the broadcast I'll kill you!" Well, after that Victor decided that a bodyguard might be right handy after all."

When Victor returned to Hollywood a few months ago, after his New York triumphs, producers who two years ago looked down their noses at him couldn't wait to get his name on their contracts. All this big to-do over Victor Mature was too much for the jealous-why-I-knew-him-when gents around town, and they immediately started calling him "glamor boy" and "that beautiful hunk of man."

"For a nice person you certainly manage to get yourself maligned," I said to Victor over at the Twentieth Century-Fox studio, soon after his return. They were doing the swimming sequence in "Hot Spot" and Mr. Mature was having a wonderful time watching Betty Grable and Carole Landis cavorting around in bathing suits.

"Oh, I'm used to being maligned," said Victor reaching for a lock of his hair—he is definitely runner-up to Champion Charles MacArthur, America's number one lock-puller—"I got used to it when I was a child. I had a brother, older than I was, who was very delicate. My poor mother spent every waking moment coddling him and trying to nurse him back to health. He died when he was eleven. After his funeral my mother looked at me and made a statement which has become a classic in our family. She said, 'Grow, you sonofagun, grow!' Except she didn't say sonofagun—she being a good church worker. No coddling and pampering for me. I became the terror of the neighborhood. But every Hallowe'en my parents played a joke on the good people of Louisville. I was locked in my room for the entire day and night. Along about eight o'clock every Hallowe'en night I could hear the doorbell ring, and the neighbor's come piling in. 'Your Victor broke my window pane. I know it was Victor. No one else would do it,' and 'Your Victor ruined my car with soap' and 'Your Victor put garbage on my front porch. I want him punished.' I'm used to being maligned."

More-sinned-against-than-sinning Victor was born in Louisville, Kentucky, January 29, 1916, of Austrian parents. Louisville, like most Southern cities, is extremely first-family-conscious, and foreigners have just about the same social standing as boll-weevils. Victor was a healthy little boy, with a wild mop of curly hair, and a rebellious nature—not particularly sensitive, perhaps, but just the same those early snubs made a deep impression.

"One of the little kids in school would invite me to a party," said Victor, "and my mother would scrub me up clean and give me a lecture on pretty manners. All the other mothers were invited to drop in and see their little darlings having fun, and one by one we'd be called away to be introduced to them. Boy, it used to burn me! I get mad when I think about it now. 'This is little David,' the mother of the kid who was giving the party would say, 'his father is president of the bank.' And all the mothers were gush and drool and admire little David. 'And this is little Henry,' she'd continue, 'his father is the president of General Securities.' And there'd be more gushing. Finally she'd get to me. 'And this,' she'd say with a sneer, 'is Victor Mature. His father is that foreigner who works over at the refrigerator Company.' The top shelf of my Dad's refrigerators could never be as chilly as the silence which followed my introduction, believe me.

"If I ever have any children I'm going to see to it that they don't have to take snubs from anybody. They're going to be

able to sit in the corner and be as snooty as all get-out."

As a matter of fact it was a snooty Louisville Society belle who made Victor decide to go to Hollywood. He asked her to dance with him at a ball one night and she slapped his face and called him the dirty son of a common foreigner. "That slap in the puss did it," said Victor. "I swore then I'd get out of town and never come back until the name Mature was so important that those society snobs would eat dirt."

Victor spent six lean years in Hollywood before he got the nod from the producers. But he was never one to whine. Not with that cheerful disposition. When he found out that good looking actors were a dime a dozen in Hollywood he took a bus out to Pasadena, where he convinced Gilmor Brown that he should have a fellowship entitling him to free tuition in the Playhouse Drama School. By that time Victor, who only had \$41 when he left Louisville in a huff, was down to exactly eleven cents. His mother and father were spending the summer in Mich-

igan, and Victor was supposed to join them there. Dreadfully in need of a little cash Victor composed what he considered a very subtle wire: "Dear Dad, I find myself sidetracked in Hollywood with only eleven cents in my pocket. Love, Victor." And early the next day he received the following answer: "Dear Victor, Mother very disappointed you are not coming. Forty-four years ago I came to this country and had five cents in my pocket and could not speak a word of English. You have six cents more than I had and you can speak English. Love, Dad." May it be said to Victor's credit that never again did he try to snare a loan from his father, or anyone else. He has always lived on what he made, and when he made nothing, he lived on nothing.

When he enrolled at the Pasadena Playhouse he slept backstage in a piano box. When he was routed out, he snatched enough tarpaulin and boards from the theater property department to build himself a tent in Mr. Brown's back yard. Across the yard from him, in the back seat of a broken-down car, lived Laird



Then there was a SPLASH! Victor Mature and Betty Grable perched on the edge of the pool ready for a take-off for the swimming sequence for "Hot Spot," the mystery thriller from the novel, "I Wake Up Screaming." Carole Landis and Laird Cregar are in it, too.

Cregar—another young actor who has come up the hard way. Victor lived on a budget (he has always been one to budget) of 46 cents a day—which he picked up doing odd jobs when he wasn't needed at the theater. His big break came two years ago when Producer Hal Roach saw him in the Playhouse production of "To Quito and Back" and signed him on a long-term contract—at a very small salary.

The year before he got his break Victor found himself one day with a six months' layoff from the theater, and not an odd job in sight. Just when he was beginning to worry—and worry is something Vic always postpones as long as possible—he bumped into Bob Blair, a fellow he had known in the Playhouse stock company. "Come on over to Bierley's," said Bob. "It's an orange juice stand. I got influence there. You can sell orange juice and drink a little on the side when nobody's looking. You can live on orange juice for months, honest you can." But when the employer saw Victor he said, "Nothing doing, Bob. That jerk's too handsome. All the girls would just stand around and stare—they wouldn't drink anything." But Bob rounded up some cars for his friend to wash, and somehow or other Vic survived.

Today Victor's as grateful to Bob as if he had presented him with the United States mint. Bob is his secretary, his pal, his stand-in, and his general reminder to do things. His other close friends date back to the lean years also. As a matter of fact Victor has probably never forgotten anyone who has ever done him a favor. He is just about the most grateful person in Hollywood. And it's a silly thing, I guess to say about a big hulk of a guy—and for heaven's sake don't hold it against him—but there's a great sweetness about him.

When Victor returned to Hollywood this summer with a bride (after a whirlwind romance he married Martha Stephenson Kemp, New York socialite and widow of orchestra leader Hal Kemp) and a new suit of clothes, and more picture contracts than he could shake a stick at, people said, "Well, now Success has got him. He'll go Hollywood." Vic moved his little woman into a smart apartment, bought a snazzy car (that is, he made the first payment), and had all the earmarks of becoming another successful Hollywood actor. Then one day he looked at his budget—and he hit the ceiling. He was living way beyond his means! Victor gets \$3000 a week on loan-outs, but the point is that it is Hal Roach, who holds his contract, who gets the \$3000. Vic gets \$450. Of that he has to give \$45 to his agent. "The payments on my car are \$100 a month. My apartment here costs \$125. I pay \$90 a month for a nurse for my wife's child. I pay \$75 a month for a maid. I have to keep up another apartment in New York, and no

matter what I want to buy I always get taken."

So what happened? Well, Victor's in the groove again. While he is so busy at the studios his wife, who is very lonely in Hollywood, spends most of her time with her family in New York—just flies out for week-end visits. So Victor has closed up his Hollywood apartment and has moved into a friend's garage out in the Valley—and is as happy as a bug in a rug. After a piano box and a tent, of course, a garage is big-time. Vic's "suite" consists of one room, small, and one bath, very small. The room is furnished with a bed which Vic makes himself before going to work in the mornings, a broken-down couch, a chair and a table. On the table he keeps his prized crucifix (the locket he always wears around his neck has been blessed by the Pope), the telephone, and his books. The walls are decorated with a crutch (a memento of the time he broke his ankle), a polo mallet (given to him by Liz Whitney for painting the fence around her ranch), and various sundry pictures, mostly of his wife. On Sunday mornings he stays in bed late, drinks a Coca-Cola for breakfast, and then wraps himself (Victor never just sits down) around an old chair on the lawn and laughs out loud over the funny papers. Until Hal Roach comes across with more dough, Vic swears this is the way he'll live to cut down expenses. (*Entre nous*, he likes it.)

Victor hasn't gotten around to telling off Louisville Society just yet (give him time), but he had a fine time of it last winter telling off New York Society. His remarks to the blue bloods who dared to criticize Betty Grable in his presence have become famous. In Hollywood where everybody thinks twice before speaking Victor's manner of letting the verbal chips fall where they may is indeed refreshing. His friends like to tell about the first encounter he had with a Hollywood producer. Victor's agent arranged for an interview in Producer Frank Ross's office, and told Vic to be there by two o'clock. Vic didn't even have thirty cents for bus fare so he had to hitchhike over from Pasadena, and it was more hiking than hitching that day. When he finally got there his clothes, which were from Dixie anyway, were sweaty and dusty. Producer Ross took one look at him and said, "You don't look like an actor to me."

"From where I stand, Mr. Ross," said Victor, "you don't look like a producer to me. If you are what typifies a Hollywood producer I never hope to meet one."

And Victor turned around and walked back to Pasadena, while his agent fainted dead away. Today Frank Ross and Victor are the best of friends. "I like the guy," says Victor, "but he almost got killed once."

His worried-sick agent doesn't have to bother about his opening his trap today. Victor's "in." Way "in."

little confession of bad conduct. I try to encourage frankness, and by correcting, rather than scolding, I find that she tells me honestly and by the light of her own conscience those things which otherwise might be held back for fear of being severely chastised. Her little problems I treat with as much seriousness as if she were eighteen instead of eight. By the same token, I answer all her questions about my day on the set.

"Before the evening meal, I spend a half hour with her again, this time reading to her or playing games. And often we play the piano and sing."

Recently, while Mary was making a picture at Warners, she had to spend a few nights in her dressing room on the set because she had extra-early calls the next morning. On such occasions, though, her husband usually brought Marylyn and Tono, her baby, to the studio. They would either go to a drive-in for dinner or have dinner sent to them in her dressing room. Even then she thought of the best way to spend the most time with her children.

"With Tono, since he is only about eighteen months old, my time while working simmers down to a few quick moments of play in the early morning and a brief interlude on arriving home, as he is still on a strict schedule," Mary went on. "But in those few moments, much is accomplished. He is beginning to look forward to my time with him as much as I do now."

"Regarding discipline, Marylyn's teacher, nurse, and I rather gang up. We check and double check each other. Marylyn is, of course, not aware of this game. If I hear of some misdemeanor of hers, I wait for her to tell me about it. If she doesn't, I lead the conversation around to some kindred subject. The first thing I know, I have a first hand confession and a chance for easy correction. She almost always tells me of any misdemeanor at once."

"To working mothers, though, I cannot sufficiently stress the importance of a certain amount of time with your youngsters. They want to talk to you and be with you, and it doesn't make any difference how young they are. They want you to be interested in their problems, and they want leisure time in which to lavish their full-hearted affection on you. If you are engrossed in taking care of many little tasks, and if they are tagging after you trying to get in a word, nine times out of ten you will become impatient, not only with the task but with the child. It is then that the youngster retires in hurt bewilderment, and if this is a recurring event, it will, in time, prove a definite barrier between mother and child and breed subordination and evasion."

The one star in town who has taken on a new lease in her career by actually playing the understanding mother in a series of pictures is Penny ("Blondie") Singleton. I caught Blondie—I mean Penny—over at Columbia between takes of her new picture, "Go West, Young Lady."

"Certainly being a working mother is a difficult task," Penny said firmly, "and there's no point in denying it. It's a task that can only be accomplished if a mother schedules herself and persistently keeps that schedule. Her chances to be with her youngster when work makes long-hour demands on her are few. She must take those few and make every moment important."

"Most youngsters are ready for bed by seven o'clock. Working mothers, on an average, get home anywhere from seven to eight o'clock. It is the latter, usually, for me by the time I have removed my make-up and slipped out of my studio clothes anyway. Hours like that eliminate any possible play-together, read-together, romp-together evenings with a child. It should not eliminate, however, that very

Advice to Working Mothers

Continued from page 30

to every mother—proper discipline and sensible devotion.

Mary Astor is one mother in Hollywood who has never forgotten her duties as a mother despite some of the most trying problems that any woman has had to undergo. Being a mother has meant more to Mary than meeting problems associated with her work. It has meant the preservation of genuine love throughout tragedies that might easily have broken up any less basically well-founded home and relationship.

"Every working mother has a problem," Mary said to me as we sat in the den of her Brentwood home. She had a day off from the studio. "Remember, she's trying to crowd a full-time career, motherhood, into a few snatched hours. My first task on arriving home is to remove my make-up. This takes about half an hour in itself, and during that time, Marylyn, my daughter, comes into my room and we have what we term 'big girl talk.' We discuss her problems of the day, how she did at school, if she was well-mannered, if she had some



Mary Astor seems to be enjoying the crayon coloring session at left almost as much as her two children, twenty-month-old Tono and eight-year-old Marylyn. Mary spends as much time as possible with them.

important before-bedtime prayer. I can never remember a time when Dee-Gee, my daughter, and I have not been together for his significant close of the day, except, naturally, when we were separated by many miles if I happened to be on location and couldn't have her with me. A mother's presence at prayer-time makes the child respect both its prayers and its mother the more.

"Another important thing to remember in dealing with children is to realize that they love secrets. And a mother, by making her youngster feel that only the two of them share something which no one else knows, makes the child proud that she is trusted and encourages her to return the confidence. No mother, of course, should be without these confidences. From the time Dee-Gee was three and a half, she and I shared secrets, little signal codes for talking when we didn't want others to understand. These little secretive confidences have imbued in her an affection and pal-ship for me, one which has brought me greater happiness every day."

Penny, to insure her intimacy with her daughter, has given her responsibilities to perform in the home. She has made Dee-Gee look upon helping in keeping her own room tidy, for instance, as a sacred duty that must know no interference. And, furthermore, Penny has taught Dee-Gee that she must not expect everything to be done for her, that she must carry out her duties without any other help or advice.

Everyone in Hollywood—and the rest of the country—knows that Joan Blondell is a real mother. She is a star who would be perfectly content to be just known as the mother of Norman Scott Powell and Ellen. Norman, aged six, and Ellen, two and a half, have never had a governess. Joan's mother fills that important spot in the household.

Not usually very talkative, Joan really "gives" about her children. "When I'm working," she said to me, "I get up at five o'clock. I shower and dress. The children get up at six, and we have half an hour together. During that time, I get them all set for the day. I plan out their time for them. Norman, of course, goes to school.

"I return from the studio at six o'clock. I sit with the children while they have their dinner. Then I tell them stories and listen to their stories. I rock little Ellen to sleep—being old-fashioned that way—and then I play a game or have a talk with Norman.

"On Sunday, Dick and I and the children invariably go some place together—to the beach or to some mountain resort. I also arrange for other children, the type who do not have governesses, to come over to our house to play with them. Our back-yard is all arranged with playthings and everything is perfectly safe."

I was over at Joan's a few Christmases ago. Norman had just brought in some friends, and the time they were having! There were no inhibitions about him. He was as normal as any youngster, and just as lively and natural.

"Neither Dick nor I ever make any social engagements on Sunday," Joan continued, "which will take us away from spending most of this day with the children. They play an important part in our scheme of things, and they are kept aware of it. We never permit them to feel neglected or unimportant.

"And there's good advice for any mother—children should not be allowed to get lonely. It's the duty of every parent to protect her child against this lonely feeling."

"Don't you feel being a movie star and having a large income makes a great deal of difference in her relations with her children?" I asked Joan.

"No, I don't think it makes any difference. It would be pretty much the same if I worked in an office instead of a studio. "The important thing to do is to treat each child as an individual. Get each one alone for some time during the day, and really get close, share his or her problems, joys, and sorrows. You have to use psychology with children. Instead of saying, 'Go out and play,' it only takes a few minutes to organize the play for them. It's a simple thing to get children started on some game, some building work, or something of the kind that will keep them occupied for hours.

"Of course, Dick is a big help to me with the children. Whenever he is building anything, he usually makes Norman feel that he is helping. He sends him on little errands, to get a hammer, anything to make him feel important to the job being done.

"The best advice I can give is to remind mothers that children are very sensitive. Their feelings must never be brushed aside. They must be made to feel they are wanted, that they are loved. And I know that many parents forget this item. I have seen many neglected children who aren't sure just what they mean to anybody. It's a pitiful sight."

Joan Bennett is another successful mother and an equally busy and successful career woman. No one can quarrel with the results of her upbringing of her two daughters, Diana, aged twelve, and Melinda, aged six. Joan realizes the importance of setting aside a certain time out of each day for privacy with her girls.

"Diana is attending a private school that takes her away from home during the week," Joan said, "but she is home every week-end. And what a full week-end it is for us then! As for Melinda, she stays at home. When I'm on a picture, I have

breakfast with Melinda and she comes to lunch with me at the studio at least one day a week.

"With both girls, I have always supervised their diets, their education, and their discipline. Since they were infants, I have made out daily menus for them. These are followed with precision year after year.

"For diversion, I take them to the movies with me as often as possible, for I believe that such entertainment is not only necessary relaxation, but it is part of their education and part of their need for vital interests."

No matter how occupied Joan is, she delights in taking time out to talk about her daughters. "In the matter of money, I have tried to engender in them the importance of thrift. For example, each girl has an allowance. I let them manage their money as they like. I do insist, however, that a portion of their allowance go into their Sunday-School box. The rest they can do with as they please. While they are given this comparative freedom with their money, they are taught that instead of spending it for candy and useless things, they should save it for something worthwhile. To encourage the idea, I have made a deal with Diana. For every dollar she saved, I agreed to double the amount. Before Christmas Diana has saved five dollars, so I am adding my ten.

"But there is more to raising a child than this," Joan hastily added. "I believe that my girls should be versatile, that they should know how to cook and sew, that they should know how to skate and dance, to be all-around equipped to 'fit in' no matter what station in life they occupy. When I was considering sending Diana to private school, I found that one of them didn't have cooking classes. The school, realizing that other mothers wanted their daughters taught cooking, too, put in a full domestic science course."

So, even though Joan believes in a private school, she has always one thing in mind—what the child can learn. She approves of other contacts and her idea of preparing her daughter for any station in life is to work out means to let her children learn by being with others.

"As for advice—" Joan looked a bit self-conscious as she frowned a little trying not to sound like a demagogue—"I've never set myself up as an advice bureau. I do think there is nothing worse or anyone more unhappy than a spoiled child. Spoiled children are first of all usually lazy. To get at the root of that laziness is, then, the primary move. Maybe the child is on the wrong sort of diet; maybe she is unhappy about some little thing that has grown to tremendous proportions in her baby mind. It's the duty of every mother in such a case to ferret out what goes on in the child's mind. If a child is unruly, there is only one cure for that—discipline. She should be dealt with as an individual—and the mother must realize that discipline effective with one may not work with another at all. Sending a child to bed without her supper isn't a particularly good method—it upsets her diet and it is injurious to have a growing person go hungry.

"The best way to maintain discipline, at least as far as I'm concerned, is to take away a privilege. If there is a picture the child wants to see or a party she wants to go to and discipline is needed, eliminating these privileges usually is the most effective method. Occasionally, a good old-fashioned spanking works wonders, but only occasionally.

"My most important advice to a working mother is—get to know your child so well that having to be away from her will not bring unnecessary hardships in training and in devotion. And be sure that you understand her as well as you want her to understand you."

Meet the Hottest New Hero: George Montgomery

Continued from page 29

studio, where he is under contract, bigger and better rôles are scheduled for Hollywood's new romantic hero.) Shy, rather awkward, and with the great open spaces written all over his good looking face, the ex-Montana cowboy is decidedly not a ladies' man. Not yet, anyway. (Remember what happened to Gary Cooper!) He'd rather go fishing any time than take a glamor girl to Ciro's.

"They keep writing in magazines and newspapers that I am always at Ciro's," he complains indignantly. "Actually I don't like night clubs. I've only been in Ciro's six times since I've been in Hollywood—once with Lana, once with Ann, twice with Gloria—"

"And don't forget Cobina," I prompted. "I saw the pictures that were taken of you two."

"I didn't have a date with Cobina. I was standing in for Palmer Beaudette," George said with a smile. "For some reason or other they didn't want to have their picture taken together."

George insists that he likes to go to bed at nine o'clock. "I get up every morning around six-thirty—that's the prettiest part of the day. Maybe it's the Montana in me but I think the night was made for sleeping and the day for living. On horseback in the hills in the early morning—that's the life."

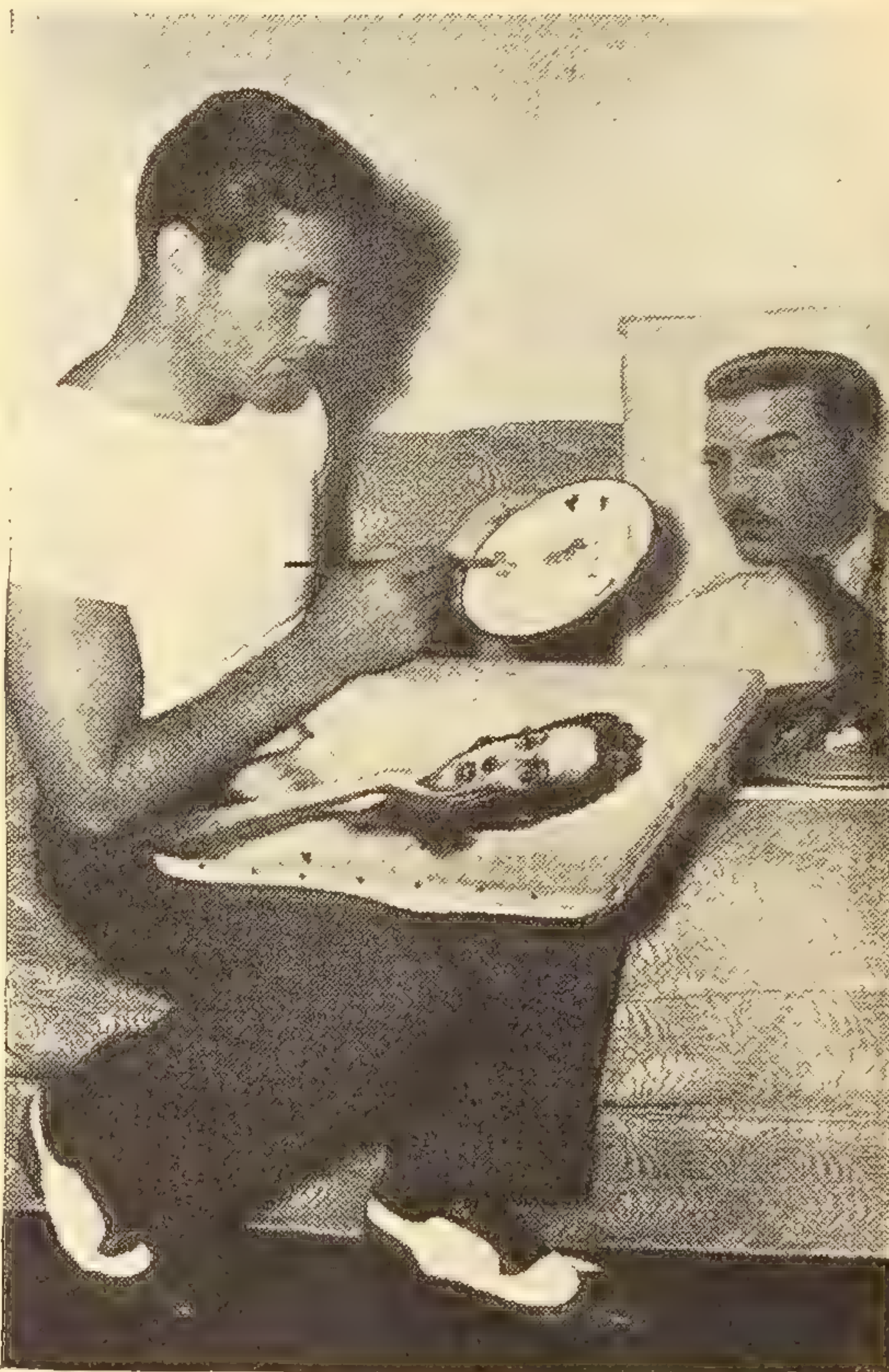
George also insists that in all his twenty-five years he has never been in love. But there are those of us who might question this, rather. He gets very stammer-ish when you mention the name of Ginger Rogers. Ever since the night he met Ginger at a dinner party at her agent's home he has been going with her constantly. When Ginger and her mother invited him to visit them at their ranch in Oregon he accepted with alacrity, and with a little prodding he'll tell you about the wonderful times they had together, riding, fishing, and cooking their meals. Ginger, it seems, is a mile and a half ahead of all the other fillies. For the moment, anyway.

When he was in Chicago recently, after his personal appearance with Louella Parsons in Dixon, Illinois, he beat it right away for Marshall Field's store. "I've got to buy a present for Ginger," he told the publicity man accompanying him. "I wonder what she'd like?" The p.a. made several suggestions, perfume, handkerchiefs, a bag, but George, as always, had a mind of his own. He finally decided on a ranch bell with a cow horn on the end.

George is one of those rare people found in Hollywood—a *bona fide* cowboy. He was born and reared on a ranch in Montana. From the time he was knee-high to a coyote he learned to ride, to rope, to round up cattle, and to sing "boots and saddle" songs. He attended the Great Falls High School, where he shone on the athletic fields and in the gymnasium as a baseball, football, track and boxing star. During his first semester at the University he received a letter from a brother who was working in Los Angeles as an engineer urging him to come to California. "You can study art," the letter read, "and we can do a little boxing at Jeffries Barn." That sounded pretty good to George, so when he went home that Christmas he asked his parents to give him a railroad ticket to Hollywood. They refused. Definitely. So George borrowed a pick and shovel and went to work for the W.P.A. When he had made enough to pay for a

ticket he dropped the pick and shovel, grabbed his bag, and took the first train south. "I had never traveled before," he said. "I didn't know you could buy a round-trip ticket."

By the time he reached Hollywood his engineer brother was not so flush, so they moved into a single room and started hocking watches and clothes. His first job in Hollywood was at Metro where he did stunt riding for the Garbo-Boyer picture, "Conquest." He received \$35 a day—which was wonderful, except that he only got a few days work. His brother knew a fellow who worked at the Bublicki Restaurant on the Sunset Strip, so through him George got a job painting murals for \$10 a week.



Ever since George Montgomery was a kid in school his hobby has been art. Now that he's working in oils, his studio friends are his favorite subjects. The two above are likenesses of co-workers Cesar Romero and Linda Darnell.

After six weeks of this he got a job at Tony's Silver Slipper out in the Valley as bartender. At this job he made \$18 a week with tips. As long as it was a beer place George was safe, but when they got a liquor license and turned it into a cocktail lounge he had plenty of worries. George never drinks anything except milk, of which he drinks quantities, so a Manhattan and a Tequila Sunrise were as big a mystery to him as a problem in calculus. "The customers weren't fussy though," says George. "I guess it was because I always gave them plenty."

With his brother to push him, George then dressed up in his cowboy clothes and made the rounds of the studios. At Republic he did one of the "Lone Ranger" pictures but as he rode at breakneck speed and had a mask over his face it didn't mean a thing toward furthering his career. He got \$75 a week for that, and was able to get his watch and overcoat out of hock. After this came more stunt riding, and

then more of nothing. Finally in disgust George said to hell with Hollywood and went back to Montana and his rodeos.

In May of 1939 George made his second trip to Hollywood. This time he came down to see his brother, who had landed an engineering job down in South America, off on the boat. They were having their farewell supper at the It Café on Vine Street, when an agent by the name of Benny Medford tapped George on the shoulder and said, "Say, big fellow, you ought to be in pictures. I'd like to handle you if you don't mind." George explained to him that he didn't think much of movies and Benny advised him to hide out for three weeks and give Hollywood a chance to forget him. Hollywood did. Completely. Benny then had him change his name from George Montgomery Letz, his real name, to George Montgomery, and took him on a Cook's Tour of the casting offices. To the executives Benny would say, "I signed this guy. Do you think I was nuts?"

Twentieth Century answered in the negative by signing him on a long-term contract and getting a dramatic teacher for him. He played small parts in five pictures, and became a star in "The Cowboy and the Blonde." It was after the release of this picture that the glamorous and the beautiful began their swooning. Since then he has starred in "Riders of the Purple Sage," "Last of the Duanees," and "Cadet Girl" with Carole Landis. When "Roxie Hart" goes into production soon it's a cinch that George will be playing opposite Miss Ginger Rogers.

With his first savings George bought a 1444-acre ranch up in the Montana wheat fields. With his second savings he bought a small house in Hollywood, near the studio, and invited his mother and father, Montana farmers, to come down to California and live with him. With his third savings he plans to buy a horse.

George's ambition is to be financially able to retire from pictures while he is still young, and settle down on a cattle ranch some place in the Northwest. He wants to live in a cabin made of logs, and not too many miles away from a stream where he can catch seven and eight pound trout. "I don't like to build castles," he says, "but then a log cabin isn't exactly a castle, now is it?"

George's hobby is art. Ever since he was a kid in school he has worked with pencil and crayons—some of his artistic efforts have won prizes at Montana county fairs. He used to draw pictures on the shades in his mother's room, and when she would pull them down at night his brothers and sisters would run outside so they could see what Georgie had drawn. He is working in oils now, for the first time, and very excited about it.

Being the strong, silent type George is very difficult to talk to when you first meet him. But get him on the subject of fishing, riding, or drawing, and you can warm him up in no time. He has a pleasant manner and a rather nice sense of humor. He likes to tell about his first test at Republic: "After seven takes I read my six lines perfectly." He is slow-spoken and easy-going—but can get very stubborn when not allowed to carry out his own plans. He eats a hearty lunch and dinner, always accompanied by that glass of milk, but doesn't care much for breakfast. He doesn't believe in dieting, but firmly believes in plenty of exercise.

According to the Misses Turner, Rutherford, Wright, Vanderbilt and Rogers he is a divine dancer—the only trouble being that he gets sleepy and wants to go home before the party really gets going. He drives a very snappy sports car with the top down, and pretends not to notice when the girls go "Yoo Hoo" at him. He hasn't the roving eye.

*G*reetings from **PHILIP MORRIS** *America's Finest Cigarette*



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 in gay Holiday packings



Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 17

bling *Kohl Domar*. "This year Mothers' Day came on my mother's birthday and my sister's wedding day, so we had three celebrations at once!"

At the stroke of midnight, New Year's Eve, Carole turns out the lights and they all make their New Year's wishes. Sure to

After the bountiful buffet which Carole is serving in her dining room (see page 12), Carole Landis likes to ring in the New Year with traditional songs. Right, Carole and "Ophelia," as she calls the antique Chinese head adorning her mantelpiece.

come true if wished while the clock is striking! After that, each one writes down his New Year's resolutions. ("It's great fun through the year to remind your friends when they break them!") Then as the New Year dawns, Carole receives her birthday gifts.

Since Carole knows nothing about food except how to insert it between her fascinating lips, her cook provided these recipes:

SYE SALAD

- 1 cup diced Holland Herring
- 1 cup cold potatoes—boiled with skins on
- 2 cups beets
- 1 teaspoon grated onion

As herring is salty, no salt is required and add pepper and allspice to taste. Cover with vinegar (Heinz). Let stand about four or five hours before serving.

KOHL DOMAR

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1½ cups rice, not too well cooked



Little grated onion
Salt and pepper to taste

Add 1 egg and moisten with milk so the mixture is wet enough for the rice to absorb it.

1 large head of cabbage. Break the leaves apart, keeping them whole. Drop in boiling water for 5 minutes. Remove and drain.

Put a tablespoon or more of meat mixture in leaf, closing tightly with toothpick. Place in kettle and cover with 1 large size can tomatoes. Let simmer for 2 hours and serve.

PICKLED HERRING

Skin and bone herring, cut in inch pieces.

Slice dry onion and place in earthen dish or glass dish a layer of herring and a layer of onion. Add whole allspice and pepper corn and vinegar over all. If you add a few mustard seeds this will keep in a glass jar in refrigerator for some time.

STRING BEANS MARKEY is a dish invented by Gene Markey and consists of string beans cooked in milk; then, sprinkled with Italian cheese, they are baked in the oven until a crust forms on top.

Carole's cook makes a cheese stuffing for celery by creaming a piece of butter with (Blue Moon) Roquefort cheese. An American cheese and olive spread is made by combining two parts of the cheese with one part stuffed olives. She puts a square of raw onion on the whole wheat bread circles spread with this mixture, and sets smoked salmon on rye bread circles. Anchovies are trimmed with strips of pimiento.

Her *Eggs Diable* are beautiful as well as tempting.

EGGS DIABLE

Boil eggs 20 minutes. Remove from fire, and let cold water run over them until they are cold. Shell them and cut in half the long way. Put the yolks into a bowl; wash the whites in cold water and put on a dry napkin. To the yolks add dry mustard (Gulden's), pimientos, Lea and Perrins sauce, soft butter, mayonnaise (Hellman's), salt and pepper to taste, then put through strainer and make a paste that's not too soft. Put this paste in a regular chef's pastry bag and fill the white of eggs. Decorate tops with split anchovy filet, capers or a ball or two of caviar and narrow green sticks made of green pepper. The result is quite beautiful.

Dessert at Carole's party will be a special cheese cake.

CHEESE CAKE

2 tablespoons Knox Gelatin

1 cup cold water
1 cup sugar
5 three-ounce packages (or 1 lb.) cream cheese (Kraft)
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup milk
4 egg yolks
4 egg whites (beaten)
2 teaspoons lemon juice
Grated rind of a lemon
1 teaspoon vanilla (Burnetts)

Soak gelatin five minutes in cold water. Put milk, sugar and egg yolks in sauce pan and cook over a very low gas flame until mixture coats back of spoon. Stir often. Remove from heat. Add soaked gelatin, cream cheese and flavorings. Blend. Fold in at last the beaten egg whites. Pour into pan. Top with reserved crumb mixture. Place in refrigerator until chilled and firm. Serves 8 or 10.

Carole's guests enjoy playing games, so tables will be set up in the den for gin rummy and backgammon, current favorites. Kissing games are very eagerly sought in the Landis home, as what guest wouldn't enjoy them? They spin the bottle—wherever it lands, the spinner must kiss the nearest lass or lad.

The *Pose and Guess* game will certainly be played. A group of players strikes a pose either in imitation of a famous painting, or as an enactment of the name of a picture, and the rest guess it. *Washington Crossing the Delaware*, for example, or *Hot Spot*, Carole's current picture. If you were reproducing *Hot Spot*, you might pretend to be ironing and burn yourself with the iron, or you might be jitter-bugging on a crowded floor, or whathaveyou.

Quotations is another form of amusement highly favored. Here guests are divided into two "sides," with captains. Each side writes quotations and lays them on a table; one side selects a quotation from those of the other side and a stop watch is held while one member enacts it and the rest of his side guesses. The side guessing the most quotations in the least time wins.

"Henry Wilcoxon brought the first contingent of the young R.A.F. men who are now over here to one of our parties," commented Carole, "and implored us to go slow on account of the boys, who had never played the game. The boys guessed everything almost as soon as it started! Nothing slow about them."

New Year, to Carole, means singing sentimental songs, so they'll gather around the piano and let go with *Auld Lang Syne* and so on. "I go all sentimental on my birthday and on holidays," sighed the young star. "Isn't it marvelous?"

The whole troupe called him "Hank" on sight. I found out soon enough that he had a sense of humor that is plenty good. He paused to say to the wardrobe girl and to Barbara Stanwyck's hairdresser: "Thanks, the flowers are beautiful." A sly grin attended these words. The "beautiful flowers" were "borrowed" from a trash can, preserved with an aspirin tablet, bundled in an old cuspidor, and then put in a striking place in Fonda's dressing room suite.

In the scenes where Barbara as *Dr. Helen Hunt* is examining him after his fall, she is unbuttoning his coat, straightening his head, talking to the attending doctor and using what sound to us like ten-syllable medical terms. Hank would lie quietly on the table, agonized in pain, and then at the climactic moment he'd look up at her and say: "Atta girl, kid!" And she said: "Just you WAIT!" Later in the picture, in the department store scenes where Hank had to wait on people, talk his dialogue perfectly, sell a tie, wrap it up, hand it back to the customer, look for his wife, and be nonchalant, all at the same time, Barbara stood by giving hints to the director as to how he could make life more miserable for a struggling good actor. Hank proved he could take it and this scene is a masterpiece of Fonda confusion and art.

He is, more than often, compared to that unforgettable favorite of silent days, Charles Ray, but he has his own gentle, unbeatable manner of working that is invested with complete sincerity. In "You Belong to Me," his latest picture, he impersonates a millionaire who marries a lady doctor. He at once becomes wild and crazy with jealousy over all her men patients. H. F. admitted that it would be terrible to be married to such a guy, and hoped somebody would shoot him if he ever should show such tendencies.

I kept wondering how he could be funnier and do just as neatly each succeeding scene. He broke up the crew time after time with his expressions and antics, and he takes direction with such ease as is hard to believe.

I'm sure it will not detract from the public's attraction to my hero to say that he seldom looks into the mirror nor does he have a favorite side of his face to put before the camera, as is the case with some male screen idols. And he doesn't mind if his hair is rumpled. He talks about his children often and you know that they are a dear close part of his life. And about Frances, his wife. And about the new washing machine and about the new garbage control system out near his house. Even in these moments, he can make a heart flutter.

We were all looking forward with great eagerness to the holiday of the Fourth of July. My boss said that H. F. should have a "good rest." On July fifth, Mr. Fonda reported that he had spent the night of the third and the day of the fourth at the hospital with his eldest daughter who had been taken suddenly ill. Just like any other good father he told the what-abouts of the case and just like any other very good father he was deeply concerned. But, as is expected of the Hank Fonda brand of humor, he described an operation he had witnessed on invitation of the hospital staff. He was so lucid in his descriptions he had us all wondering what we might do to get an invitation to an operation.

He has had, as his stand-in for years, Bob Mitchell, who sells Virginia hams and bacon as a sideline. When Bob is busy selling his stuff to the boys, you'll hear a familiar: "Take it easy, Bob, I'll do it." And the gentleman is standing-in for himself.

He brings his script to the set each day

A Secretary Looks at a Star

Continued from page 34

I was ready to tear my hair. "What about his wardrobe?" I asked. "What about stills that always precede a picture, what about makeup tests, what about letting him get the last picture out of his mind—you can't just throw a guy into a part and say: 'Here it is!'" OH, can't you??????

H. F.'s first day's work in our picture was spent on a stretcher. Everybody thought it would be restful considering the fact that he was a tired-out man. We didn't say anything about the way the stretcher bounced or about the times it hit the ground with its companion in it. But Fonda didn't say anything about that either.

My boss said, "See if he knows his lines—" and I was once more face to face

with the one who used to be my hero. He stumbled a little and seemed to be having difficulty with the scarf around his neck. The scarf to the ski suit that had been fitted to him yesterday, Sunday, at noon, when he was also working. "Why don't you take it off, for heaven's sake, you look as if you're roasting!" He gave me a quick Fonda smile and said, "Oh, Agnes (that's the script girl) wouldn't like it—maybe it wouldn't match for the next shot—maybe I couldn't get it on the same way." A guy like that! High up the ladder of success with a golden safety catch and he talks about keeping his scarf straight so as not to worry the script girl! At that moment I had me back my hero!

a holder that has seen its better days. But it is of sentimental value to him because it was given by one of his former directors. Only the other day he bandaged another loose part with some adhesive tape that is generally used to hold up camera slates.

My boss gave a party for the crew and said, "Ask Hank—maybe he'll drop around for a few minutes and say hello to the boys." Mr. Fonda dropped in to say hello and had such a good time that he stayed the full time and went home when the rest of the boys went home.

As I am closing this story I have just been notified that Mr. Fonda called me while I was out to lunch. So I returned the call. He said that he was on location in a small town and that a picture had been previewed last night, at a local theater. As is our custom, we do not notify the stars, but try to have a full audience of fresh minds. They tell us how our picture goes over. The picture that had been shown was Fonda's last one—"You Belong to Me." He said that a crowd of people who had seen the picture came down on location to tell him how much they liked it.

"What did you do?" I asked.

"I was so excited I could hardly work! I was thrilled!" Funny that he should have called at this moment. But maybe not so funny, either, because it lets me tell you the value of human interest.

He certainly must know with what acclaim the public is meeting each of his pictures. He must know he's a favorite with Ma and the girls as well as with the man in the family. Even if he never went to see any of his own pictures, and he forgot all about the autograph books that are handed him, he can still see it in the papers. But you'd never know you were beside a celebrity, when you're around that man. As steady as your cousin from Omaha. Why, I don't think he even realized I had a hero!

Those Hips That Hip-notize!

Continued from page 51

ican custom, Miss Miranda allowed this meeting in her own drawing room, it could be considered only a very special occasion. When you are met at the door of a Brazilian home as a welcomed anticipated guest, you are never met by anyone as vaguely impersonal as a butler. On this occasion I was given Miss Miranda's own firm and friendly handshake, made profusely welcome, and was immediately struck with how startlingly youthful she appeared in the soft, clinging, lemon-yellow something that she wore.

Not to have complimented such a sleek picture of poise would have been plainly ungallant and to my rather fumbled overture in her own language she smiled broadly.

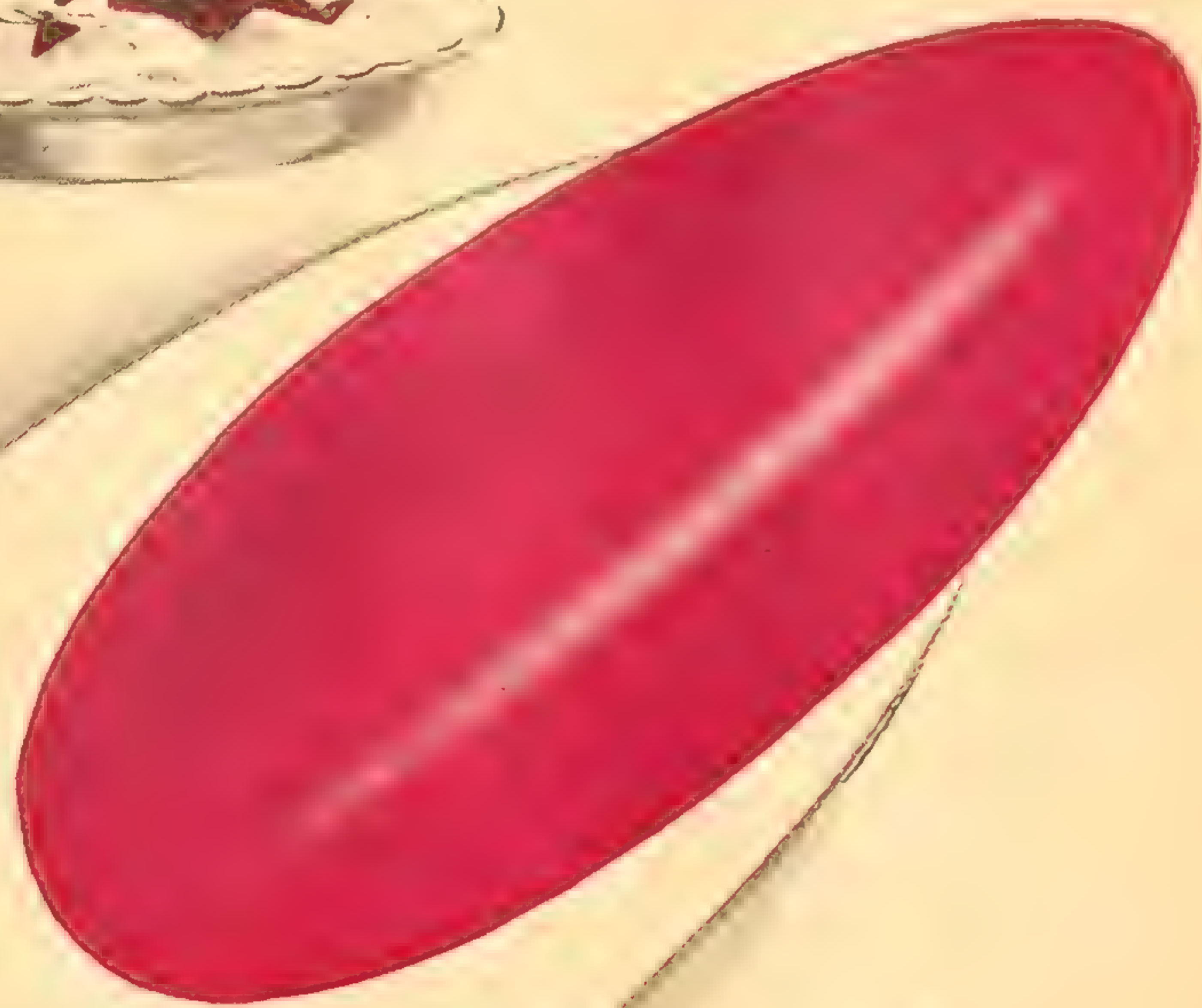
"Muinto obrigado," she said. "I thank you very much!" She squinted her eyes at me very intently and seemed more than surprised to find that, being an American, I could stumble along haltingly in her language. To further try me out, I think, she continued in her own tongue, with little extras, in English, thrown in. "This color, yellow," she said, referring to her entire chic ensemble, "I know in America you wear it. In Brazil it is not used—only very little. *Amarelo e desespero* (yellow is for despair), they say."

She shot me a questioning look to see if I was following. "It is one thing I don't know why it is even in my own country. But in the United States," she exclaimed

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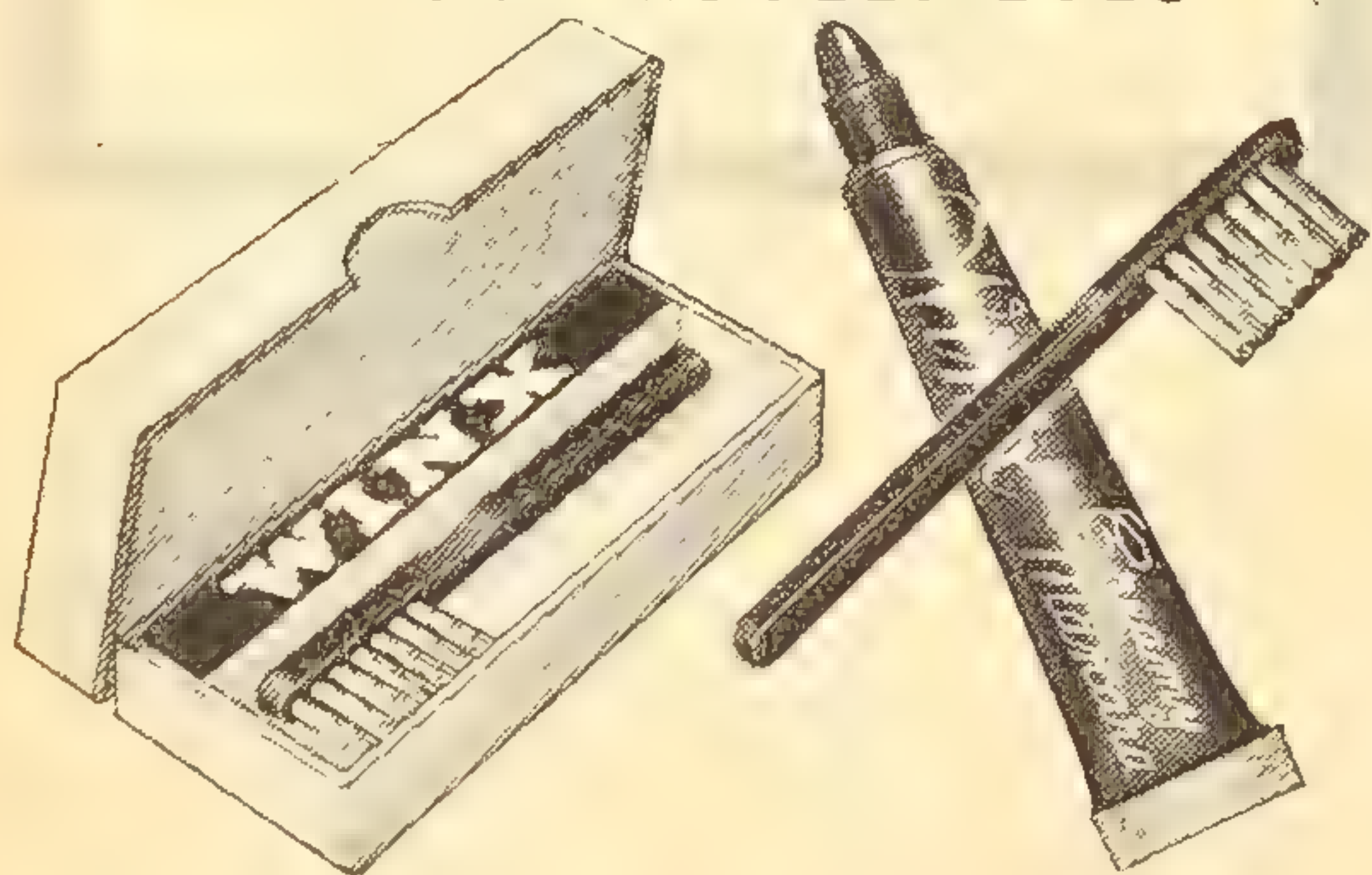
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with a helpless gesture, "I don't know why it is for many things—for almost everything! I don't know, until only just a little while ago, why it is so much to laugh at when I say, 'Good night, how are you?' I *should* say, because it is dark, 'Good evening, how are you?' And for another thing, I don't know either how can in America water be 'soft' water and 'hard' water!" Her eyes widened in baffled amazement. "That we don't have in Brazil!"

Because it's a thoroughly ingrained, old Brazilian custom, visitors in the home always meet the entire family; that is, every member of it physically able to present himself. Miss Miranda had had her family ready and lined up in the entrance hall and that formality had been delightfully executed. We clicked off one charming mother, one equally charming sister (who threatens to have a definite spot of her own in pictures before long) one brother-in-law, and two guests living with the family during their stay in this country.

Before Carmen had finished personally conducting me on a tour of that floor of her home we found ourselves presented with a *cafazinho* (a small, demi-tasse-size cup of strong, black coffee.) These were to be carried about with us and sipped during our conversation. It's another old Brazilian custom!

"How Americans they drink coffee," Carmen said, "it's not like in Brazil. I don't learn to like it yet. I don't like to talk interviews, either. I understand only when they say 'What-do-you-do-in-your-spare-time?'" Then coquettishly, with a bright sparkle in her eyes she added, "and everything of that I can't tell—always— isn't it right?"

We had by this time been comfortably settled in a small, beautifully appointed sitting room overlooking a lush California garden. There was a profusion of fresh-cut yellow roses on a low table, and copies of the most recent issues of all the better American magazines neatly stacked about. We had decided by then to talk of nothing but the many things that were puzzling her here in the United States.

"Either, I don't understand," she went on quickly, with great energy, "how Americans read so much magazines! How can they do it? I never saw such magazines as in this country!" She indicated the pile of periodicals. "I can't read English. I look only at the pictures. Most of everything I don't understand. Can you tell me what means 'flap jacks?' And why is so funny these Kentucky Cornels?" She looked deeply concerned. (I missed on the explanation sadly, I fear.) "They have there, too, in Kentucky, hilly billies, no?" Then, with even deeper concern she implored, "and can you please tell me what kind of beans is 'jolly beans?'"

Carmen was trying very seriously to get all these facts straightened out in her mind. She leaned a little closer and very confidentially she added, "You know, exactly, I don't understand yet what is a Yankee. And even I saw 'Gone With The Wind' two times! Is that only a name? And always I try to read the papers I see 'po-leetical boss.' It's like a gangster, no?"

"I don't know why in this country with everything that I don't understand I never feel afraid of anything," she explained. "I think, though, when I come to Hollywood I'll never know what the director wants me to do. But everybody is patient and makes me know what they mean. Sometimes for a long time I don't know it. I don't know yet on the set what everything is about. So many people I don't know what they do. And maybe the director says, 'You left here and walked over there.' Explaining to me what next to do. And then, instead, when I do it, I *laughed* here and walked over there. And then everybody thinks it's

very funny. I understand the mistake only when I know what is *left*. Then I remember I do learn that *esquerda* in my language means in English left, the left hand. It sounds just the same, too. And, again, I am once more all mixed up!

"Like it was when I ask my agent to resign me from one contract I can't do. For him, he understands that I mean *re-sign*. I find my self signed when I can't do it." She pouted charmingly. "This United States it's hard to get all straight!"

"Like now, I just heard, 'Thank you, heeps.' What means this? How can thank you be with the," here, by way of explanation, she placed her expressive hands on her more expressive hips and imploringly looked to me for some enlightenment. I tried as best I could to oblige. Carmen finally caught on and said brightly with a giggle, "Oh, *eo compreendo*, I understand. I show you!"

"Like this," she made motions with her hands along a horizontal line to indicate consecutive bumps or heaps. "This, it means heeps, many heeps. Isn't it?" I nodded. "And like this," she motioned now with both hands to indicate two beautifully curved vertical lines. "This, it means heeps, *two* heeps." She re-accented the position of her hands on her own hips so I'd recognize the differentiation. She seemed immensely pleased. "Isn't it right?" she demanded in sparkling eagerness.

I had to admit that she was absolutely correct. And then I went on to try to put over a point that I wanted to mention especially right there. I wanted to assure Miss Miranda that the subtle insinuations of the very hips we were then talking about were largely responsible for her great success in this country, and as a purely personal observation I wanted to put in a very loud and lusty cheer for the smooth finesse of her dancing.

Carmen looked very pleased but blurted out, "Oh, *muinto, muinto, obrigado*, thank you very, very much, but dancing I don't know anything about it. When the music starts I just do this." Here she gave a very subdued version of her unnamable routine, throwing away a million dollars worth of personality, mostly with her eyes—and hips!

I was about to make another observation and get around to really asking some questions of my own during this interview when we were interrupted by a servant who kept popping into the room to replenish our *cafazinhos*.

The pure, white, delicate Haviland cups were filled once more and as soon as we were alone again I popped the question before any other talk could spring up. Carmen looked amused and incredulous for a moment and then said, "So you want to know how I look like without a turban? But in this country no one ever sees me like that!"

I countered with the observation that that was most probably the very reason so much fascinated interest was attached to the fact and why it would be doubly fascinating for me to report, for the first time, on this interesting phenomenon.

She hesitated for a long moment and then with a great smile said, "Well, for you, I do it!" She slipped the bright yellow turban, that revealed only a smooth diamond of her tresses, slowly back from her forehead and then with a quick, energetic toss of her head, spilled a soft shining cascade of jet black hair far down below her shoulders. It was a startling transformation, and she could see as much from the amazement on my face. "So now," she giggled, "do you think I look like Hedy Lamarr?"

I was goggled-eyed with surprise at the complete change in her. She bubbled right along with the conversation. "In one scene in 'Week-end in Havana' I will, maybe,

"let my hair down!" She winked. "I have just cut this much off," she measured three or four inches with her fingers, "to make room inside the turban. I am very sad to cut it, so is my mother. We like woman's hair should be long in my country. But we are surprise in this country to see, too, many women with long hair. We see them in many be-e-euty shops with the head in a hot drier machine and with ice cold Coca-Cola in their hand. It is a true picture of America, no?"

"I don't know how Americans can like so much everything so cold. Water it's always ice water, and milk too it's cold, and ice cream, and even *soda* (in Brazil, any carbonated drink.) And why in this country do they call a 'smack' a kiss, and also it means just so different to 'smack' somebody? That I don't understand. It doesn't seem right. I don't know, too, what meat is 'mincemeat,' and what it is a 'corn belt?'"

She stopped abruptly and looked at me plainly puzzled. Then, suddenly, she changed completely, winked knowingly, and added, "But I know how to understand what is strawberry shortcake. I know *that*. And I know, too, Virginia baked ham. I learn it from seeing big color pictures. Here I learn everything from pictures in the magazines. But I have just say a silly thing. I am looking at a magazine and to somebody at the studio I say, 'Who is this John Barleycorny?'" She giggled. "It's funny when they tell me, but in Brazil we don't use names like that of a person."

"In this country I don't yet drive my automobile like at home, but, there, I have American cars, too. Here the police have too much laws I don't know and they say, 'where is that fire, sister!' Then I pay feeftteen dollars, and I don't know why it is!"

"And I don't understand yet how in this country sometimes a party it's to talk only most of business. In Brazil it is never like that. It happened to me when I arrive in New York. I met such charming people there. These were *tao enthusiasmos* (so enthusiastic) and *tao seguros de se mesmos* (so sure of themselves.)"

Carmen went on to explain that soon after this party she found her likeness plastered all over New York billboards advertising, of all things, an Eastern brand of beer. (She doesn't use alcohol in any form.) She found that the while she thought she was making polite tea chatter at this charming gathering with these charming people, she had somehow unwittingly given a local brewery unrestricted leave to use her name and figure to exploit their brew. It was all very bewildering.

"Another time," she added, "came to my apartment in New York seex turbans from the best couturier in the city. I know it is not right! I don't know what to do. I had shop at that *salon*, and it is not like in Brazil. In English I could say only 'more, more,' to mean to *see* more styles. Everyone is so *muito educado* (very polite) there. They send many people to see what I want. I make so much of a mistake and I can't understand. Then the note comes to my apartment with the turbans to say 'with our compliments for Miss Miranda.' They *even* know who I am, and they find out where I live. I don't understand! I want to pay the bill, they say, 'no, for Miss Miranda!'" Carmen shook her puzzled head and shrugged her shoulders. "In Brazil this could never happen!"

"You know," she went on sweeping me right along with her amazing energy, "in this country I eat many different candies. It is all delicious, but it's just by the last few days that I know what is 'taffy.' It's very American this candy, isn't it? I like this! But now they say, 'Oh, that's nothing, wait until you taste real Vermont maple sugar!' What is that, is it good?"

I was almost tempted to shout, "Good!"

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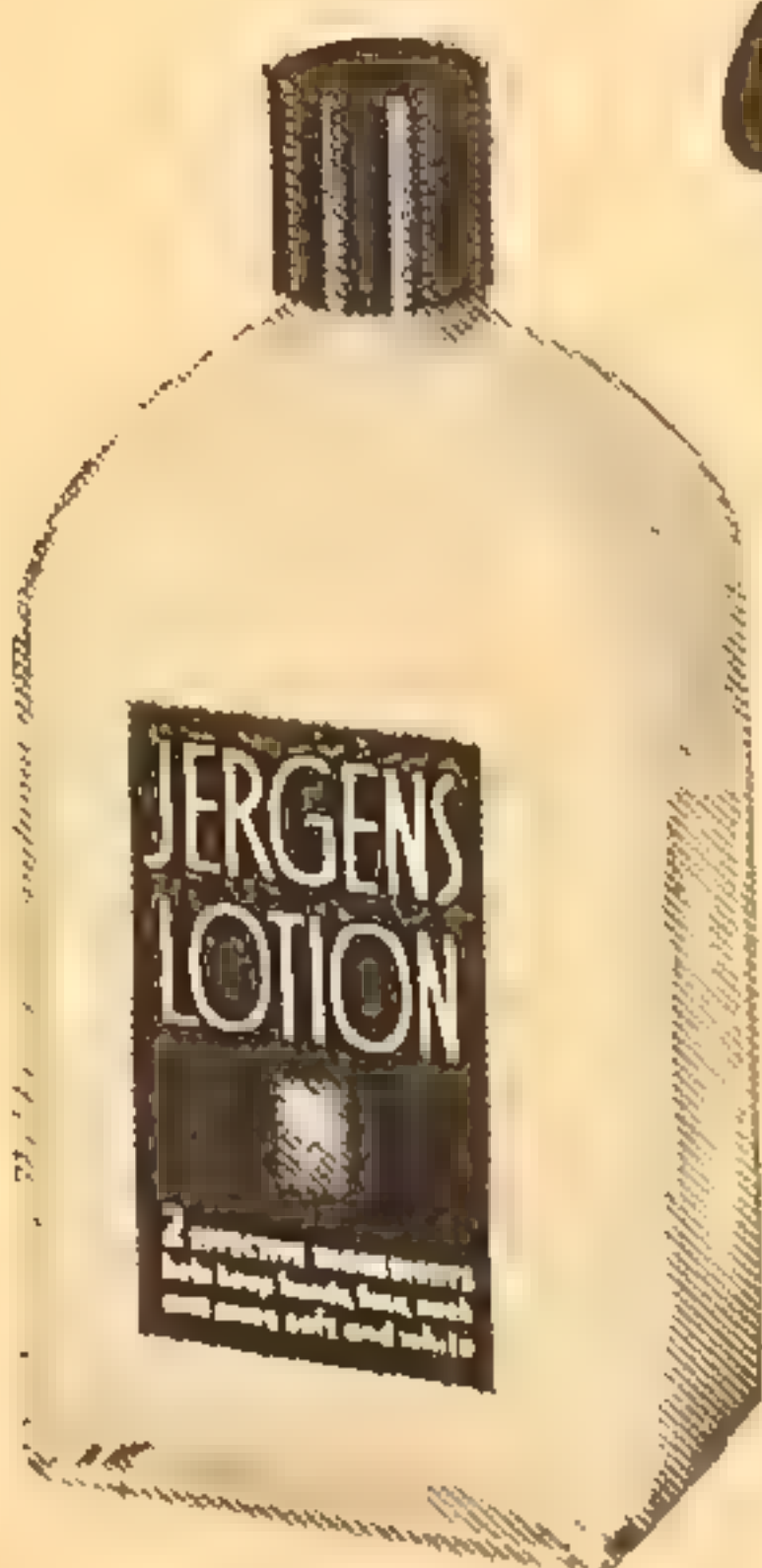
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Why, you haven't tasted the most toothsome and most American flavor in the whole country if you haven't tasted real maple sugar!" And I did, in effect, but I tried to couch it in such a way so as not to make Carmen feel any more bewildered or uninformed about all these many American institutions that she still knew nothing about.

Although, if my calculations are right, from what I gathered as we talked on and on far into the afternoon, it won't be long now before there isn't a single old American custom, taste, or habit that Miss Miranda isn't informed on to some degree. Not that all this knowledge will ever change this brilliant, Brazilian chatterbox into a staid visitor. That could never be! The questions about our puzzling and strange Americana went on and on during our talk. We touched on everything from

states rights to ten-gallon hats and even sow-belly and molasses.

Her keen observation and insatiable curiosity finally prodded her into asking, "What kind of coats in America means 'petticoats'?" My explanation on that one, I'm afraid, limped rather sadly, and we decided to let up on the question bee for that session.

At the door her *adieux* were in warm, sincere English. I finally found myself at last on her front stoop filled to the brim with overpowering, Brazilian *encanto* (charm). And, believe me, not a little bewildered.

Before I could take myself a single step on my way the closed door popped open and there was Carmen with a grin and an impish wrinkle to her nose. In a mischievous, throaty giggle she called, "Thank you, heeps!" And quickly disappeared.

Bride on a Budget!

Continued from page 26

night—alone—she almost keeled over. "What happened to your friend?" she asked, as casually as she could.

"Oh, Ward! He's a card!" Bill said. "Yes, sirree, a card."

She quite agreed with Bill. She agreed with him seven or eight times during the course of the evening, whenever he entered her mind, as a matter of fact.

This fellow Bill was no last-minute dater like Ward. The very next day he called up and put in a bid for Sunday night. She accepted. When he showed up once more without Ward, she blinked with surprise. What on-earth was happening to her? Was she losing her charms? Before she retired that night she measured her waistline. The same as before, she noted with relief. She went to bed a little disturbed.

The following Monday she happened upon an answer to the riddle of the reluctant romancer. She was cleaning out her desk after school when she heard one of the boys say: "Did you hear about the bet Ward has made with Bill Price?"

"No. What bet?"

"Bill bet him five bucks that he couldn't stay away from that Leabo girl for a month. It's a cinch bet. Ward's got will power."

"So he had will power, did he?" Maybe she did, too.

Three weeks later Ward met her and asked about Friday night. She was wonderfully sweet to him.

"I'd love to see you, Owen. Where have you been keeping yourself?"

"Busy studying," he said. "You know how it is around this time of year."

"I certainly do," she said.

Well, Owen Ward dropped by the Leabo manse the next night and pounded for fifteen minutes. There wasn't a soul at home. Betty had seen to that. He pounded, gave up trying, and went on home. When he ran into her on Monday and got a casual "Hi, there, Owen," he got the hint, especially when she passed by with the star athlete of the school and seemed to be enjoying it.

Owen Ward's five-dollar bet almost finished the romance. For three years Betty Leabo exercised her wonderful will power and put him out of her mind. They went on to the same high school. Occasionally she would catch a glimpse of him in the corridors and would hurry by.

For a year or two she saw a good deal of Bill. He was a wonderful dancer and a spinner of tall tales that amused her. She saw other boys besides Bill. Sixteen going on seventeen and she was the belle of the Los Angeles High School. The Leabo tele-

phone used to begin ringing like mad from the moment she got home from school.

High school was something in the nature of a personal triumph for Betty Leabo. Girls' President for the entire school, president of the Girls' Cabinet, head of Brush and Quill, and heaven knows what all else, she found herself regretting one fine May morning that in exactly fifteen days graduation would be upon her. She was deep in this nostalgic mood when she ran into Owen Ward in the hall. He was looking awfully handsome, she noticed, as he smiled, waved his hand, and passed by. She knew without figuring, how long it had been—three years, three months and nine days—since their last date.

The day before graduation she met Owen as she was waiting for the bus. He asked if he could drive her home. She told him she was waiting for her mother. "I don't think she'd mind," he said. She climbed in.

On the way home that afternoon Owen Ward asked her if he could take her out after the graduation exercises. She accepted just as if nothing had happened.

The graduation exercises were wonderful and weepy. And woeful, too. She was feeling ill. Actually the beginnings of influenza were upon her. Regardless, as a top ranking member of her class, she made a little speech. She doesn't remember the title. All she recalls is that it was "pretty sappy, although Owen didn't think so."

Afterwards they went to the Coconut Grove, she in her white formal and Owen in his dinner jacket. She never noticed that he looked extra special in the get-up. They danced and she observed that he was very light on his feet, lighter even than Bill who had been her first real dancing partner. Three numbers were all she could stand. After that she suggested that they leave. Owen didn't even ask why. And she loved him for it.

She was ill in bed for three weeks. She was a pretty sick girl. What did her as much good as the doctor, almost, was the messages from Owen that her mother used to relay to her. After the second week she was well enough to receive callers. He came every day. He didn't talk dance bands. Not even football.

Came fall and came college. He went off to U.C.L.A., of course. She enrolled at the University of Southern California. Back at Los Angeles High she had sort of concentrated on speech, concentrated so successfully that she had won a scholarship at U.S.C.

She tried the University of Southern California for a semester and then gave it

up. And where did she go from there? To U.C.L.A., as you have guessed, gentle reader. She transferred to U.C.L.A. because of Owen Ward. She missed him, and what was college without your true love?

She took to U.C.L.A. right from the start and vice versa, especially the boys. They organized a Betty Leabo for Practically-Anything-She-Wants Club. She went out with Owen Ward, of course. But she went out with the other lads, too. It was a little disconcerting when June came to learn that Owen didn't seem to mind her popularity one bit. It irked her a little.

That summer she saw Owen Ward but not so much as she would have liked. He'd come every week or so and treat her like a princess. He was always explaining how "busy" he was.

By the time fall rolled around she decided that as a Sophomore she would show some "wonderful good sense" and concentrate on Owen Ward exclusively.

That year was a memorable one for both of them. It was sort of a campus Mardi Gras, with classes as rather incidental. Being in love seemed to help in their school work. Owen was majoring in business administration, and she, turning her back on speech, was majoring in sociology. He would take her to every social event sponsored by his fraternity, Phi Kappa Psi, and she would have him over to all the affairs given by the Delta Gammas.

"Merrily, merrily, merrily," she wrote in her diary under the date of December 11, 1939, "life is but a dream." The line is not exactly original. But it is fairly expressive. She made the entry one night after Owen had presented her with his fraternity pin.

The Ward-Leabo romance became an all-campus secret. As president of his fraternity, Ward naturally commanded a modicum of interest. Besides that, he had a certain capacity for leadership which made fellows gravitate around him. Fellows and girls. The girls didn't do so well.

They had their tiffs. Their bitter quarrels, too. The first time Betty handed him back his fraternity pin and shut the door behind her she cried until six o'clock the next morning. She'd hurry home after classes and wait for his call. Only there wouldn't be any. About a week was enough to convince her that when Owen Ward knew he was in the right, nothing would budge him. The inevitable happened: Betty Leabo, doffing her pride, would call Owen up and tell him she was sorry. Always the gentleman, Owen would let on he didn't know what she was talking about.

There were times when Betty felt that love was running too smooth a course. She knew a sure-fire remedy for that. All of a sudden she would accept a whole string of dates from campus big operators. She picked the boys who would make Owen the maddest, magnificent clothes-horses, boys with flashy motors and not too much brain power, and, worst of all, his fraternity brothers. Instinctively Owen played the right card: he showed an utter indifference to her and never rang up even once to ask how she was. She would calm down in time, meet him under a shade tree on the campus, and say she was sorry. You know what Owen would do: he'd look at her and say: "For what, honey?"

It must have been mid-year when she received the sad news that when June came her college days would be over. There was no more money forthcoming for education. In fact, times had become so bad that her mother, who was divorced, had accepted a job as house mother for a fraternity house at Westminster College, Fulton, Missouri.

"As sad as it makes me to have to say so, it looks as if you will have to earn your own money after next June," her mother had written. It made her unhappy but not out of any self pity. The thought that her

mother was obliged to work distressed her. Before she was through with college forever, she figured in an episode that changed her life. To begin with, it was totally accidental. Secondly, it had no importance in itself. All you can say is that happened.

What happened was this: she was notified one day that she had been picked as the cutest Delta Gamma on the campus and therefore would represent her lodge in campus fashion show. She looked as smart as the Duchess of Windsor in the tailored suits she wore, especially a navy blue number with one-inch pencilled stripes. Her picture landed in the paper and the paper on top of the desk of one of the publicists over at Universal. He was hatching up promotional ideas for a Deanna Durbin picture, "Three Smart Girls." Why not, he wondered, invite three smart J.C.L.A. girls over to the studio for lunch?

One of the three smart girls was our Betty. She arrived on schedule, was complimented, shown around, and wished God-speed. One of the Universal boys asked her if she wouldn't like to do three weeks on a picture. She preferred putting in three weeks on her exams which were coming up.

School over, she went to Kansas City to be with her mother for the summer. Three days of loafing and she became restless. It might have been that she was missing Owen. It was probably her wonderful eagerness. Anyhow, she went out one day and got herself a job modeling for one of the big department stores. She did it off and on right through Labor Day. After that her mother went back to her job as house mother and Betty returned to California to become a career girl.

Owen met her at the station. They had corresponded all summer, but letters are a poor substitute for personal appearances. She told him she had come back to lick the town. "You will, honey," he said.

There is no point in going all through it all over again, how she combed the telephone directory for names of photographers who did work for advertisers, how she stormed their offices, how they were intrigued by her freshness and joie-de-vivre, and how by springtime she managed to get a foothold in a profession which is tougher than tough to crack without any help. She would come home nights after posing in bathing suits, standing beside high-priced motor cars, and wait for Owen's call. They were together as often as his studies would permit. They were never happier.

She was cutting great swaths in the business when a Miss Frances Baillie, who turned out to be an agent, looked her up and told her she had movie possibilities. Miss Baillie asked if she could represent her. "Why, of course," Betty said. What was there to lose?

The story of how Miss Baillie took her to Twentieth Century-Fox, introduced her to the dramatic coach, Tom Moore, and had her opinion of the Leabo's picture possibilities enthusiastically endorsed is more or less old hat by now. Mr. Moore gave her some tips on make-up, smoothed the rough spots, and then brought her to Lew Schreiber, the casting director. Mr. Schreiber agreed that she certainly rated a screen test, and wouldn't she come back to be interviewed again?

How she didn't show up because she had a modeling assignment from a photographer—she never put too much stock in her chances of crashing the movies—how Tom Moore was a little peeved but forgave her, and how she finally took the test and passed it with flying colors is a Cinderella saga by now. The thing we are interested in is this:

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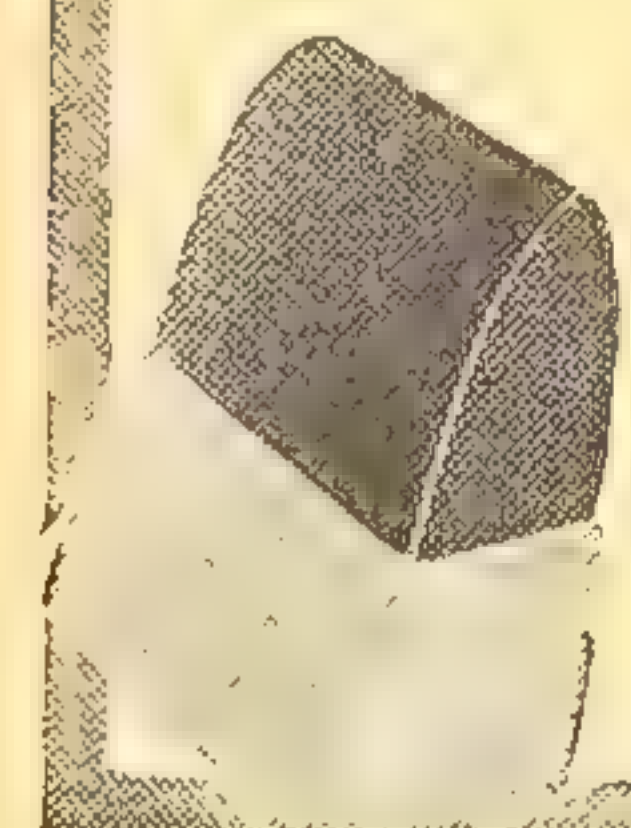
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"What about a college boy named Owen Ward (just finishing his junior year) and a movie actress who was no longer Betty Leabo but Brenda Joyce?"

She became a star overnight. Her debut in "The Rains Came" did it. Owen had just begun his senior year when the picture was released and provoked a general tumult and shouting in behalf of a new name, Brenda Joyce. If the studio was surprised and delighted at the comet they had signed up, the bright, new star was delighted and dazed.

A star, she discovered in short order, has certain obligations to her public. On and off the screen she is supposed to deport herself with glamor and color. If life isn't at her elbow ready to help her find glamor and color, the studio, with its imaginative publicity department, is. Romance can be created very beautifully with a typewriter. Another, and better, way is with a camera: the idea is for the lady star to appear in public with a male star, preferably from the same studio, and for a photographer to show up, accidentally. Naturally, he snaps the picture, it gets printed in 500 newspapers along with mention of the lady's next picture, and the studio is happy no end.

It was inevitable that the publicity boys should inquire what was what with the lady's heart and whom she would like as a strictly-for-laughs boy friend? There was Cesar Romero. Ty Power, Don Ameche, of course, were out: the gentlemen are happily married. Ditto John Payne. There was, come to think of it, George Sanders. And George Montgomery. Or . . .

Miss Joyce said the boys were awfully nice and thanks just the same. She had a boy friend named Owen Ward.

"What does he do?" they chorused.

"He's in college."

The boys did a double take.

Well, the news broke and in its wake there was general consternation. The cynics, of course, were eloquent. One of the columnists hinted darkly that the romance was already on its last legs. Another paragrapher gave the romance three months. It was no reflection on either of the personalities involved. It was just proof that Hollywood does things to human hearts.

The romance didn't fold up. Far from it. Every now and then Owen Ward and his Brenda would make a public appearance. The cameramen fairly bombarded them. It made good copy, this romance. It was the Cinderella and Prince Charming story in reverse. The lady from the cinema was in love with a college boy.

Pictures were pictures and stories were stories but what was happening to the two deep inside of them, everyone wondered but none knew. The chemistry of fame is very strange. And very subtle. It has a corroding element in it that is more powerful than prussic acid.

There is no point in saying that the path of true love flowed gently like the Afton. It didn't. For one thing, there was always Owen, the white knight who didn't want to hold her to anything that had been agreed upon before the party of the second part had become a gleaming comet. On the other hand there was Brenda, herself, who would wonder, every now and then, whether this love of hers was only an intermezzo or the real thing. There was no way of knowing, she would tell herself, because Owen was the only boy friend she had ever had. Besides this there was the obligation to her career. Would a marriage in the near future cause her stock to plummet down? In other words, how would the box office react to a wedding? With an established star it was one thing. But she was only a beginner.

A few more months passed. There would be times when she saw little of Owen. A picture in production meant an

almost-total curtailment of her social activities.

These social lulls brought on the usual speculation. "The Ward-Joyce romance has flown out the window," one psychic gentleman observed in his column. A lady had doped out: "Owen Ward and Brenda Joyce have decided to call it quits."

Back on the campus of U.C.L.A. Owen Ward read the comments and tackled his books with all his might. Graduation wasn't very far away. Nothing—nothing on earth—must be allowed to stand in his way. Meanwhile, he cut down on his calls to the Joyce manse now presided over by Brenda's mother. Brenda deserved the right, he felt, to think it over and make her own choice.

They'd meet at least once a week and it would be the same as before all over again. He graduated in June. The two made it an all-out celebration. That night he told her all about it. Now that he was a qualified accountant, he'd step out and get himself a job. It didn't matter what the job paid to begin. The future was all he was interested in. He looked over at her when he said it. And she blushed.

One night in August he called her up all excited. He had landed a job, with Price-Waterhouse, famous accountants.

"I've got a wonderful salary to start," he told her.

"How wonderful!" she exclaimed.

"Why don't you ask me 'How much?'"

"How much?"

"Two hundred a month."

In October she received an invitation to go on a personal appearance tour with Louella Parsons. A half dozen others were going along, Ilona Massey, Sabu, Mike Frankovich, Arleen Whelan, Bill Orr, and Robert Stack. She talked it over with Owen that very night. "Sure," he said. "Why don't you make the trip?"

She accepted. They weren't as far East as Tucson before she began to miss Owen Ward. They hadn't reached St. Louis before she discovered an antidote for her loneliness. It came in the form of two buckos with a lust for life. They were Bill Orr and Bob Stack.

Bill and Bob are naturals when it comes to gloom-dispelling. Especially when the patient is blonde, pretty, and unattached. They had read that she and Owen had parted for good and they promptly entered the sweepstakes. On that tour they rushed her like crazy. They both showered her with attention. They made her laugh. They played gags on her, made her hysterical.

"You've got to get out of your shell, honey," they used to tell her. After a month she was convinced that the boys were right. She plunged into the Mardi Gras—strictly for laughs.

Meanwhile, the national columns began to be flooded with sensational "scoops." Brenda Joyce and Bill Orr were a two-some. Bill Orr, paced by Robert Stack, had stolen Owen Ward's girl. Owen Ward, meanwhile, read the Los Angeles papers and tried to laugh it off. What made it difficult was the fact that the letters from Brenda had dwindled down to nothing.

At the end of seven weeks the party returned to Los Angeles. Owen didn't meet her at the station. But they did meet that night. It was in the form of a celebration marking her return.

That night Owen Ward proposed to her. "Let's not decide anything right now, Owen," she said.

"All right," Ward said.

The next two weeks were hectic ones. Still agog from her long tour with its romantic excitement, she found herself being rushed not only by Bill Orr but by Bob Stack, who chose to ignore the newspaper handicappers who had put Bill Orr way out front. It was hectic but wonderful.

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This bubble-blowing and gadabouting was a novelty.

She was writing a letter the morning after a date with young Orr when the telephone rang. It was Owen. "Look," he said, "I've stayed home from work today for a special reason. I'd like to see you this afternoon. It's very important."

"Of course, Owen," she found herself saying. "I'll be home."

That afternoon Owen Ward, the once-upon-a-time president of the student body of the Mount Vernon Junior High School, made one point crystal clear. He wanted an answer to his proposal of three weeks back. It was pointless to let the thing drag on any longer. He couldn't offer her a house with a swimming pool. He couldn't offer her social position. He couldn't offer her prestige. But he could, and did, offer her himself, not as he was but as he would be, God willing.

She didn't say anything for a while. She was still up there riding on a cloud.

"The answer is yes or no, Brenda," he said gently but firmly.

"The answer is yes," she said suddenly. "It's the only answer there could ever be. I'm certain of it now more than ever."

That night she had a date with Robert Stack. It had been arranged a couple of days previously. Owen felt she ought to keep it. And she did.

The announcement appeared in the papers the next afternoon and everyone blinked. The marriage that the cynics were sure would never take place was happening. Not one of these Las Vegas elopements either! It was going to be a church wedding, the kind every girl dreams about.

On January 18, Owen Ward and Brenda Joyce marched down the aisle of the St. Alban's Episcopal Church in Westwood Village. The chapel wasn't jammed with curious strangers. There were the thirty invited guests and that's all. One of them

was Mrs. Darryl Zanuck, wife of the boss of the bride-to-be, who looked like a far-away princess in her gown of organdy appliqué, a creation of Travis Banton, head T.C.-F. designer. She wore a white hat with blue ribbons which were tied in a bow under the chin. Appliqued on the skirt of the dress in huge letters were the words Betty and Owen. A dove held the end of the ribbons spelling out the names.

"In Hollywood yet" a cynical reporter covering the event was heard to say.

Yes, in Hollywood! And here's the last word on the subject by the bride on whom the sun is still shining:

"I had known Owen for almost ten years, but strangely enough there was still an awful lot to learn about him. Courtship and marriage are a little different. In the one, human beings show themselves as they would like to be; in the other, as they really are.

"I was amazed at the amount of give and take that go into marriage, the necessity for losing a consciousness of the individual and to think in terms of the common good. I don't want to pretend that it was always easy, especially in the beginning. Often it was a case of thinking 'No' but saying 'Yes.'"

If you're like Brenda Joyce, you are certain that the man you've married is passing wonderful and totally flawless. Thank God, you eventually come to believe, you were wrong. The man is bound to have a few minor ailments, almost sure to have a habit for doing things that annoy you every now and then. But you come to regard all this as a challenge. It's part of the adventure. And a precious part.

Naturally, there will be those who want to know about economics. How is it done, this living with a cinema lady on an accountant's salary? With mirrors?

"Not exactly. To begin with, my husband's salary pays for the house and all

living expenses. My clothes, naturally, I buy for myself. They are part of the job, not part of marriage. Under this set-up, there is little dashing about to Citro's. We will be doing more of that when Price-Waterhouse, my husband's firm, sees fit to promote him. In the meanwhile, he loves his job and isn't complaining.

"My life, of course, has undergone some alterations. When I was a bachelor girl, I came and went as I pleased. I went out at the jangle of a telephone. All that, need I say, is gone. And I don't miss it.

"I think I go to bed a little earlier than I used to. Especially after work. Dinner over, we read for a while, listen to the radio, and call it a night.

"I try to cook the meals. I'm doing better every day, I'm told. There is a maid who is relief cook. She also cleans. That is all we have by way of servant problems.

"On Sundays I go to a movie with Owen. We come to look forward to it.

"I think it's a big mistake to let a husband think that yours is the important job. As I see it, I must remain Betty Leabo to him at all costs. Brenda Joyce is for the studio.

"Divorces, I think, come about because people refuse to try hard enough. We have had our occasional tempests in teapots. But we are very fortunate. Neither being temperamental, neither says anything that is hard for the other to forget when the debate is over. Does Owen make all the gestures at forgiveness? No. I think I make my share, just as I make my share of causes for complaint. The important thing is that each of us regards the other as a sensitive, sensible human being and tries to act accordingly.

"Do I sound very dull and un-star-like? If I do, I hope I'm not a total disillusionment. But this is the way I am as Betty Leabo. The other is Brenda Joyce, whom I don't know nearly so well!"

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"Kings Row"

Continued from page 23

that was never altogether happiness, the ecstasy, the despair. All that was beautiful, all that was exciting passed with her, his lost Cassandra.

No, there was nothing to bring him back to Kings Row now. Even Drake didn't need him any more now that he had Randy. Drake McHugh and Randy Monaghan, what a combination that was to set tongues wagging! Union Street and the railroad tracks; the richest boy in town and the poorest girl.

Strange that it was on the day Parris was leaving that Drake and Randy had met again. She had changed from that tough little tomboy they had sneaked away to play with sometimes down at the tracks. It was incredulous that Randy should have grown into this tall, lovely girl, the old rough edges of her voice lost in that husky contralto of hers, her eyes looking at them with that candid directness under the subdued glory of her red hair as she came over to them on the station platform. "Lo, Drake McHugh," she had said, and when that impish smile came they knew it was Randy Monaghan for all the other changes. "You never did come back to Elroy's ice-house. You going away?"

"It's Parris who's going," Drake said. "He's going clear to Europe." Then he looked at her so steadily that a slow warmth of color crept over her tanned face. "Say, Randy, I'll bet you're the prettiest girl in the world!" he said, and he looked as if somehow his feet had found solid ground again.

Easier to leave Drake after that. There had been the worry before, Drake had always been undisciplined even as a child. He had always had everything he wanted, and afterwards when he was alone in the world with all that money he had done all those wild, crazy things that set the town to talking. He had the flashiest buggy, the fastest horses, and he had gone tearing around with Jinny and Poppy Ross, whom the women of the town never mentioned and the men only did with a wink.

In the beginning it was just that Drake was as careless and fun-loving and happy-go-lucky as they come. It was only after Dr. and Mrs. Gordon refused to let him call to see Louise any more and Louise was too weak and ineffectual to stand out against them, that he really went overboard. He had asked Parris to go with him that last time and so Parris knew how that stormy interview with the Gordons, that weakening of Louise, had hurt him. It didn't surprise him that Drake hadn't even tried to restrain himself after that. But now there was Randy's firm little hand to hold the check reins.

It had all started away back when they were children. What a farce to think childhood all a rosy, happy contentment. All the dark, hidden things had been there then if they had had eyes wise enough to see.

The screams coming from Willy McIntosh's house that day his father died when Dr. Gordon operated on him without an anaesthetic, because his heart was supposed to be too weak to stand it. Parris had always felt a repulsion for Dr. Gordon. There was something about his quick intake of breath, as if an inner excitement compelled him, something about his eyes, blue and opaque and unfeeling, that struck terror to Parris's heart, just as he had never been really afraid of Dr. Tower, for all his strangeness and for all the talk about that mysterious household of his.

The town shunned the Towers. The couldn't understand them at all: a doctor who never practised; his wife who was never seen except as a shadow peering sometimes from an upper window, indefinite, unreal, hardly alive; their daughter Cassandra who even then had that loathsome half innocent, half sensuous. The boy Parris had loved her just as the man did afterwards. She was so endearing with the way of hers of not saying much or doing much, so enchanting with that way of tilting her head as if she were waiting for something which never came.

They used to meet, the two of them down by the pond that lay below the meadow stretching from the Von Eln house. Only then did Cassie lose her reverence, talking with him, laughing, the two of them going swimming in the lazy summer afternoons. Even then Parris knew it was wrong, taking off their clothes like that, knew that if people saw them they would call them bad. But it wasn't bad, not really bad. Nothing he did with Cassie could be really bad.

He was just a little boy but he knew all the hurt of being grown up that day Cassie came to tell him that her father was taking her out of school and was going to teach her himself. "But if you don't go to school then you can't walk home with me," Parris said, and it was more than being sad, it was being frightened, like sensing something dreadful and unnamed in the future. "Or go swimming or play with me or anything."

He knew Cassie was frightened too then. "Maybe I can't ever go anywhere!" She was clinging to him, her eyes wide with her terror. "Maybe I'll just have to stay home like Mama does all the time."

The Tower house grew stranger than ever after that, now that Cassie too was hidden in it. Sometimes people got a glimpse of her on the porch, but that was all they ever got, just that glimpse of her rushing into the house when she saw that she had been seen.

Parris didn't see her again until that day when they were both grown up, the day he began to study with Dr. Tower. It was Grandmere who had decided he was the one who could prepare Parris for his entrance examinations to the medical college in Vienna and even Dr. Tower couldn't deny anything Madame Von Eln wished.

Cassie opened the door for him that first day he went. She stood halfway behind it in the deep shadows of the hall and at first she looked the way he had remembered her, only prettier, so much prettier with her brilliant strange green eyes and that silken gold of her hair.

"Down there," she whispered. "The last door." She walked away then, quickly, as if she were afraid to stay. And there was that frightened thing about her which didn't make her seem like Cassie at all. Then the door opened down at the other end of the hall and Dr. Tower stood there.

"Hereafter I want you to come around to the study door." He sounded gruffly annoyed. "You will come through it and you will leave through it."

But in spite of that beginning he and Parris became friends. It was Dr. Tower who first made his thoughts turn to psychiatry. Grandmere had been right about Dr. Tower, he was brilliant, he gave Parris a foundation he could never have gotten from anyone else. But it was strange too, in this great, darkened house, catching those fleet

CAST "KINGS ROW"

A Warner Bros. Picture. Executive Producer Hal B. Wallis. Associate Producer David Lewis. Director Sam Wood. Screen Play by Casey Robinson.

Randy Monaghan.....Ann Sheridan
Parris Mitchell....Robert Cummings
Drake McHugh.....Ronald Reagan
Cassandra Tower.....Betty Field
Dr. Henry Gordon....Charles Coburn
Dr. Alexander Tower...Claude Rains
Mrs. Harriet Gordon.Judith Anderson
Louise Gordon.....Nancy Coleman
Madame Von Elm.Maria Ouspenskaya
Col. Skeffington....Harry Davenport
Elise Sandor.....Kaaren Verne

ing glimpses of Cassie and feeling always that she was running away from him and that other mystery of her mother too, still puzzling even now that she was dead.

Then one evening Parris went back to the Tower house after dinner because he had forgotten his notebook after his lesson. There was a light in the study and he thought Dr. Tower was still there, but when he opened the door he saw it was Cassie.

"Father's gone to St. Louis," she told him. "He'll be back next Tuesday."

Parris felt his heart beginning to race as he looked at her, her slim, silk stockinged legs crossed over the low, tufted arm rest of the sofa. She was the only girl in town who wore silk stockings. Maybe that was her father's way of making things up to her. She was lovely, so breathtaking with that amazingly white skin of hers, the curve of her mouth the more vivid against it.

"I guess I'll hurry on," he said.

"Why?" Her green eyes looked at him steadily. "Do you have to go?" Then as he hesitated she patted the place beside her on the sofa. "Let's talk. Tell me what you do all the time."

"Why did your father take you out of school?" Parris blurted out the question unthinkingly. "Was it . . . ?"

"If you want to know, you'd better ask him!" The words came bitterly, violently.

"I kept remembering you," Parris said quietly as if he had not noticed her consternation at all. "How you'd trot along the road with me home from school. You were such a baby, and that's the way I thought of you most of the time. Then sometimes I'd remember that you were growing up too. Why, you were sixteen; now, eighteen! Then I'd wonder what you were doing, right then at the moment. Were you sewing or studying your lessons, were you crying or were you laughing, maybe? Could you be laughing when I was thinking so hard about you and feeling so terrible?"

"Children can be so silly!" The words seemed to be torn from her. Then quickly, contritely, "No, I don't mean that, Parris. You were always the nicest. But talk about something else, will you?"

It had begun to storm. Parris remembered how the rain sounded against the window, how the thunder came from a long distance away. It did something to her. She looked frightened again and she moved closer to him. So close that he felt her warmth against him. A painful excitement

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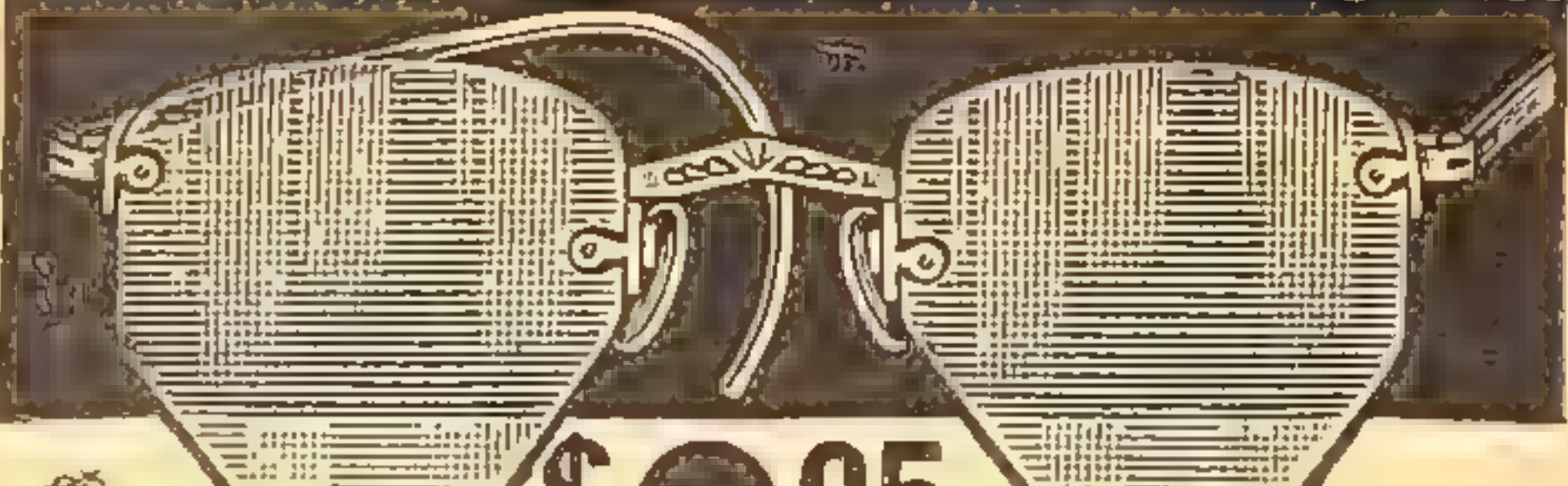


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clutched at his throat and without thinking, he put his arms around her and drew her close, so close that he could feel her heart beating and his own. The whole room filled with the sound of their hearts and with the thunder coming close now. He kissed her and she gave herself up to him wholly, completely, and it didn't seem bad at all, only sweet.

It was almost dawn when he left her and he didn't want to face *Grandmere's* questions, so he went to the house Drake lived in alone. And Drake seemed to understand, even without Parris telling him anything at all. But he couldn't sleep. He lay there remembering Cassie's eyes and the way her hair had looked and hearing her voice and his own voice answering, whispering all through the night.

"Cassie?" . . . "Yes." . . . "I love you, Cassie." . . . "No, you don't, Parris. You mustn't. But that's all right. You don't have to say that. You think I'm a terrible girl and bad. You're trying to make me feel better. Don't. Don't try! It's all right." . . . "But I mean it." . . . "Hush!" . . . "Cassie, it isn't a dream, is it? Us?" . . . "No, silly." . . . "You love me, Cassie, don't you?" . . . "I don't know, Parris. I don't know." . . . "But you do. You must. Oh, Cassie, I've got to see you." . . . "Goodnight, darling. Maybe, maybe I can think of a way."

Cassie thought of a way. She came to him often now, at Drake's house where they would be safe. Sometimes she was sweet and heartbreakingly tender. It was at times like these Parris used to beg her to wait for him until he came back from Vienna, but she would never answer, her eyes turning away from him when he talked of their marriage. But there were the other times when she became so wild and untamed, when she didn't seem to be Cassie at all. Then she became an excitement that he dreaded and longed for at the same time, when she frightened him so he almost wished he would never see her again. But the wish always stopped at that *almost*. She had become a fever in his veins. He could never be entirely free of her again.

She had been sweet that night he first learned the truth about *Grandmere's* illness. *Grandmere* had kept it from him, but at last it could not be kept any longer. Madame Von Eln had wanted to live until September when Parris would be leaving for Europe, but she died that night in August.

He had not seen Cassie for a week that evening he went down to the pond, but as he neared it someone stirred in the shadows and he saw it was she. He had tried to stay away from her, his sense of guilt toward Dr. Tower had become an unbearable burden, but when she was close like this, he could think of nothing else. She ran to him and he held her in his arms and it wasn't like any of the other times, not sweet, but not wild either, only that fright which came from her to him.

"Let me go away with you!" she demanded suddenly. "*Anywhere!*"

"But we can't get married now," Parris said. "I asked you *if*, when I came back. I've got to get through all that study first."

"Never mind," she said then in that flat toneless voice.

"But—" he hesitated. "If you'd rather—"

"No." Her voice sounded calmer. "It was a wicked idea. Forgive me." She strained away from him and his arms tightened about her.

"Wait a minute," he said. "Tell me, what's happened?" But she drew away and ran sobbing down toward the road. He ran after her. But it wasn't any use, with her eyes so terribly frightened now when he wanted to take her home.

Of course, he couldn't. It would be harder for her if Dr. Tower saw them to-

gether, but Parris couldn't free his mind of her and afterwards, to reassure himself, he walked past her house. Everything seemed the same, more peaceful if anything than he had ever seen it. He saw the glow of Dr. Tower's cigar as he sat on the porch. Then the door opened and for a moment there was all the glory of Cassie's hair shining under the lamp. She said something in a low voice and her father rose and followed her into the house and the door closed behind them.

That was the last time he saw her. It was Drake who told her she was dead, she and her father too. Dr. Tower had killed her and himself too.

Why, why, *why*? The question burned through Parris's agony. All the more strange, all the more unanswerable when he discovered the doctor had left everything to him. He knew he could never touch that money, not a penny of it, but when he went to the house to get his notebooks he saw the other book lying there, the book written in Dr. Tower's heavy scrawl with his name on it so that he knew it was meant for him.

All the questions were answered now, every one. Cassie's mother had been insane, she had been when Dr. Tower married her, but he had not known that then. She had been . . . like Cassie then . . . Parris read that with a shaking heart, just as wild, as tender, as unpredictable. Dr. Tower had given up his life to her, his work, everything. Then he had begun to see the signs of Cassie's derangement too when she was still a child, and now he had killed her rather than have her ruin Parris's life as her mother had ruined his.

Cassie, her name was torn from his thoughts and became real on his lips, would he ever forget her ever, ever, *ever*? Her death had not been enough to release him, he felt he would long for her always. Feverishly he began to write a letter to Drake, telling him of his work, his life, all the little every day things covering that void in his heart.

It was two months before the answer to that letter came. Only it was Randy who answered it, not Drake. Parris was smiling as he began to read, then suddenly the smile went and he felt drained of everything except the horror creeping over him. He couldn't stay in Vienna now. He would have to give up all thoughts of that new post he had been so eager to accept. Drake needed him, Drake and Randy.

They had tried to keep things from him, Drake and Randy. Parris had wondered why Drake's enthusiasm for the land he had wanted to buy up on the ridge, which he had planned to turn into a fashionable development, had seemed to vanish. Now Randy wrote how suddenly Drake had found himself penniless, when the bank president, who had been the trustee of his parents' estate, had absconded with all his securities. Drake had sold everything, his buggy, his horses, the house where he had spent his whole life, and had tried to get a job. But no one in Kings Row would give a job to that wild Drake McHugh.

Before, when he still had his money, he had wanted Randy to marry him, but she had refused, feeling that a railroad section foreman's daughter would only hold him back. She had given him her love, she would always give him that, but she had refused marriage. Even when her father, at Drake's request, had gotten him a job on the section gang, she had felt that this new Drake would get somewhere and that being more to him than she was would be only a drawback to him.

Then the thing had happened. Randy made it so vivid, Parris felt he could see it all, that snowy night Drake was working late; Randy bringing coffee down to him, her red hair gleaming under the

ighted lantern and Drake so happy because he had just received Parris's letter. They had talked of Parris, both of them, talked and laughed and been happy in spite of everything, and then Randy had gone home.

She had been waiting for him when she heard about the accident. Drake had been caught between two freight cars and his legs had been injured, so badly that Dr. Gordon had said that both legs had to be amputated at once. He had done it in the freight office, right then, saying it would be a risk even to take him to the hospital. Randy had taken him home and now it was she who insisted on their marriage. Drake, hopeless, bitter, had held out against it. But she had been too strong for him. He had given in.

Parris clenched his fists as he read and went down through the years he heard the screams that had come from the McIntosh house that other night Dr. Gordon had operated. Had that double amputation been necessary? Gordon had hated Drake. *What had he done to him?*

The question lay unanswered in Parris's heart the day he came back to Kings Row. It was summer, so many months had elapsed before he could get there, but he had cabled, assigning his rights to the Tower estate to Drake, writing a letter to Randy telling her what she must do to restore Drake's confidence in himself.

"It will be harder for Drake than most people," he had written. "He lived by his freedom and independence. He will feel he has lost both. It will be your job to restore them to him. First you must realize that Drake is suddenly living in a shockingly new and strange world. The repairs to the body can sometimes be made in a short space of time. The injury to the mind, to what is called the *psyche*, this takes longer. The psychic injuries strike at his pride, his initiative, and we shall have to save them if we are to save Drake."

"I know that I sound horribly didactic and professional, but it is the only way that I know how to say these things. As soon as he is well enough he must find an interest outside himself, some job to do, that will force him to depend upon himself and make his own decisions. Use the money from the Tower estate to make some sort of new beginning for you. I don't care if it is real estate or chicken farming, so long as it is something that will take his mind off himself and make him realize he is still of use in this world."

Strange, Parris thought, as the train stopped and he saw he was in Kings Row again, that his first prescription as a psychiatrist should have been written for his best friend. He heard his name called then and turned to see Randy. There was little left of that laughing girl he had last seen on this very platform, but she was more beautiful than ever, with that still calm on her face. What a woman she had become, that rough little Randy, so wise, so tender and so compelling.

"Oh, Parris, Parris, I'm so glad to see you!" She ran to him, taking both his hands in hers. "I don't know what I would have done without your letters. I did my best to carry out everything you told me. I had a terrible time about the money but I finally convinced him it was a loan and oh, Parris, he got almost excited thinking of ways to double and triple your money for you. The Ridge land was gone, but I persuaded him that waste land down by the creek would do more good, if it were turned over to a development for workers' houses. We've started now. I told him he had the brains and I had the feet and sometimes it seems almost all right and then—"

"How is he?" Parris asked as they stopped in front of the shabby house.

"I don't know." Randy's eyes clouded. "He's better. I think he's better. I've tried—but now you're home—"

Suddenly the tears came that she had been holding back for months. Then she shook her head resolutely. "Come in." She held open the door and blinked back her tears. "Look," she called gaily up the stairs. "Look who is here, Drake!"

Parris stopped in the doorway of the bedroom, forcing his smile as he saw Drake shrink back against his pillows, pulling the sheet up over his chin. He moved his lips, but no words came as Parris walked over to the bed and took his hand. Then he shifted like an embarrassed child and turned his face to the wall, and Parris sat down on the edge of the bed and took his hand. He had come a long way, but there was a much longer road ahead.

It was the next day Parris received the note from Mrs. Gordon, telling him of her husband's death and asking that he come to see her. There was an urgency about the letter which sent Parris there at once, for she had told him she wanted to see him professionally about Louise.

"Is Louise ill?" Parris asked after the first awkward greeting. Then as she nodded, "Do you wish me to see her?"

"I'm afraid my daughter's mind is affected, Dr. Mitchell," Mrs. Gordon looked at him tensely. "First let me explain a little. She hated her father. Why, I could never guess." Her hard face took on a suddenly exalted expression. "Dr. Gordon was a saint!"

She groped for her handkerchief and dabbed it against her eyes before she went on. "You may remember some time ago Louise had a most unfortunate attachment for one of the most undesirable boys in this town. After he met with his accident, Louise had a terrible scene with Dr. Gordon. Then, a little later we heard a strange report that he had actually married a—"

"A Miss Monaghan," Parris said quietly, "who has taken marvelous care of him, Mrs. Gordon."

"Really?" She looked at him coldly. "It seems remarkable, doesn't it? But from that day on Louise refused to leave her room. She wouldn't speak. Then Dr. Gordon passed away. And now I have to tell you a terrible thing. When—when my dear husband was lying here, in this room, Louise came downstairs. I followed her after a few minutes and found her—I found her standing over her dead father and cursing him!"

"I am desperate. I cannot bear that my daughter should be insane or that she should so defame the memory of a great man. There's no doctor here who understands these things, no one I can turn to. Can you help me with her, to keep her quiet? Come, I'll take you to her."

Parris's heart sank when he saw Louise. Her face was flushed and her hair hung dishevelled over the robe covering her crumpled nightgown and her eyes blazed as she ordered her mother to leave the room.

"I'm not crazy, Parris," she said then. "She thinks I am. But I'm not."

"I know that, Louise," Parris said.

"Have you seen Drake?" she demanded. Then as he nodded. "My father cut his legs off, Parris. I was there. I knew all about him and his operations. I went after him, but I was too late. They had carried Drake away somewhere. A man was cleaning up the depot where—" Suddenly she broke. "I'm not crazy, Parris. You must find out about it. Maybe that man who helped would know. I don't believe it was necessary. My father did it because of me. I want you to get all the evidence! I want everybody to know! I want to destroy his memory!"

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"But your father is dead, Louise." Parris tried to keep his voice calm. "Have you thought of the terrible harm you would do to Drake? You used to love him. To be crippled is terrible enough, but to find out it was unnecessary—"

"She married him!" The words came so venomously they made Parris's skin crawl. "Parris, will you help me?"

"You must try to be calm," he said. The girl was sane, he knew that, but in her hysteria she might do irreparable harm to all that he and Randy were so laboriously trying to build. He must keep her quiet. "We mustn't say anything about this to anyone, for a while at least. We'll keep it as a secret until we're sure. I'll come to talk to you every day, whenever you want. If I'm to help you, you must put yourself entirely in my hands. Will you do that, Louise?"

"Maybe." She looked at him doubtfully and a crafty look came into her eyes. "Maybe for a little while," she said.

There were two patients now and Parris felt he couldn't help either without hurting the other. But Drake must come first. Yet as the days passed and he saw Louise's obsession taking firmer hold on her, he was afraid that she would really become insane if she could not rid herself of the hatred bottled in her heart.

He had come from her the day he passed the old Von Eln house. It had been sold while he was in Vienna and he had not realized before how it would hurt, knowing it was no longer his. All his past lay in that house, in those grounds; childhood, *Grandmere*, Cassie. Memories pushed their way beside him as he walked over the meadow down to the pond where he used to meet Cassie. It was then he saw her, her head tilted in the old remembered way, her frilly summer dress almost the same as the one she had worn that last day of all, sitting there as she had sat so often, with the sunlight drifting through the willows, making a halo of her bright hair.

"Cassie!" the name came involuntarily and the girl turned. It was then he saw her eyes were gray.

"Don't go away," she said in a soft lilting voice as he turned embarrassed. "You're Parris Mitchell come to see your old home, aren't you? We've been expecting you. I'm Elise Sandor, my father is head of the experiment station here." She smiled. "Why did you call me Cassie? Do I look like a girl you know?"

"A little, yes." Parris was still shaken by the resemblance. "A little girl I used to play with. We used to go swimming here. We were just babies, but I think we knew we ought not to."

"You mean—" Her eyes sparkled and her rushing laugh came. "Oh, you naughty children."

It was good to hear her laugh like that, good to see someone so calm, so happy, so normal after the ordeal of being with Louise.

"It was a long time ago," Parris said. Suddenly he knew he could talk to this girl, that she would understand. "She died," he said.

The laughter drained out of her eyes and they looked the way Cassie's did, the times she was tender. And then he knew she might have been Cassie, this girl. There was the same wondering childlike quality, the pretty gestures, the same loveliness. Only now the fear was gone and the shadows. Cassie had come back to him in the way he loved her best.

"You must feel that this is a little your home again," she said softly. "If you wish."

Somehow she gave him the strength he needed when he saw her after that; she made the house seem his home again. They were the happy times when he went there for dinner, sitting at the table with her and

her father. The house became his world, his open sunlit world after the darkness of those other worlds he lived in with Louise and Drake.

But Drake was changing. There was something about the new calm which had come to Parris which transferred itself to Drake. He no longer shrank from Parris any more than he shrank from Randy and he was really working on his plans for the new development now.

"Not bad for a girl and old cripple piled up in bed, is it?" Drake said the day he showed Parris all the figures and his laugh came almost in the old way.

"We're all going to be nasty, rich people, I can see that." Parris chuckled. "It's marvelous, you kids, I'm tickled pink. You know what you ought to do when you open the new tract? You ought to save a couple of lots for yourselves and move into a new house. You'd like that, wouldn't you, Randy?"

"Like it!" Randy's eyes shone. "It's what I've hoped for more than anything."

"No." Drake's voice shattered through the room. He looked lost again, frightened. "Promise me, Randy, that I'll never have to go outside this house until I'm dead."

The happiness fled from her face as she promised. It was always this way with Drake; every time they thought they had made progress, something happened to show Drake had not changed at all.

"I've tried to get him to move," Randy said afterwards as she made coffee for Parris in the kitchen downstairs. "He can see the trains and hear them. Sometimes he has nightmares. He wakes up screaming."

"We'll think of a way," Parris said. "I still believe we've won half of a very ticklish fight. Of course, your marrying him did more than anything. That was fine of you."

"I didn't marry Drake out of pity," Randy said quietly. "I never loved anyone else. And that day I saw him at the station he simply went to a place in my heart that had been waiting for him. Drake so tall and laughing, going about with his head up! Then after the accident I knew I had to ask myself a question and answer it. I had loved Drake wholly. I had given him everything with gladness. How about that now? What was left of it? I was half afraid that I might love Drake less, that something I couldn't help, something physical would turn me away from him."

"Then in your letter you spoke of that other world Drake was living in and I knew it applied to me too. An episode of youth and fun had closed and with it had gone all of the demands forever. I knew then that I didn't love him any less, only differently, with an overwhelming new, calm feeling that so completely took the place of the old excitement that it would last forever."

She smiled through her tears and Parris took her hand. "You're wonderfully wise, Randy," he said. "And wonderfully good." Somehow then he found courage to tell her of Louise and the things she threatened to reveal and he saw by Randy's face that she knew too, that she had always known, just as he had himself.

"Can we keep her quiet?" Randy asked tensely.

"We can. We must!" Parris told her. But afterwards he wondered if he could, that day when he went to see Louise and Mrs. Gordon told him her decision to put the girl in an asylum. Her dead husband's memory was more important to her than her daughter.

But Louise was not insane. The knowledge burned deep in Parris's conscience, for the only way he could prove it was by blasting all the chances for Drake's future. It was then he went to Elise as he

always did now when he was troubled and when he had told her the whole story, her gentle troubled eyes met his in that candid way of hers.

"Parris?" Her voice came hesitantly. "Are you sure that because Drake is your best friend you do not protect him too much? Suppose he was just a patient, suppose they both were, he and Louise, would you know what to do then? Suppose they weren't people that you loved?"

A deeper feeling than he had ever felt for her stirred in his heart as he realized the truth of what she had said. "Wait for me, will you?" he said. "Right here. For a little while?" And when she promised he walked quickly away, down to the railroad, down to Drake.

"I won't let you!" Randy cried when he told her what he was going to do. "Please, Parris, if you have any heart—"

"I'm not your friend now, I'm your doctor," he said. "It's as if I'd taken you into an operating room and I had the scalpel in my hand which would make you or destroy you."

But he couldn't look at her anguished eyes as he faced Drake.

"Drake," he said, and even though he managed to keep his voice flat and unemotional, he couldn't help the tears that were beginning to roll down his rigid face. "I guess it's time we found out about us, you and me, whether I'm a doctor and whether you're a man. You know the kind of man I mean, Drake. There's a piece of poetry, *Invictus*, I don't think I remember all the words. 'Out of the night that covers me, black as the pit from pole to pole, I thank whatever gods may be for my unconquerable soul. Under the bludgeons of chance my head is bloody but unbowed.'"

He stopped for a moment, overcome by the stark beauty of the poet's words. Then he looked at Drake. "I don't know if you can take it, Drake," he said.

"Give it to me." Drake looked steadily at him.

"Dr. Gordon cut off your legs." Parris didn't try to ease the shock of what he was saying. "I don't think it was necessary. He was that kind, a butcher. With you he had a special incentive because of Louise. He wanted to destroy you, the Drake McHugh you were. He wanted to see you turned into a lifelong cripple, mentally as well as physically, an object of contempt that crawled instead of walked, that hid, sniveling. That's all there is, Drake. Now if you turn your head to that wall, damn you—"

He stopped. He couldn't go on. And the silence closed over the room, broken only by Randy's sobs. Then there came that other sound, hysterical at first, then changing into the laugh, half-jeering, half-bravado, of the old Drake.

"That's a hot one." Drake's eyes met theirs unflinchingly. "Where did Gordon think I lived? In my legs? Did he think those things were Drake McHugh? Spout that poetry again, Parris. I never was any good at poetry." He held out his arms and Randy ran into them and so they listened while the room filled with the words and with the old hope and the old courage.

"What was it you wanted, honey?" Drake asked then, drawing Randy closer. "To build a house? Sure. We'll move into it in broad daylight. And we'll invite the folks in too. For Pete's sake, let's give a party. I feel swell!"

The darkness had ended. Parris carried their happiness with him as he walked through Kings Row and for the first time he could take the road that went past the Tower house and look at it and know that all the bitterness was gone from his memory forever. The fever which had been Cassie was ended and the peace which was Elise beginning.

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